



Welcome to maneater Dungeon
beginning novels series

喰いジョー ダンジョン よろこび!

Volume
1

【小説】一年新
「イラステ」シリーズ

WELCOME TO THE MAN-EATING DUNGEON

– Hitokui Dungeon e Youkoso –

- Volume 1 -

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– SYNOPSIS –

The young man living in a frontier mining village, Elliott, lived in estrangement there.

The reason was because he carried the blood of the Demon Race, and had an unusual face, with two small horns growing from it.

Several years after his mother – his only family – died, a young woman who called herself an acquaintance of her mother's came to visit, and once she knew of Elliott's existence, displayed the traits of a succubus, and whispered thus:

“From now on you will ravish many women, steal many lives, and trample over the world, you shall dominate. But to start... you will dominate me, violate me, please”

Unable to wield a sword, nor kill his opponents with magic, the mixed-blood young man who could only grant a slight bit of magic onto matter, used information and tools and traps, repelling enemies, ravishing women, making them submit and fall into demonhood, and dominated them, surviving a ruined world.

This is the story of the young man who was the Lord of the perilous place of fear, one that never allows a guest to return, the “Man-Eating Dungeon”, and the women whose lives had been derailed by him.

CONTENT WARNING

This series is rated MATURE, please make sure you are of age in your jurisdiction before reading.

This series contains EXPLICIT SEXUAL scenes.

You have been warned.



ササキバスにして教育係

アスタルテ

すべてを失った女盗賊

ジャルロット

悪党見習いのダンジョンマスター

エリオット

身寄りをなくした村娘

ダリア

火の精霊と契約した魔術師

サーリア

遠征軍指揮官にして聖堂騎士

オリヴィア



【 ARC 1 】

CHAPTER 0

PREFACE:

WELCOME TO THE MAN-EATING DUNGEON

What comes to your mind when you hear the words “Ruler of a Dungeon”?

A Demon King shutting himself inside a labyrinth, summoning monsters from hell and releasing them upon the world?

A treacherous evil mage, researching hard on nothing but traps?

These expectations, well, they’re half right, and half wrong.

The reason why I can give that answer was because I, the one talking to you right now, is actually a Ruler of a Dungeon.

Of course, I’m not some ally of justice, but even though the Church and Lords treat me like some Demon King, unfortunately, only half the blood that runs in me is demon blood, I was raised in this world so I don’t know of the rules of Hell.

As for evil deeds... well, one part of it I can’t deny, but if you say that I did it gleefully, then I’d have to object.

If I had the choice, I wouldn’t use anything like half-rotten zombies.

But they don’t cost much, so they’re very easy on my finances... skeletons are the same.

Golems are also inexpensive, and I do use some of them, but they can’t be made quickly.

As it is, it needs some initial investment.

I do have a strict but skillful trainer. I am now in the middle of learning “The Ins and Outs of Demon Life.”

The common man would think that if you chant some strange spell, magic would gush out and balls of fire would come flying.

But of course, it doesn’t work that way. It takes time and money and mana, not something that you could bring out endlessly.

It’s a lot of trouble, really...

“Maste-r! The mining village sector has been breached!”

“Hey, what are you going to do!? I know they’re Knights Templar in name only, but aren’t they quite strong!?”

.....You probably met the two that flew into my room just now yesterday. They’re my maids.

Because they were both former adventurers, they seem to be able to grasp how strong the attacking group are.

You’re curious about them being “former adventurers”?

.....“Even though they’re demons” you say?

These two were originally adventurers who came to break into my lair about half a year ago.

So they don’t have a maid’s training, and they were originally on bad terms... eh, that’s not what you’re asking?

Oh, “how did they become demons?”, is it? Well, that’s simple, it’s because I made them demons.

Yeah, well... I’m sure you’ve expected this, but when I captured them I gave them my seed and did a little ritual.

The Church teaches that Demons are “Corrupted Human Beings”, right?

I learned that from this village’s church when I was small you know?

Not only me, but it looks there are also quite capable, strong demons out there.

Of course, I’m not so strong as to make them turn into demons against their will...

I can’t do it unless I make them mentally submit and pour my seed into them.

“Master was so hot back then...”

“I, idiot! What are you talking about in a time like this!”

Shut up, I’m talking to this person right now. Hey don’t start dropping your pants!

Eh, ah, Knights Templar, huh. Yeah, normal methods won’t work, annihilating them will be troubling.

If you ask me why... , ah, can you bring me the water basin?

Thanks. Now can you see them too?

I originally lived among humans but thanks to my blood, I have the ability to use a little magic naturally.

It was only a little bit, but I can grant magic power... not as much as an Enchanter, though.

Since my parents died, I've made my living imbuing tools and weapons with magic power and sell them to soldiers and mountaineers and merchants.

I wasn't born here, but I was raised in this mining village.

Right now it's a dangerous place where living corpses and monsters roam, but the one who first made it this way wasn't me... Well, it's true that I made use of the situation in the end.

.....wait, I'm digressing again.

This is one of my magic tools, Water Basin of Far Sight.

It's a tool that reflects the scene as seen from an "eye" placed some distance away, though not very far, onto the water basin.

With my current abilities, at best I can only get reports from the mining village's entrance, about a 10 minute walk away.

Other than times like this, it was only useful to see the visitors' faces from my own room.

Oh? Your expression changed... yeah, I saw you when you were exploring the mansion as well.

It was all good up to the point where you brought the introduction letter from my old mercenary friends, but what happened after wasn't good, huh.

They all knew very well that I am capable of doing this and there's no way they wouldn't tell you that.

That is, if you were someone they trusted..... Honestly, I think it's a well-made fake.

‘Travelling merchant who also deals in shady trade’, is definitely not a lie, but your real profession is something else, right?

.....you’re thinking your body movements are bad, but don’t worry about that.

Unlike ordinary medicine or poison, motion dulling drugs take some time to start working.

As a product, though, they’re hard to store for distribution...

Being something unknown like that, they’re useful against kids who might have poison resistance like you.

Don’t you think so, Ojou-san from the Assassins’ Guild?

It’s also a strong diuretic, so you might leak yourself... but well, since you’re a guest you’ll be forgiven for that.

.....ah, there they are.

The Knights Templar and their soldiers seem to have just broken through the tunnel entrance just now.

Boo hoo hoo, even though the stone golems took so much to make...

Uh huh, I think you understand this too, the soldiers that came just now were not very well organized.

They are a mixed bunch of talented mercenaries and clearly untrained militia, you can easily see that by their disorganized weapons.

They came after being provoked by the lords and nobles and without enough military power, huh. Really, it’s like they’re just sacrificial pawns.

But coming this far with so little casualties, their commander must be quite capable.

They were going at this pace to take care to avoid casualties, but if that girl is willing to sacrifice her soldiers she would be quite a scary opponent.

Ah, you noticed?

That's right, that's the reason we had you tied up.

That commander girl is someone I know.

But she probably doesn't know I'm here and became the boss of a bunch of monsters.

You guys are... probably employed by antagonistic powerful nobles, and sent here to kill off that girl, right?

Even though your side should have lots of people who know that there is a "dungeon master who you can deal with" in here...

Looks like I've become a tool for political assassinations... Being famous has its troubles.

Well, I don't want to be killed either so I'm driving them away.

You guys would be troubled if that girl stays alive.

But I have other things in mind and want that girl for myself.

We have our objectives slightly different there, so sad, right, little miss from the Assassins' Guild?

Ah, don't shiver like that. No need to feel down just because you made a blunder.

Because before you go back to the guild to get yelled at, you're going to be killed here... or maybe fall.

Oh, why are you so afraid?

You haven't heard anything about this dungeon before you came here?

The reason these two came here is not only to give me reports.

They came to help me prepare for your degeneration.

"Guest-sama, let's become master's property together!"

"You made a blunder too, huh. Even a genius like me got caught, so give up."

Well, it's probably going to take some time until you become 'obedient', so I'll probably tell you some stories until then.

Maybe stories of when that girl lived in this village, or how these two senpais of yours fell...

There's no need to cry, only your lifestyle is going to change a little.

Even I would have never thought that I'll become like this a year ago.

Life is full of its ups and downs, no one knows what the future holds.

.....Come, my pitiful victim.

I welcome you to the Man-Eating Dungeon!

CHAPTER 1

BLOODLINE THAT BRINGS CALAMITY: THE HALF-MAN'S ORIGINS

When my mother died, I who was left behind had just turned 15.

The cause was when she went on a long ride with her lover at the time, she and her lover got drunk with booze and fell off a cliff along with the coach.

She seemed so drunk I honestly suspect she might not have even noticed she died.

The life of a person who spent her youth as a mercenary, fighting demons and was even hailed as a hero for a time, ended abruptly, but it was still a very mom-like way to die.

I don't know the details of her youth, but she was a person who loved booze and sex, a person who won't hesitate to enjoy life.

She was probably satisfied that way, rather than growing old and weak with illness.

When mother had no time because of me being born, she took me to this village in the mountains and started an inn with a tavern in the outskirts of the village.

It's a village deep in the mountains with nothing to it besides the knowledge that there were metal veins there.

Mother had the strength to fight dangerous animals and monsters who sometimes came out, and on top of that she was a tavern girl who would keep the village men company.

Because of that, when mother was still alive there were very few who said anything about my strange appearance.

Since I was a mother-con when I was little I grumbled, but because she had a large influence I didn't really complain much.

.....That was because I had small horns that prove I wasn't human, so I was teased by the village children.

Mother was in her youth, a hero of a certain country, as one who bore the name of hero, she was a member of the army going to attack the demon realm.

I don't know how big the army or what position she held in it, mother never told me about any of it.

I only knew the outcome.

The army was destroyed, mother was captured by the demons, raped, and became pregnant with a demon's child. That was me.

Being a half-demon, if I lived in somewhere the Church has a strong influence, there is a good chance I might get burned at a stake.

I don't know where the "Demon World" they say lies on the other side of the Human World is, and I'm not interested.

But mom escaped from there and into this village out in the sticks in order to raise me.

Because I was such a child, I either play alone or with books, or the many wandering mercenaries who were mother's customers.

The wandering mercenaries carried their own faults, and almost none of them minded me being a half-demon.

Now that I think about it, they seemed to have loved me, and I also took lessons in spells and fundamentals of magic from mercenaries who dabble in magic.... I only learnt the basics, it's not like I made anything of it.

The one and only person my age who I was able to make friends with was a girl who would only come to the village every year during summer.

A girl with black hair that had a greenish hue when bathed in sunlight.

It was only her who didn't fear or make fun of my horns.

Because she only came to the village once a year in the summer, so of course she would be isolated from the village kids.

So naturally, she and I became friends.

She normally lives in the city, she would tell me about big buildings, beautiful churches, and marketplaces packed with mountains of goods. In return, I would teach her how to walk in the forest, how to distinguish animal tracks, byroads used by mercenaries and wanderers, and how to catch bugs. We would also read books together in the inn's attic.

Those fun summers lasted for five years, and ended abruptly.

At the end of summer when I was twelve years old she told me "I won't be coming from next year on", and she never came again since.

That was the memory of my one and only friend.

.....Her mother was a maid working for the Margrave that rules these lands, becoming her master's mistress and giving birth to her.

It was when I had grown up a little bit that I found out that her mother, who had lived a sheltered life as the Margrave's mistress, had died to an epidemic, and she was adopted in town as [a niece of a some nobleman whose father does not know of].

Since my mother died, I could only struggle to live on alone, living in the inn with business only coming from travelers, merchants and mother's old mercenary friends who seldom came.

Anyhow, since mother died her friends stopped coming, and the business from just the mercenaries and merchants became unprofitable.

Additionally, unlike when mother was still alive, I wasn't recognized as a person of the village.

This wasn't anything special. It was normal for old villages to dislike strangers.

It might have been good for mother that she died before she grew weak, because she didn't marry anyone from the village, if her body had become weak, she would probably be expelled from the village.

I was hated just because of these horns.

Mother left behind a little bit of fortune, so I might have been able to live a humble life for 3~5 years, but I would have nothing after that. A hated person probably wouldn't be hired as a farmhand, too.

.....Ironically, what saved my livelihood was the blood of the father I whose face I never saw, whose name I never knew.

Albeit few, it is known that magic exists in this world, just by being able to use magic one could escape being burnt at the stake by the church.

This village out in the sticks have nothing to do with it, but if you go to town, there seems to be places called [Magicians' Academies] where you could gather and learn the art and knowledge of magic.

That said, magic is an art that depends on a person's individual talent more than others, only one in a hundred humans can use it. The power to even only set fire to dried grass is not one that a human could wield. Even among humans who could wield magic only a fraction of them could do that.

However, a lot of demons could use magic to some extent.

(Which is why there's a deeply rooted prejudice that magic is "a power used by demons", though)

Being someone of mixed demon blood, I have magic ability, even though just a little.

I wonder if I could do something with this power, I thought as I made my way back from mother's funeral.

In the songs of minstrels, the methods to do things like hurling balls of fire or freezing things are unclear. Even after trying lots of things, I was of course unable to do anything.

I could only use the "Ignite" magic which was a basic spell I learned long ago, but it uses lots of easily-burnt dry grass, needs tens of minutes of chanting, and only catches fire when I finally became dead tired. If it's like this then using flints would be hundreds of times faster.

What I *could* do was granting mana... magic power to objects.

If I imbue a stone with magic, the stone becomes lighter and a little harder.

I can't explain it well, but it took me over a year to be able to control to some extent how the object would change

Since I was self-taught, I'm sorry if I was so unskillful, but I couldn't judge whether this one year was a long or a short time since I had nothing to compare against.

Until then, I made lots of "clothes that are easier to break than they look" and "tree branches that would snap as soon as it they hit something", I don't really want to remember it.

The resulting amount of stones and tree branches I used for practice probably amounted to a small hill's worth of failed products.

Even so, after the second year I became able to make "armor that are lighter than they look" or "swords that look short but the blade reaches just a little further".

The reason I made so many dangerous items is because demand only came from mercenaries and adventurers with money and can invest in equipment (and merchants who deal with them). Anyway, making them takes some time and I failed lots of times. I was also able to make non-stick cooking pots and such but they weren't really welcomed by the villagers.

CHAPTER 2

BLOODLINE THAT BRINGS CALAMITY: THE LATE-NIGHT VISITOR

From what I hear from the mercenaries, this “granting effects to items using magic power” seems to be called “Enchanting”, there seems to also be “Enchanters” learning it at the academy in the city.

Knowing the theory on how the tools are used and made increases the success rate of the enchanting.

I came to know this by experience, so I bought and read all kinds of books, and became able to make all sorts of useful items.

I’m in no way at the level of a genuine enchanting student, but still, unlike the academy enchanters who receive requests from royalty and nobles, the existence of someone capable of making low-price... incredibly cheap magic armaments compared to the town’s professional enchanters, is greatly convenient for the mercenaries.

Among the mercenaries I became acquainted with when mother was still alive, there were some surviving ones who hold considerable position.

I don’t intend on becoming a mercenary or adventurer, but I travelled together with those who had work near the village, and because I get actual practice with weapons and armor I could investigate what would be needed for them.

I didn’t have much talent for being a warrior, but it was good to get the minimum combat experience.

By advertising myself with them and their friends and selling them cheap samples for publicity with their fellow mercenaries, my business slowly started to take off.

It was too arrogant to call myself an enchanter, so I began my life as an “owner of an inn deep in the mountains as well as magic tool seller.”

The night that woman came was the summer three years after mother passed away.



“I’m sorry for coming so late at night... is there a person called Amurosa of Wistaria in this inn?”

It was a hot and humid summer night, and the inn had no guests as usual.

There was a knock on the usually unused front door of the inn and a voice was heard from there.

The voice sounded like a somewhat husky young woman’s voice.

I don’t know about the place name she mentioned, but Amurosa is the name of my late mother.

Out here in the sticks it can’t be called a village, much less a town, but the mercenaries’ network is unexpectedly wide.

If she were a mercenary friend of mother’s, then she should’ve known of her death.

On the magic tool I attached to the inn’s front door for observation... one that projects the scene as seen from a small glass ball onto a water basin... I could see a woman wearing priestess-looking clothes with a hood worn low over her eyes.

I checked the surroundings, but she doesn’t seem to have any companions hidden about.

“Who might you be?”

I left the work room behind the kitchen that's too small to be called a workshop and headed towards the inn door.

Thieves wouldn't have called out, housebreakers wouldn't have come alone.

"Are you Amurosa's current boyfriend?"

The first thing the woman said was something rather unbecoming of her priestess-like appearance.

What's more, it was something very impolite, but the person who said it herself didn't seem to feel uncomfortable or self-conscious about it.

Her face is hidden under her hood, but at least I can see that she's a great deal younger than my late mother.

She might've been the same age as me, or maybe slightly older. She was wearing a simple, thick kantoui that looked like the clothes of a monk, but used expensive materials, it couldn't hide her well-developed feminine body lines... in fact, it made them stand out even more. Honestly, her clothes didn't look like they were meant for long journeys.

She had little luggage on her hand, as well. I don't know where she came from but her clothes and shoes were not very worn.

In other words, she's someone I have to watch out against.

That said, she still didn't drop her polite guest manners, and I also wasn't so affluent to completely refuse a guest with that reasoning. First I should probably hear what she has to say.

"I'm very sorry, but what relation do you have with Amurosa?"

I thought that voice gets a passing mark for business.

“Well, I’m an old acquaintance of hers. I’ve come from far away and am very tired. Please hurry up and call Amurosa.”

I’m getting even more bad feelings.

Not knowing mother had died, a young (and probably more than that) looking woman without any companions going to a town out in the sticks is something unlikely according to common sense.

I fixed the positioning of the hat I used to cover my horns, which is also used for work.

“Amurosa passed away from this world in an accident three years ago. What relation do you have with Amurosa?”

They looked at least different enough in age to have been mother and child, but of course I couldn’t say it out loud.

I thought that she’d settle the issue by running or making something up, but her reaction was more extreme than I expected.

“NO WAY!? *That* Amurosa died!? Unbelievable!”

At that moment, the hood on her kantoui came off, revealing her face.

She had flowing, wavy, light honey colored hair that goes down to her shoulders.

Her skin had a slight sweet scent to it, as if she had smoked her clothes with some kind of incense.

In her surprised eyes were tea colored pupils, the same color as her long eyelashes that seemed like she usually looked downcast.

She had a prim and proper face like a priestess, but it had a sensuality that stirs up your desire just by looking at her.

A small part of me that was still calm was thinking “she’s not a decent person”, but the remaining majority was attacking it with the impulse to “push this woman down and do as I please with her body.”

What allowed me to withstand that impulse was probably because I don’t want to attack her, and because I had knowledge of magic to an extent and had a few techniques on how to control my own spirit..... that and the fact that I’m still a virgin and thus I was bewildered, not knowing what to do in this situation might have something to do with it.

Before I was aware of it, the cock in my crotch had already overflowed with anticipation.

Before I could regain my calmness, the woman lost hers.

“Why? Why did that woman kick the bucket so easily! My plans are all ruined now!”

She seems to be foul-mouthed just to act tough, but even I can see her trembling.

Why did this woman became so rustled?

“Who are you and what relations do you have with my mother?”

The moment the words left my mouth I thoroughly regret my carelessness.

But faster than I can find the words to smooth things over, the woman moved.

She suddenly jumped and clung to me.

I thought she was going to attack me, but I never thought she’d cling to me and lean on me with all her weight.

The woman whose name I don’t even know of and I fell down hugging each other on the inn floor.

“Are you Amurosa’s son?”

Riding me like a horse, the woman said.

I think I’m seeing things, but I’m seeing her double, her hair and eyes looked red.

“You, yes, you certainly have Amurosa’s skin and hair. Those eyes, I wonder if it came from *that person*.... hey, can you take off your hat?”

The woman seemed to not mind at all what position she’s in and asked me with glitter in her eyes.

Her pupils had already turned red. I finally realized that this woman had changed her hair and skin color with illusion magic, disguising herself.

“This means, a demon...?”

I think my words probably contained a clearly heard amount of fear in it.

But the reason I didn’t fly into panic was, frankly speaking, the fact that this female demon was being in high spirits like a child.

After taking off my hat and confirming my horns, the woman cheered as if she had found a piece of treasure.

“I knew it! You’re a memento of Amurosa and that person! Thank goodness, I’m really glad I made it here...!”

Around this time I finally regained a little bit of my composure.

But still, I was in a situation where a woman’s soft breasts were riding on my own and her nether regions were glued on to my hips, so I couldn’t completely calm down.

“So you mean you’re a demon... am I right?”

“Yes, I’ve been looking for you. Let’s talk about the difficult things later...”

The woman traced my chest with her fingers.

When I realized it she had already torn off the front of my clothes, her hand then went down from my chest and deftly undid the cord of my pants.

“Since I finally got to meet you, and since you are finally wanting me”

My half-dead penis rose up into the air, now that there’s no clothes weighing it down it stood straight up into the sky.

It’s nothing compared to the other men my age in the village but it’s a typical person’s size... I think.

The woman’s hand gently twined around it, I couldn’t stand it and finally let leak a sound.

The woman seemed to have started feeling good and sat up while slowly moving her fingers up and down, she then brought her face close to my penis.

“First, let’s get your semen into me... my master”

As soon as she finished saying this, the tip of my meat rod entered her lips and was wrapped in warm tissue.

CHAPTER 3

BLOODLINE THAT BRINGS CALAMITY: A NIGHT WITH THE SUCCUBUS

Churp, I felt I heard a sound.

My penis, exposed to the chilly outside air, was wrapped in soft tissue and I felt my whole body's temperature go up all at once. I unintentionally let leak a voice.

Inside the warm oral cavity, the woman's long, thin tongue twirled around my penis, gently licking it.

After that's done, she gently sucked the outer edges with slurping sounds just like how a cat would lap up milk.

Every now and then she would leave her tongue on my shaft and put my root or my balls into her thick lips, leaving them covered in saliva.

Her supple feminine arms wrapped around my waist as if not wanting to let me go.

We were laying flat but the woman's arms were around my waist and her face was buried in my crotch.

Every now and again she would look up with upturned eyes to see how I'm doing, but I was not so experienced as to be able to think about that.

Having the woman have her way pleasuring me, I couldn't do anything but press on her miserably when she stopped right before I climaxed.

"Master, have you not slept with a woman before?"

The woman raised her head, asking me while licking my glans.

"A half-blood like me... out here on the woods... what am I supposed to do..."

It's not that I don't want to.

But out here on the woods, there rarely are any women in the nightlife business, the only woman in the trade, that can satisfy those urges, would only be my own mother.

After my mother died, the men who worked furthering the development of the mines would sometimes go to town to buy women, but there was no place there for me.

The farmers don't have the time to do that to begin with. Those who don't have a wife or lover would spend their days unsatisfied just like myself.

In this rural village, there was a custom where orphans whose parents had died and women who lost their husbands and had no means of living would be protected by the entire village, but as I was not someone from the village, I didn't get that chance, and even if there was someone that took a liking to me, as I had demon blood in me both me and that person would be left unhappy.

Which is why I had halfway given up on it.

I told myself off in resignation, someday I'll gather up money, leave the village and start business in a town somewhere.

"Uhuhu... You don't have to hold back. You have to be more greedy and grow stronger. You can even destroy this village, have your way with all the women and then kill them"

I didn't expect to hear those whispers while my penis was being played with.

The woman had already stripped her kantoui, baring her voluptuous body, the small wings growing out of her back, and the small tail growing from her rump, and straddled my crotch. A faint sweet scent wafted into my nose.

My meat rod was kept waiting on the verge of climax, and my eyes were rooted on the woman's steaming nether regions.

“What, are you...?”

The fact that I was able to ask was my final resistance.

“You have the blood of one of the world’s strongest princes, the ‘Tuner’ Stalto... You are one fit to disregard the sensibilities of the human world, to take land by the rules of the demon world, to rule. I am Astarte. I will be serving you, I will be educating you into a proper demon befitting of your lineage...”

Having said that, the woman who called herself Astarte threw her body on top of me and slowly put her lips on mine.

“From now on you will ravish many women, steal many lives, and trample over the world, you shall dominate. But to start... you will dominate me, violate me, please”

Guided by Astarte’s lithe fingers, My penis entered her most intimate spot.

“U... uwaaah...!”

I spontaneously let loose a voice.

Having been teased to the verge of climax by her overwhelming tongue skills, my penis ejaculated all at once the moment it was guided inside her vagina, letting out a large quantity of semen.



In the middle of the overpowering pleasure, my consciousness turned white, washed away by the climax.

After I finished letting everything out, Astarte caressed her swelling belly and smiled sweetly.

“Uhuhu. So warm, so full... Master, from now on I will be your servant, I will stay by your side as your educator. First, may I hear your name, Master...”

“N, name... Elliott... but...”

For being a wicked demon, Astarte’s face smiled an unbelievably sincere, but at the same time obscene, which might have been believable.

“Master Elliot, my Master. Astarte will from now on guide you to the road to kingdom...”

That one just now was probably not for me, she might be telling herself that.

That said, I don’t have the energy to think things like that back then, I wanted to fire off the stuff backed up in my loins again, my hips impatiently moved.

“Um, Astarte... was it? Um...”

Before I can finish talking, she probably realized that the penis left inside her vagina had not softened.

Astarte nimbly rotated so that the penis doesn’t come out jutting out the pair of hills behind her behind.

Her arrowlike tail wrapped around my penis, stroking it, inviting it in.

“Yes, Master Elliot. The night is still long. Please, unleash your desires, more and more...”



“Haah... aah...”

Steaming from her entire body, Astarte was leaning herself on me.

It was about the tenth time I let loose my semen inside of Astarte, but it seems like I was finally satisfied with her... the fact that I was able to think that means that I’ve finally collected myself.

Honestly, I had no recollection what I did or how. Just that I was fully occupied with earnestly locking lips, twining tongues, and thrusting my meat rod into Astarte’s melting honeypot.

I indulged myself in Astarte’s body, *like monkeys*, that might have been the accurate term.

When I realized it, we have been entangled on the cold dirt floor for hours, morning had arrived.

The peculiar cold air of daybreak came flowing in and slowly became refreshing.

I was thankful that there were no guests that season, but properly speaking, the floor that I used to greet guests was stinking of cum.

Now then...

“Nnh... Master Elliott, you’re still lively...”

The resuscitated Astarte was standing on her knees, holding my hips from behind with her hands.

Astarte’s breaths hit the area in between my back and rump, it tickled.

Her fingers started playing with my penis again, asking for a rematch.

“As you’d expect, I’m done. Also, it’s about time for guests to come. Have to clean this room”

“Ara, should we change rooms, then?”

She jokingly said, but she understood the situation.

Looking around, I saw that Astarte had already used magic and had changed her clothes to the nun outfit she was wearing last night.

.....of course, since she hadn’t washed, the choking smell of cum was plainly there.

“Well then, I would like to borrow a room for a while... Ara, looks like we have a guest”

CHAPTER 4

BLOODLINE THAT BRINGS CALAMITY: VILLAGE GIRL DAHLIA

“.....Elliott-san, are you awake?”

There was a voice in front of the door. I recognized the owner.

The farmers would've been awake but the miners would have still been asleep at that hour. As for myself, I would have just barely woken up.

It's rare to get a visitor at this hour but I knew the person who came.

A farmer's girl, Dahlia. A girl from a generation younger than myself so we had not had bad experiences meeting each other.

One of the few villagers not openly hostile towards me...

She lost her only family, her father, half a year ago to death and from “villager” the girl became “village communal property”.

Because of that she was a pitiful girl who was burdened with the task of delivering food and other produce to me who was hated (I paid her, of course).

She was now living with the village elder, but it won't be long before... or might have already become some young man's sex relief.

Her face and figure is nothing much but nothing bad either, she would probably be someone's wife soon.

I don't know if that's good or bad, though.

I only became properly acquainted with her ever since her father (who hates me of course) died, but she doesn't come here except on certain times of day.

Mostly, she who doesn't have a place in the village either, would come here and have small talk after sending off the groceries.

At any rate, I checked if there's nobody else outside the door besides Dahlia. That's become a habit of mine.

"...Dahlia, what's wrong, coming so early in the morning"

After confirming that nothing's too out of place, I opened the door.

She wasn't carrying anything. She probably took a detour here on the way to fetch water.

The petite and timid Dahlia had light brown hair tied at her nape, and stretching down to the middle of her back.

I can see confusion and regret in her deep brown eyes. She seems to have come here because she had something to confess.

"...well, come in. I'll make you some tea"

I regretted as soon as I invited her onto the dirt floor. I haven't aired out the smell of sex from before, it smelled like chestnuts.

Dahlia's no longer at the age nor situation she wouldn't know this smell. It was so awkward I couldn't say anything.

"Ara, Master. Do we have a new guest?"

Astarte shamelessly called out to me.

Dahlia looked at Astarte in surprise but she wouldn't be able to see through the illusion.

...Though I think she may understand something else from the smell.

“U, um... Elliott-san. I have something to tell you...”

When I went into the kitchen to light a fire and boil water for the tea, Dahlia began to talk.

“Yes, I figured you have something to say, coming this early. Did you run into some trouble?... Not that there's much I can do about it though”

It was pathetic of me to say, but as someone who's not part of the village, there's little I can do.

Dahlia became downcast and said.

“Please run away from this village as soon as possible... Village chief is hiring mercenaries to kill you”



To summarize what Dahlia was saying:

The development of the mines is progressing and lots of people and money are going to flow in.

Once that happens, inns and bar-rooms will be in high demand and they anticipate growth for the village.

However, my inn was right on the way to the mines and is already in business now, albeit at a small scale.

Because of mother's rights and stuff issued by the church, it will be a lot of trouble to establish a new inn while I'm alive, and to begin with, because the area around the inn will need to be cleared to expand the village, I, who have been living here for a long time, is a nuisance.

Which is why they wanted the mercenaries they called to exterminate dangerous wild animals to exterminate me while they're at it, and chalk it up to accident.

In addition, because they thought there were treasures and magic items left by the dead proprietress of the inn, once I, a village member for appearances sake, died, they will belong to the village.

"...haah, mother's assets are just money and gems, and only enough for me to live on for several years at that, only half of it is left now"

".....The villagers don't know anything about that, but they already made the decision"

Dahlia looked like she was holding back tears. Even though she did nothing wrong, was she feeling guilty about it?

Well, as a hated person, it's something I had to think about a lot.

"...Master, you don't need to restrain yourself against the villagers anymore?"

Choosing her words carefully, Astarte made a dangerous proposal.

Well, she is right for the most part. If they would go so far as even deciding to do that, I don't have to take it lying down, either.

That said, though I think I can ask Astarte to destroy the village, I myself don't have the power for something like that, so it's not an entirely happy feeling. In addition, it's not a happy feeling to discuss that in front of Dahlia, either.

That's probably why Astarte carefully picked her words.

"Um... miss nun? How are you related to Elliott-san?"

Dahlia asked Astarte.

Well, thinking about the smell, it's clear that this *nun* is a suspicious person.

"When I was small, I was taken care of by Elliott-san's mother... I heard she passed away a few years back so I came to pay my regards"

More than half of that are lies, I thought, but I kept my silence.

I don't know how Dahlia's going to take her words but she continued to talk to Astarte.

"If so, then... Please take Elliott-san and run. The mercenaries will probably come today or tomorrow... You might get caught up in it too"

...Now that I didn't consider.

Astarte is a Demon. If she was attacked the response is easy to imagine.

I have to defend myself but I want to avoid a massacre. No, is Astarte strong to begin with?

"...Dahlia-san, was it? Why did you come here? If they found out you told that to Elliott-san your life in the village will be in danger won't it?"

Now that Astarte mentioned it, she was right. There's no advantage for Dahlia to tell me this information.

"Um..."

Dahlia looked troubled as she looked to me, and was at loss for words. Somehow, I think her cheeks were red, maybe my imagination.

...Or maybe. Nah, that's not gonna happen, no way.

"Dahlia, do you like Elliot-san?"

Astarte cut in with a conclusion.

I didn't think that's the case, but Dahlia reddened and turned her eyes away.

"Dahlia... is that, true?"

That was dumb, even if I say so myself.

Dahlia looked about to burst into tears and made a small nod.

"I always heard bad things about you from the villagers, but when I met you for real you were a kind person... When Father died, everyone acted strange around me, but Elliott-san is the only one who didn't change"

.....well, of course.

Before I met Dahlia I she was a "stranger I knew in name only", and after her father died and her coming to see me every once and again she was a "stranger who has a weak position in the village"

I don't hate her at all, and if you ask one way or the other, seeing her unhappiness and comparing it with mine, I certainly thought of her more favorably compared to the other villagers.

I would be in trouble if she hated me, so I kept in mind to always treat her nicely, which is easy to do since I didn't hate her at all.

But still, I must have looked really bright to a girl who just lost her family half a year ago and was demoted to “village communal property” from “villager”, even if only for the sake of escaping the reality of her predicament.

.....Was I unused to being looked at favorably by a member of the opposite sex my age.

Or maybe I never looked at this girl properly.

Either way, those choices would leave us with nothing but unhappiness.

“Elliott-san, you might as well sleep with this girl. In any case, this village is no longer necessary for you”

Astarte mumbled, but the latter half of what she said was right.

However, I can't escape right away. Whichever way I go, I can't continue living without any assets, and these sticks were half a day away from the nearest town by horsecart, several days by walking.

Considering that I have to escape from the villagers' search, the nearest town with many people coming and going would be bad. I need to at least go to the large town beyond that.

“.....I understand that I have to run away from here, but, I can't go right away. Thinking of what I'm going to do after this, I have to spend at least the entire day today making preparations. Let's go tomorrow morning, before the dawn bell rings”

As the words left my mouth, I hardened my decision.

And there's one more thing that came to mind.

“Dahlia.... will you come with me?”

I'd like to say that it's simply because I liked her, but unfortunately that's not true.

I thought this up because she had goodwill toward me and approached me as someone of the opposite sex.

To me, she was the only one from the village that I had goodwill towards, but I only became aware of her as a target of affection and lust as a woman just now... but still, our interests coincide.

She had no guardians, and I have no contacts to immigrate to another town nor anyone I can raise my social position with, and with the way things are going, there were not few refugees due to war.

We can probably go somewhere far away and live as a married couple who lost their homeland.

With apologies to Astarte, I had that choice...

“...!? Is that alright? Someone like me...”

Dahlia started tearing up at the corners of her eyes. She probably didn't think I was going to accept her feelings.

Well, even looking as an outsider Astarte is a beauty, and it's obvious from how the room smelt that I had been sleeping with her, she probably thought we had a relationship.

“.....This is not just about goodwill or favor, Dahlia. Thinking of how I'm going to live after running away, it'll be much easier to have you with me. Also, I'm going to be troubled if you changed your mind and ratted me out”

I was somehow too embarrassed to face Dahlia, so to hide it I made a calculating remark.

“...Thank you, Elliott-san. I'll go back for now. They'll suspect me if I'm gone for too long... I'll make sure to come here before dawn tomorrow”

Dahlia made a bow and half ran through the forest toward the village.

This might be the first time I've ever seen her smile so happily.

“.....Is this alright? If you slept with her now she wouldn't be able to run away?”

Astarte was a little dissatisfied. She seemed to want me to sleep with Dahlia right away.

“Why do you want me to sleep with women so much?”

“That's simple. The more you sleep with women and steal their hearts... Your powers as a demon will become stronger”

.....Eh? What do you mean by that?

“Don't look so surprised, Master Elliott. I told you already, didn't I? 'I will from now on guide you on the road to kingdom'? You must first be able to defeat the likes of normal humans, and quickly learn how to gain fighting power and make some servants...”

Please wait a minute, how is getting power related to sleeping with Dahlia.

When I asked her straight, she made a light sigh and answered.

“To explain quickly, your Lord Father is from what the Demon Race calls the Nightmare, a type of Demon called an Incubus. They seduce the opposite sex and make them fall to depravity, and dominate their hearts at the same time... Sometimes they would also turn those they like into Demons and had them serve by their side. You, Master Elliot, inherit that lineage and power”

...In other words, I gain power and dominate women's hearts by sleeping with them? That's ridiculous.

“Master Elliot has some talent with magic, right?... You seem to know something about it. Your power, could it possibly be Endowment Magic?”

.....bullseye. I didn't respond in words but she understood by the look on my face.

“That power is the proof. The fact that the ability has blossomed is great cause for celebration. The power to grant one's own magic to something outside of oneself was your Lord Father's unique magic. The power no normal Incubus possess means that your Father is the powerful person of the Demon Realm.... The ability to grant materials with magic power and the ability to plant magic power into living things and transform them the way you like, *that* is the proof of the lineage of the ‘Tuner’ Stalto”

...An absurd story, but it holds water.

I only have a smattering of magical knowledge, but it's not impossible to grant magic to materials and plant magic power into living things.

But still, what I know only goes as far as temporary raising their physical abilities.

Making them fall to depravity, submit, and dominating them is easy to understand.

Even without magic power, it's not hard to make people submit using authority or violence.

But transforming people into demons...? Is that even possible?

“Yes, it is possible, Master Elliott. The proof is right before your eyes.... Do you find it strange that I knew your mother?”

Astarte drew near and went behind me who was sitting in a chair.

She slowly hugged me from behind and drew her mouth near my ear, and whispered.

...I can guess from the way things are going. The reason why she knew mother, why she came to visit mother.

“I was transformed from human into a Demon... a Succubus by your Lord Father. I was once a companion who fought together with your mother... with Amurosa. I became a Demon and grew old... and now I was embraced by the son of Amurosa and that person, fate is a strange thing, is it not?”

A strong smell of sex wafted from the woman's body behind me, making my head feel dizzy.

I should've been preparing to run away, but my body is having a strong urge to seek woman.

Could Astarte possibly be...

“I, too, know a little of the arts to transform a human into a demon. However... you are already half-demon. The most I can do is maybe accelerate the change a little, but your heart is still human. I will not expect you to kill people and eat their souls, but at least I wanted you to have a stronger heart as a demon. For that, here”

Sunlight had already filtered in from the windows and the village beyond the forest had already begun their farm work.

Astarte smoothly dropped her clothes and crept her tongue on my earlobes.

“Once more, ravish Astarte once more, please...”

Right there where Dahlia was sitting before she left, I took Astarte and ravished her from behind.

CHAPTER 5

NIGHT OF THE FLAMES OF CATASTROPHE: THE TAKING OF LIVES

The preparations for running away was all finished by sundown.

I had given up on the uncarriable furniture from the start, and abandoned the valuable books except for a bare minimum.

For food I packed small things that preserve well, which will probably only last until tomorrow.

Carriable gems and coins, valuables, medicine, then magic tools that might be saleable, and tools from the studio for making them, and the bare minimum of clothes all add up to two large trunks.

Just in case, I placed watching “eyes” as far I can stretch them around the inn, the furthest one was on top of a tree, looking at the village from a distance.

I probably won’t be using them but I prepared weapons and traps and made them ready to use at any moment.

I wished that the coming mercenaries were blockheads or people serious about their contracts who would grumble doing things outside of those. The more so the more time I can buy for my escape.

The mercenaries who often come to the village were small scale ones, but almost all of them were mother’s acquaintances or former lovers.

Because of that, mercenaries who knew the land would hesitate to kill me, and of course the Village Head knew this.

He probably chose to hire a mercenary band we don't usually interact with from a neighboring town.

Possibly, they were introduced by the nobles and engineers who wanted to develop the mines.

Of course, it's hard to imagine the Nobles' private armies coming.

It was my hope that the enemy was unfamiliar with the land.

By evening, I wasn't even wanting Astarte's body and disinterestedly did my work.

I took a nap before it went dark, and got up while the night was young. It was several hours before daybreak.

All that's left is to wait until dawn and meet up with Dahlia if she decided to leave and sneak out of the village.

We would probably have half a day until they noticed Dahlia gone. We should go as far as we could by lunchtime.

Luckily, during this season we would be able to meet with familiar traders or mercenaries going on their rounds once we reached the riverside hut.

They were closer to me than the villagers. We would likely have to pay some money but we could ask them for a ride on their wagons and could probably run far away.

".....Master Elliott, the flowerpot..."

Astarte's voice was clearly vigilant.

I hurriedly faced the flower pot, peeking at the scene from the farthest “eye”... the one overlooking the village from a distance.

The distant sight, though the image was faint, was clearly different from the others.

Despite the dawn still far away, this image alone was brightly lit.

The village was on fire.



“Looks like the mercenaries are attacking the village for some reason”

Astarte’s voice was cold.

If you ask someone whether or not they could trust the bunch called mercenaries and adventurers, the answer you’ll normally get is, “well, no”

Even when under contract, if their payments are delayed, they will tear the contract up right away and stay and cause a riot until they get paid. Mercenaries becoming bandits is also not unheard of.

I suppose the mercenaries turned their fangs on their masters too this time.

The mercenaries who’ve been coming to the village are those my mother trusted and brought along.

Those mercenaries were obedient to the villagers to save the face of my mother as their mediator, and the reason they were nice to me was also no more than a favor from those days.

However, it was exactly because he’d been seeing obedient mercenaries almost ten years that the Village Head had misunderstood what mercenaries are.

Whether the mercenaries were going to arrive here at noon today or would they come to attack in the dead of night, that wasn't something I could judge.

However, as long as they had the information, there was a high chance the mercenaries will come to attack this place.

"...There's a good chance they're coming to attack this place, let's lay some traps"

"Yes, I agree, Master Elliott. If you were to fight the mercenaries, you probably wouldn't last three blows... and the mercenaries probably won't come and fight you one on one"

"I only have less than an average person's fighting strength you know. If I did I would've become a mercenary and left the village"

"It's a good thing to know what you're capable of and not overestimating yourself"

...In the corner of my mind, I was uneasy, wondering whether Dahlia was all right, but it would be foolish to go out and leave the place now.

I had promptly laid out traps and was tensely waiting when the "eye" in the forest far from the inn reacted.

It looks like they found out about this place.

"Three of them. One is carrying a bow. Armaments are light armor and spears... they don't look too well-equipped"

I was only able to look blankly but Astarte seemed to be able to somewhat see in the darkness of the reflection.

"...Looks like they're going to kill me just in case. Are there any good fighters?"

"The one with the bow is quite good for someone who'd come out to the sticks like this. The others are just riffraff... but that said, compared to Master Elliott, just having fighting experience makes them a lot stronger"

“Astarte, how good are you in a fight?”

“If I were so inclined, I can kill all of these very easily, but we have to get Master Elliott used to killing people first”

...I wouldn't want to be someone who'd gleefully kill people but it's a different matter when the sparks were falling on me like this.

There's a big difference between being able to kill people and killing people with glee.

But I can't help seeing this as Astarte's trap.

“...I'm not strong enough to show mercy to people who want to kill me”

The fact that I was able to get information ahead of time was a big boon.

This place is the place where I live, and if those people unfamiliar with the terrain were coming here based on information, then they'd almost certainly pass through this place.

If Dahlia didn't come and warn me, I wouldn't even be able to make these preparations.

I finally understood that fact after all this and a chill ran through my spine.

I don't know whether it's a good thing or not, but both Astarte's visit and Dahlia's coming here was certainly a blessing for me right now.

In that case, I should make use of it as much as possible.



The vice-captain of the mercenary band “Claws of the Black Bear”, the bowman Gerrick was cursing his misfortune.

The inn where the “non-villager mixed-blood” lives that the Village head mentioned was rather far away, and even though he was used to walking in the dark of the night, it was a pain in the rear. To add to that, unlike the others who were attacking the village, there were no women here.

Attacking a village and assaulting their women was one of the great pleasures of pillaging.

It wasn't a big village, but when he imagines his friends having fun right now, he can't help getting irritated.

That said, if he didn't go there himself, these blockheads will definitely destroy or burn down the magic tools and everything.

Magic tools!

Doesn't that make your heart throb?

If this mixed-blood was really an enchanting magic user, he could beat him up to submission and bring him along as a specialist for the mercenary band.

Either way, there was no need to listen to the village head's request.

But then again, most of the ones not having graduated from the academy are phonies. If he had magic items he could take them all and kill him later. If he had a tavern, then he'd at least have drinks, right?

Since he doesn't seem to be a farmhand, he probably wouldn't be up at this time. The screams of pillage coming from the village won't go through the forest and to the inn, either. It was a tiresome but easy job.

Coming out of the forest, Gerrick finally saw the inn. He signaled his men with his eyes and sent one of them to the back door.

He would make a small fire, causing a bit of panic, and aim for when the mixed-blood would defenselessly run out of the in. In the unlikely chance that he would come out armed, there's only one of him against two of them, so they surely wouldn't lose.

There was a rustling sound from the forest. Gerrick turned around, thinking that it was a wild animal. But he then saw something unbelievable.

A young man was aiming a crossbow at him. Even though Gerrick was used to fighting, he screamed and jumped. The loosed arrow went through his flank and directly pierced the chest of the man behind him just when that man was turning around to look.

Then, the man sent to the back door raised a scream.

It was then that Gerrick finally realized he was under attack. He restored his posture and tried to ready his bow, but the young man tossed his crossbow away and jumped in holding a short sword.

He seems to have a bit of training, but he's still an amateur. Gerrick gave up on the bow and tossed it at the young man. He used that chance to draw the sword on his hip. Having avoided the bow thrown at him, the young man slashed but it was at the level where Gerrick could easily avoid now that he was calm.

That moment, a thin rope laying at his feet caught his leg and Gerrick lost his posture.

No matter how used to battles he was, in the woods away from the road he had no way of knowing that there were lots of rope stretched around low, mixed with the grass.

He thought he had barely escaped, but the short sword the man carried was surprisingly longer than he thought.

His flank was shallowly cut through his leather armor and into his flesh. However, that's all there was to it.

The man's posture was broken because of this attack and he was practically defenseless.

The thing with surprise attacks is that once you survived one, you can somehow survive the rest.

Anyway, he should think *after* killing this man.

Gerrick raised his sword... and died from an attack coming from behind him, piercing his throat.

CHAPTER 6

NIGHT OF THE FLAMES OF CATASTROPHE: DEMON TRANSFORMING MAGIC

“Master Elliott, it looks like the danger has passed for now”

After killing the bow user from behind, Astarte was now wiping away the blood from her extended nails.

“Ah, thanks... I was this close to getting killed there”

“Not at all, it was quite an achievement for a first timer, considering that you managed to do all that when pitted three against one. Please remember, Master Elliott. You must not fall down, also, there is no need for you to fight face to face. With traps laid out like this and information, you can defeat a large force with just a small one”

She has a point. I’m not suited for fighting face to face.

This dead bow user was probably not someone with good skills as well.

Even so, I don’t think I can win if I fought him face to face.

Now that I could see closely, the arrow I loosed pierced the other mercenary right on the chest. He didn’t look like he could fight anymore.

With blood and tears flowing, the mercenary spasmed. I probably hit him in a bad spot, he might not be able to move anymore.

...This was the first man I killed. I suppose I should at least deal him the final blow.

I heard screams from the back door from the mercenary caught in the bear trap.

...I suppose I can get intel from that one.

“It hurts... I don’t wanna die, please help, please...”

The dying mercenary begged me, crying. Unfortunately, I have no way of saving him.

“Then please tell us everything you know. If you tell us everything, we’ll make you able to move again”

Astarte talked to the man with a gentle face, almost like a saint.

If you were careful, you could see that those words of hers weren’t entirely true, but the dying mercenary doesn’t have the strength to do that, he had no other choice to cling to.

What we found out was that they belonged to a small 10-man mercenary band.

There were 5 times as many villagers as them, but considering the difference in battle experience and the fact that they were caught by surprise, the villagers had no chance.

It looked like they were instigated by someone who wanted the village’s mining rights, and make up an accident to kill the villagers.

Because of that, once they attacked and destroyed the village pretending to take on a request, they were going to pull back and move to a new place.

...So they did to the village head what he was going to do to me.

While the mercenary was talking, he coughed up blood and died. The first man I ever killed.

I asked Astarte to bring the dead body to the inn’s grounds.

I was surprised at myself for how calm I was after killing a person. Was this also caused by the demon half of the blood I carried?

At that moment, Astarte dragged along the mercenary at the back door, after having cut his arm and leg tendons.

He had a bad look in his eyes but he was still young, a freckled young man. He was probably younger than me.

.....Now that his tendons are cut, he wasn't going to stand in the field of battle ever again.

"Master Elliott. I would like to show you how to do something right now"

Astarte laid the mercenary down and spoke to me. The young mercenary had a faint smile plastered on his face, Astarte might have drugged or cast a charm on him or something, he looked half in a daze.

Thinking something, Astarte tore the mercenary's clothes off and exposed his lower half.

Either from the excitement or the fear of death, the mercenary's penis stood erect.

"What are you going to do?"

Now that I knew our crisis was over, I began to get worried about Dahlia.

The mercenaries weren't going to kill the young women right away, because their goal was not only money or food.

However, it's a different matter once things have settled. Especially now when their target is complete annihilation.

"I understand that you're worried, but as far as I've heard, there are as many as 7 mercenaries at the village. We can't rush in there without the plan, you understand that, right?"

Astarte's voice was calm, but she somehow looked happy.

Well, sure, I get why she was saying that.

She was after all a stranger. I should think about bringing her along only after I was sure I was safe.

At a dangerous time like this, the best thing to do is throw Dahlia away and escape.

“Which is why, we should increase our fighting power a little bit...”

While saying that, Astarte guided the mercenary’s penis to her vagina.

Unable to understand his own predicament, the mercenary raised his voice and pushed up his hips, thrusting up his penis.

“Master Elliott... please come here...”

Astarte invited me with a heartrending voice.

Considering what she said just now, she must have some kind of plan.

Also, I was certainly stimulated by being brought close to mortal danger.

I squatted down next to the two who were knocking hips and brought my face close to Astarte’s.

Astarte coiled her left hand around my face, coveting my lips.

Without resistance, I took the lips of Astarte in the middle of having sex with someone else.

The smell of their sweat, the smell of body fluids, the smell of the night forest, the smell of blood and internal organs.

They blended together, teasing me, stimulating my arousal.

.....not with words but the flow of magic power.

What Astarte is doing now, what she is trying to do, was flowing into me now.

The magic power kept inside Astarte's vagina slowly soaked into the mercenary's penis.

I intuitively understood that the mercenary's will was becoming tattered.

Drowned in pleasure, his thinking faculties and his self-preservation instinct was being painted over with something.

It was too much of a one-sided trampling down to be called a corruption.

“Fuuh! Fuuuuh! Fuaaaaah, GAAAA!!”

The mercenary made an animal-like voice, marking his climax.

“Come! Come now, inside me! All of it! Release it all!”

At Astarte's urging, the mercenary's hips thrust as if it was jumping up, and a large quantity of semen shot into her vagina.

Then, just like how the semen flowed out, magic power from inside Astarte flowed into his penis and soaked into his whole body.

The mercenary's body spasmed. His face, his body, slowly began changing

...into fur.

Then as Astarte parted her lips from mine, she thrust her nail, aiming for the mercenary's heart.

Warm blood spurted out like a fountain and came raining down on Astarte and me.

The mercenary's hips thrust up even more violently, the last coming of his life.

The mercenary that had turned into a demon twitched for a little while but finally died.

“A human coming on his death throes is always wonderful...”

Normally I would be scared, but the thing that came to mind seeing Astarte’s sultry face while bathed in blood was that I wanted to stuff my cock into those lips of hers.

“Astarte...”

I stood up and undid the belt on my trousers. I thrust my proudly standing cock at Astarte’s face.

It doesn’t matter what Astarte was trying to do anymore.

“My, Master Elliott... fufu, you have such a great gift, not shrinking even in this kind of situation”

With just a lick on my glans she brought me to the brink of ejaculation. I want to come inside that warm mouth of hers, at least.

“Since we’ve come this far, I’ll partake in Master Elliott’s magic power... hmmmh”

Drenched in blood in front of three mercenary corpses, the demon woman suckled on my penis.

It was a strange spectacle. Very abnormal. But still, I had become used to such a circumstance.

Even though yesterday... or precisely until noon yesterday I had come so much inside her, the force of my semen was none the weaker for it. Even considering that I was a virgin up until yesterday, I never thought I had this much lust in me.

Within minutes, I was pumping semen into Astarte’s mouth.

Under the candlelight, the sight of Astarte smiling with a mouth full of semen was really enticing and beautiful.

Astarte swallowed my semen and slowly stood up.

She was dripping semen from the sides of her mouth and her nether regions, her body was drenched in blood and sweat and several strands of her hair was sticking to it.

My penis pleaded to be allowed to come again, but now that I've come once I could figure out what Astarte was going to do from now with a cool head.

“Master Elliott, what I showed you just now was one of the ways to corrupt humans and turn them into demons... and the next thing I want to show you is...”

CHAPTER 7

NIGHT OF THE FLAMES OF CATASTROPHE: COUNTERATTACK

“...Tch, so the best girl died first, did she. Damn this wretched village, most of the women are lardasses”

They should have been preparing to leave the village now that only a few hours are left until dawn, but nobody would probably come to pay this frontier village a visit.

In that case, they can at least stay in this ruined village for a day.

The Claws of the Black Bear mercenary band was a small band composed of those who had broken off from a major mercenary group.

They were not big enough to have a retinue of prostitutes or merchants, so most of their jobs are dirty jobs like this, and when they don't get a job, they would go attack villages unrequested.

In short, they were hoodlums walking the line between mercenaries and bandits.

The leader, Hans, saw that the small cask of brandy they found at the building that was formerly the village headman's house was empty and threw it at his men.

They have already killed almost all the villagers and dealt with the ones that tried to run at the village's edge.

After asking the details of the request, the village head was cut down with a sword to the back.

There were only 10 women decent enough to sleep with in the village, so after ravishing the best looking young girl he let his men have them.

Because the goal of this job was silencing, they were not allowed to sell the women as slaves.

Which is why after having their way with them they would be killed.

All the mercenaries knew this, and so they treated the women roughly.

They were going to be killed anyway, so even though they will get injured, there was no need to worry since they weren't going to be sold.

“Aga, agh, aaa, aaaa...”

The village headman's daughter who had just gotten married half a year ago was being skewered by two of the mercenaries from the front and back.

Because she resisted she was badly beaten, and because of that, her beautiful teeth were all broken.

To keep her from running, her feet were cut from the ankles down and thrown on top of the corpse that was once her husband.

“Pu●●y, pu●●y feels good! More! Thrust more!”

The mercenaries laughed as they thrust their penises.

“Speaking of which, it's too bad about that young girl, huh”

“The girl the chief slept with? She ran away in the middle of the orgy, right... Well, she ain't gonna live long with that wound”

“Joachim's going after her. He's probably doing her in some bushes somewhere, no?”

“Well, he's got a small one after all! Probably doesn't want us to see it!”

With vulgar laughter, the mercenaries raped the woman as they chugged their drinks.

It was about time for the men patrolling to make sure they didn't miss anything and the vice-captain's group who was assaulting the inn away from the village to return.

The vice-captain in particular had missed his chance at the women.

If they didn't give him his share of prostitutes in town he's surely going to complain.

"Oi, you lot! Hurry and finish up already"

To Hans' order, the men made disgruntled noises but they can't possibly complain and only obeyed.

"That reminds me, I've never done something like that"

"Ah, the one where you do them the moment they die"

"They say it feels incredibly tight..."

stab, he thrust his sword into the girl's heart without hesitation.

Her large breasts jiggled and spurted large amounts of blood.

Seeing that, the maddened girl finally noticed the pain she was in and raised a death cry.

"Aaah!? A... AAAAAAaaaAaaaaaAAAAaAaaaAAAAAAaaA!!!!"

"Wheee!! She's nice and tight!"

"Dumbass, you're getting your clothes dirty!"

In the midst of the screaming, the door was loudly knocked.

“Oh, if it isn’t the vice-captain”

The mercenary peeking from the slot-window smiled as he opened the door.

Hans heard all that and felt that something was off somewhere.

Sure, it was about time Gerrick and his men showed up, that much wasn’t weird.

But does that guy usually even knock?

Well, he would know what we’re doing, though.

That moment, Hans’ men screamed.



What came in was certainly Gerrick and his two men.

However, they were no longer human.

Bloodless skin, actions that don’t mind the body being destroyed, and the strength that came from that. Also the slight smell of rot.

They were zombies.

“E, EEEEEK!!?”

They were in the middle of drinking stolen drinks and raping women. Nevermind weapons, they weren’t even clothed.

One of the men got his windpipe bitten by Gerrick’s corpse and died.

They fell into panic.

Zombies in this world were monsters that spontaneously appear near the demon world or places with a lot of dead or traces of battle.

They had great strength but slow movements. They were a symbol of fear for ordinary villagers, but they weren't frightening to adventurers and mercenaries if they were calm.

.....yes, *if* they were calm.

Almost all of these had been drinking and raping through the night.

They were drunk, they were tired, and they weren't armed to begin with.

Being attacked right when they had their guards down, two more men died before they knew what was happening.

When the survivors somehow regained their posture, something came in through the door.

A resin covered in flames... a flaming arrow.

When they realized it, the second arrow came in.

It seems to have had grasses or chemicals mixed in, when they caught fire they produced a lot of smoke, causing visibility to go down.

It was becoming hard to breathe, but the zombies didn't care about that.

Hans took the shield and greatsword left by the table and ran towards the back door.

His men were screaming behind him but he ignored them.

He checked whether there was an ambush nearby from the dormer window just in case and went out alone.

In this situation, the men coming out through the front door would probably be beyond hope.

If the horses hidden outside the village were alright, he could run away on his own...

Just when he had the thought, his feet slipped.

It was a trap.



I had been waiting with a crossbow from behind a thicket where I could watch the back door.

Astarte and the zombies would do something about the front.

Even if, at worst, they couldn't kill all the mercenaries, getting them all to run away is fine, too.

Then, one mercenary came out. He was not wearing armor but had a shield and a weapon.

He looks used to it but... he was alone.

I had laid a little trap at the backdoor's footstep.

They were hidden under a grass sheet covered in earth, a large number of small water bags containing diluted lantern oil.

The hope is to throw them off balance and make them fall, and if they fell on top of the bags, ripping them and covering themselves in oil, that would be the best.

As planned, the enemy fell and their feet were covered in oil.

I decided my aim as planned and loosed a crossbow bolt. I wasn't a good archer but somehow I shot the enemy on the foot.

The mercenary screamed and noticed me.

I threw the crossbow away and took another loaded crossbow.

When he tried to get up I loosed another bolt. This one pierced his flank. He still didn't fall.

The mercenary started running with his shield up front, but because of the oil his footing was unstable.

I didn't expect him to still be able to run after taking two bolts. So I ran, I ran away to a place ten seconds away.

The mercenary raised a beastlike scream, jumped through some thickets... and disappeared.

He fell into a pitfall trap I had made behind the thicket.

When I peered in, it looked like he fell in with a bad posture, the spine on his neck was broken, he was dead.

".....Haa"

I released the breath I held and took a rough one. I collapsed on the spot and stood there on my knees.

He died, I killed him. My second one.

If I was even slightly less prepared, if I didn't prepare a spare crossbow beforehand, if I didn't have the zombies dig a pitfall trap... I would've been the one who died.

But still, now the mercenaries' main force was incapacitated.

While looking at the burning house of the village headman, I prayed that Dahlia wasn't inside.

Then Astarte came running to me.

"Master Elliott, everything in the house was destroyed. The three zombies have been used up. Also... I found the girl in the stables"

CHAPTER 8

NIGHT OF THE FLAMES OF CATASTROPHE: DESCENT INTO DEMONHOOD

Inside the stables, Dahlia was dying.

There was the corpse of a mercenary that Astarte probably killed by the stables but I paid it no mind and went inside.

Did she run when she was raped or was she caught and raped here?

There was a large slash on her back that was continuously bleeding.

It was such a wound that one would doubt can be saved even if I could find a surgeon right away. Much less out here in a village in the boonies without a surgeon in sight.

“Elliott-san... I’m sorry, the mercenaries...”

“Enough, don’t say anything! Let’s stop your bleeding...”

Even while I’m saying it, I knew it was a lie. I could’ve treated a small wound.

If all she needed was painkillers to dull the pain, I can go and bring back a small dose.

However, she was no longer at the level where she could be saved with those. It was already too late when we discovered Dahlia.

“Master Elliott, there’s nothing we can do to help her... as a human”

Astarte cut in, there was clearly an ulterior motive behind her words.

But there was no reason for me to say no.

“.....what should I do?”

“You need to choose quickly.... Do you remember what I showed you earlier? You have to ravish this girl and break her mind before she dies, pour your magic power into her, turn her into a demon and make her your servant”

Surprisingly, I accepted Astarte’s words easily.

No matter what I had to do, there was no other way to get what I want besides that.

I could pray to god but my wish won’t be granted.

In that case, I should do whatever I could do.

“Give the girl this pill. She wouldn’t be able to swallow it herself, so Master Elliott should chew it and make her swallow it”

...She handed me a round sweet-smelling pill. It was probably a narcotic or aphrodisiac.

I took it, undressed myself, and sat down beside Dahlia.

“Dahlia. I’m going to make you my servant.... this is something I decided on my own. I’m not letting you say no”

“...Elliott-san... I, I’m dirty...”

“Never mind that... become mine”

I took the pinky-fingertip-sized pill in my mouth and chewed.

Before I swallowed, I was attacked by a strong intoxication... it seems to contain painkillers as well.

I put my arm around Dahlia's back and sat her up.

I ended up touching her wound a little and Dahlia winced from the pain, I paid no mind, though, and kissed her lips... I tasted blood.

She was resistant at first, but once I inserted my tongue with the pill on it, Dahlia closed her eyes and started licking my tongue.

“.....”

The pill seemed to be effective, and while we exchanged a long kiss, the tenseness in Dahlia's body disappeared, and she started actively entwining our tongues.

Her bloodless skin regained a little bit of its color, and her smallish breasts tightened.

As I reached with my empty hand and groped her nether regions, her nectar started flowing as if to mask the traces of dried semen.

“Master Elliott, she's not in pain anymore but she doesn't have much time to live. You know how to do this, right? We're doing this without practice so the chances aren't high. Come now, please ravish the girl and bring her to the summit”

I regretfully parted my lips from hers but I can't keep doing that.

I laid Dahlia down on the dry grass again and spread her legs.

Her lewdly wet, plain looking flower petals bloomed obediently.

“Ah,... Embarrassing...”

“I will ravish you now. I will mess you up, I’ll do you so hard that you won’t understand what’s going on anymore. You will be mine. You’ll be my servant.... therefore, give me everything”

There was no need for me to say that, but I had to say something.

If there was any, it’s that there might be no future where the two of us could live together anymore.

Even though I was too late to notice the feelings she had been holding towards me.

I wanted her to hear what I was going to do to her.

“...yes... Make me... make me yours, please... Elliott... Master Elliott... do me... ravish me”

That might have been Astarte’s aphrodisiac talking. It might have also been the confusion at being so close to death.

But still, Dahlia’s tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, and she spoke words of submission.

She hid her face with her hands from the shame, but... somehow, she looked happy.

“Ah...”

I thrust my penis in. After being toyed with by the village men and violated by the mercenaries, Dahlia’s vagina had already relaxed, ready to accept me.

It was smallish and tight, but still soft and clamping down hard on me.

Even though Astarte and I had been going at it like monkeys for an entire night, I didn’t have the techniques to make women my captive.

I grabbed her smallish breasts, I flicked and rolled my tongue on her nipples, I sucked, I rained kisses on her neck.

To prevent the wound on Dahlia's back from hurting, while still connected I lifted her body up.

I sat myself cross-legged and put Dahlia's body on top of myself, facing me... it was the so-called lotus blossom position.

Because of her fatigue, Dahlia rested her body weight on me and my penis inserted deeper into her vagina.

Due to the intense pleasure, semen had already gathered in my loins.

I probably couldn't hold myself back anymore.

At that moment, I abruptly noticed the semen gathered in my testicles and the existence of my magic power collecting in it.

No, maybe *comprehend* is more appropriate.

Anyway, I wanted to raise more magic power and push them inside Dahlia. I want to violate her. I want to mark her as mine.

In response to my intense desire, my hips began moving faster.

When I noticed it, I was already screaming.

".....As expected from the one who carries that person's blood, even if only half. It looks like you understand what needs to be done. Now Dahlia, you should get ready too. Be more lewd, more uninhibited. You are now free. The village, the rules, and the common sense that confine you are no more. You don't need to hold back, release all of your desires. Open your mouth, speak of everything that you want...!"

Astarte's spoke almost like the clergymen would.

However, the church would never accept what she teaches, the teachings of desire.

I vaguely heard her, while being driven by a lust for conquest, while thrusting my loins into Dahlia's vagina.

Dahlia seems to want to say something, so I parted my lips, freeing her tied-up tongue to talk.

"...I... I... I feel good! Master's penis feels good! Better than the village head! Better than the villagers! Better than the mercenaries! More, bang Dahlia's pussy more!"

She spoke her hidden desires out loud, something seems to have burst.

She confessed it all with tears streaming from her eyes, her desires, her grudges, her joy, her grief. To respond to her, in order to make her more indecent, Astarte and I answered her words, criticize, forgave, and ravished her more strongly.

"The village head's daughter hated me! It's because her husband used me for sex, he was comparing her and me!"

"Yes, Dahlia. You're younger than her. She thought you were stealing her man, and he practically did sleep with you, right?"

"But I always wanted to be like onee-chan! I, I never wanted to sleep with a man like that!... when father died, and I was raped by the village men, nobody came and comforted me when I cried!"

I licked the tears running down her cheeks, lightly bit her ear, and kissed her neck until it left a mark.

“The miller’s son, too! And the uncle from the smithy! After they slept with me they treat me like a thing! The women kept making fun of me! Even though... even though I didn’t sleep with them because I wanted to!”

“But you did enjoy it a little didn’t you? Like, *rather than you, I’m more attractive?* You have the quality to begin with, the quality to please men, to make them go crazy”

“Everyone, says my pussy is tight... Like I care about that! I don’t care about other people! They used everything, my mouth, my pussy, my asshole! Even though it didn’t feel good! Even though it’s supposed to feel bad...!”

“But at some point, it started to feel good, didn’t it, Dahlia?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorrrrrrry!”

I... I’m a bad girl!

Even though it’s a bad thing, it started to feel good...

Even though I should’ve hated it, it felt good...

I wanted Elliott-san... I wanted master to sleep with me,

I want him to ravish me, I’ve always wanted it!

I always, always, wanted you to force me down and do me!”

The depths of Dahlia’s heart that was shut tight, was forcibly opened.

I felt that her grudge, her pleasure, her hopes, all while being drowned in pleasure, was beautiful.

Then, I violated them all, I dominated her.

“AAaah, ah—... Haa, cock, cock is good!... Master’s more... want...!”

Dahlia’s body heat gradually went cold.

Her words were becoming intermittent, and I knew that she was falling in and out of consciousness.

There was no more time.

I was almost at the limits of my self-control, but honestly, I didn’t even know whether I had enough magic power stocked up.

But still, all I can do is try.

“Dahlia, become mine. Cast away your humanity, become my servant! Live for me! You are my servant for the rest of your life...!”

“Do... more... I’m all... yours...”

I raised an animal cry while spewing out magma-like ejaculate into Dahlia’s vagina.

“AAAAAAAHHHHHH————!!!”

My breathing stopped, and my vision blacked out for a moment.

My magic power was pouring inside her vagina and was slowly encroaching into her body, that much I understand.

...before I could confirm, I lost consciousness from the strong feeling of having come.



I was probably out of it for a few minutes.

When I came to, the air just before dawn felt pleasantly cold.

“Master Elliott, have you awakened?”

Astarte called out.

I slowly sat myself up. I was aching all over and my head hurt like I was having a hangover after heavily drinking.

“Even though you had been practicing magic, it was your first ritual... so it was probably because of your stamina that you could finish that much”

Because of those words, I was clearly reminded of what had happened until now.

How was Dahlia?

“.....how’s she?”

“She is still unconscious. Normally when one awakens into being a demon, there would be some changes to one’s outer appearance, but...”

...it was a rushed job, and she was on the verge of dying. The situation was as bad as it gets.

“So do the changes *always* happen?”

I asked Astarte while taking care that the wavering in my heart doesn’t show.

“I’m not saying it’s certain, but there’s a high chance it does.

...The thing called corruption or demon transformation is something that makes the human target lose and give up their humanity and forcibly transforms them into demons. The method of transformation differ depending on race and body type and so the kind of demon they transform into isn’t definite. For example, the demons called vampires would transform their targets by mostly sucking the target’s blood and planting the magic power within their blood on their target. Everything transformed by a vampire generally becomes a similar vampire or their lower kinds and dependents.

Since your Lord Father was an Incubus, you transform your targets through sex, and most of their targets become succubuses like me, but... there are transformations that are on the mark and there are those that stray off it depending on the target’s nature.

There are cases where ferocious warriors become werewolves, and lazy thieves become slimes. In those cases, they mostly had half their memories and character intact, but lost lots of things.... The majority of cases end up in them losing their individualities and beliefs.

Although, when one goes easy on the transforming or didn’t use enough magic power... nothing firm remains inside the target and they would lose their memories and become nothing more than beasts, these cases also happen a lot. Also... if the target dies, like you’ve seen earlier, they might die just like that or get reanimated as zombies”

I looked at Dahlia by my side.

Her chest that was drenched in my semen was not moving, and her eyes were shut.

...was it no good?

“Dahlia...”

...right then, Dahlia’s eyes slowly opened

“Dahlia, are you awake?”

She slowly sat herself up and stiffly turned towards me.

“Even if she became a zombie, there would be a connection through the magic power to the master that corrupted her. She wouldn’t attack but... did she become a zombie?”

Astarte (because *I* didn’t want to think of it) voiced out the possibility, then Dahlia opened her mouth.

“Dahlia... Me? Name?”

Her words were stiff. She looked like she forgot all that flowing confession somewhere.

“...Dahlia, do you know who I am?”

I timidly asked. After a second of silence she answered.

“...Name... Master Elliot... my... Master”

...I breathed a lungful of air of relief.

It seems like she didn’t lose all her memories. Looking and touching at Dahlia’s body, Astarte seemed to have realized something from Dahlia’s scar and said.

“Ah, I see... I suppose that’s to be expected”

“Astarte, stop being abstruse. How is she?... I won’t complain even if she became a zombie, okay”

“Master Elliott, a zombie doesn’t have the intelligence to talk this much. This girl... of course, she’s not a normal one but... she seems to have become a flesh golem”

“.....Flesh golem?”

I've heard of the monsters called golems. They're magical monsters crafted out of clay or stone and they would stand guard at the gates of the Magic Empire Ruins.

Even nowadays, people like the academy used stone golems as escorts.... Though I've never seen any.

"Yes, they're dolls that move by using magic power. Flesh golems are things made from human or animal corpses and are given temporary life and orders by magic... normally they wouldn't possess a sense of self but because this girl only uses one body as raw material, was made into a golem while still alive, and was corrupted by Master Elliott's magic power, she retains a tiny bit of her original memories and personality"

So all my practicing endowment magic turned out useful at a time like this.

I don't know whether or not this is the result Dahlia wanted.

I don't even know whether to rejoice or grieve myself.

But still, rather than having her die here... this result is better for me.

"That aside, Master Elliott..."

Astarte called out. Somehow, she was being coquettish.

"After seeing all that violent sex, I can't hold back being left out on my own. Now that we've done everything we needed to hurry and do... please, give me your favor too"

As she said that, Astarte flung her clothes away and reached for my nether regions.

"Wha, wait, Astarte, not here...!"

"Master, I will help..."

Looking over, I saw Dahlia together with Astarte kissing my penis.

Maybe because I've been living a sad life as a man, their kisses made my penis as hard as ever.

"Can't be helped, once this is done, let's go back to the inn and think about what we'll do from now on"

As the rays of dawn shined, moans resounded throughout the village.

Other than us, there was nobody there to hear it.

...In a single night, a village of fifty and a mercenary band of ten were no more.

Within a month, the news would travel to the surrounding villages, and the mining village would come to be known as the Demon-possessed mines.

I turned all the corpses into zombies and put them in the village to keep people out.

The rumors become that the village was destroyed by demons appearing from the mines.

This was how I became the demon ruling a mining village... how I made my first step into becoming a dungeon master.

【 ARC 2 】

CHAPTER 9

THE VILLAINS' PREPARATION:

TALKS WITH THE MERCENARY COMMANDER

“AH HAH HAH HAH! Seriously. I was so surprised when I heard that boy Elliot had become a dungeon master you know!”

“Don’t laugh, Gramps Gustav. It’s not like I want to be one or anything”



More hearty laughter.

It was about half a year after the mining village became a hell overflowing with the dead and I became the dungeon master.

I feel like I haven't heard laughter for a long time, but this old man laughs after just drinking every time he comes.

Of course, it's not like I didn't like that disposition, I didn't dislike this man.

Besides, there were things I need.

The man sit facing me in the first floor of my home slash inn that had already stopped business. He was an acquaintance from when mother was still alive.

Mercenary Commander Gustav.

It's hard to say if he's a good or bad person, but mother said "he at least keeps to contract and honor".

He's going to be an old man soon being his age, but his forged body can't compare to your everyday soldier.

Also, Gustav's number one strong point wasn't his strength, but his insight in collecting information and seeing through the situation.

One month was enough for what happened in the village to become a rumor.

At first, curious merchants and travellers, thieves looking for valuable things among the leftovers, and adventurers looking to test their strength came staggering in and had a horrible time.

I don't chase down those who ran away, and at least if they noticed this place I would help them.

However, there weren't few greedy ones who raided and ended up joining the ranks of the zombies.

It was a bother, but zombies decrease when they're killed. I was only recycling dead bodies into new zombies.

In fact, for a short time I'd give them props that so many uninvited guests would come this far.

For now, Gustav seemed to have come here because he was worried about me.

With a small number of mercenaries, he came to the inn, armed, and when I came out to see them what he said was

".....what? Why are *you* looking so lively?"

I thought about hiding the truth but he knew of my position in the village.

I don't feel like lying to this old man to begin with.

To add to that, if I could gain the cooperation of Gustav, who knew well about people related to the underworld business in this area.

I could gain information on the cities surrounding this mining village.

Information. That is the thing that I, holing myself in this dungeon, could not obtain.

Therefore, this is what happened after I honestly told him everything (besides the part about being the king of the Demon World and stuff).

“Anyway, it’s about time the Church notices this place you know. It would be some time before they make a move but I think you’d better get ready to run”

“But wouldn’t the fact that you’ve been using this place as a stopover be found out?”

“I can’t deny the possibility but there’s no way that this place doesn’t became the hot topic in the Church”

The door behind me opened, and Astarte in a nun outfit and Dahlia in maid clothes appeared.

Dahlia was carrying more booze and snacks.

“Like I said, I’m opposed to offering this place as an escape route for common criminals”

Seems like Astarte was still dissatisfied with that decision.

What Gustav proposed after listening to the story was whether or not I could make this mining village overflowing with zombies where nobody would come — or more accurately, whether I could use this inn that could offer a safe route without zombies and several days of lodging — to hurried merchants and criminals at large as a stopping point.

Even though this was a frontier mining village, there were roads just a few days to other towns through the forest out of the village.

There’s a fisherman’s hut half a day’s walk away that only locals know about that became a stopping place where itinerant merchants and mercenaries would rest their caravans.

If one could cross the mountains, it's not impossible to go over the border and smuggle oneself to the next country.

Therefore, for fugitives being chased from society, and merchants and adventurers wanting to secretly cross the border, the existence of a base camp that they can lodge in was a very convenient thing.

In particular, since normal people won't come because of monsters and the local dungeon master could accommodate safe passage, it was very effective... or so Gustav argued.

After the incident, there was no need for me to flee right away, but living as a Demon aside, I didn't have the strength and finances to live in an unknown land with just the three of us.

Because I was half human, the amount of magic power I could accumulate was low, only enough that if I holed up somewhere and saved up power I could finally maintain a few things.

Still, it seemed to be a little more than human magicians, but I still didn't have enough power, assets, and forces to set up shop at some unknown place somewhere. Vacating out the dungeon and moving was still a lot of pain.

In order to raise my magic power, I need to sleep with women or do it like most Demons, rule some land with lots of magic power and supply mine from there.

I digress but this is the reason why the Lords of the Demon World would fight over land with lots of magic power¹

As for assets, I need to earn money somehow, so travelling would be difficult since I won't have a source of income.

«TN: just like ours and oil»

Force is where I'm weakest at. I need to raise my magic power to strengthen myself, summon or create monsters as a fighting force, or use my assets to hire adventurers or mercenaries.

Which is why I thought I should first go on board with Gustav's proposal and gather a little bit of money.

Skipping straight to the conclusion, within the initial month of taking only those with Gustav's introduction as guests, I greatly overtook the entire previous year's total income.

Most of it was income from smuggling merchants. Looking at the amount, the number of times Astarte complained decreased.

It was entirely possible that the previous year's income was too low, but nevertheless, by selling magic tools I could gain a typical farmer's income. And there's also this.

.....There's no end to people who would dye their hands in crime. If I allow the risks, the gains are enormous.

That said, I was able to accomplish this only because Gustav's judgement was there to act as my guardian.

Also, Astarte covered for me for small acts of violence.

It wasn't the kind of place I wanted, but there's a limit to how lucky I could be with my position... I was fully aware of the fact.

After all, I couldn't do all that much on my own.

"Well, that is that. First, here's gramps' share"

Saying that, I took out a bag full of silver coins and handed them to Gustav.

With that much, a farm family of four could live a year without starving.

“Ooh, a third of the earnings. I confirm that I have received. By the way, did you increase your ability to summon monsters since then?”

“Listen to this Gustav. Total magic power aside, Master Elliott is definitely reliable with technique!”

Astarte joined the conversation about my growth in high spirits as if it were about herself.

After the incident, I began dungeon building using the mines that had gone abandoned.

It was preparation for when push comes to shove and testing grounds for dangerous experiments.

I understood well why magicians of old hid themselves in dungeons.

Because if they were outside, there would be some damage if some mistake occurred.

CHAPTER 10

THE VILLAINS' PREPARATION: ADVENTURER TEAM "RED CROWS"

When I'm not getting a job from Gustav, I would order the zombies to the dungeons for expansion and maintenance and sleep with Astarte and Dahlia every day to supply myself with magic power. Sometimes, when we have female guests we would even engage in orgies.

(There were times when they agreed to it and there were times when Astarte would barge in on her own)

Whenever I had time, I would read all the books I could get from smuggling merchants or obtain things that I can use as magic catalysts.

Besides the fact that I could now sleep with women and that the scale was larger, it wasn't that much different to how I lived up to now.

"Well, I did increase whatever I could call up or build"

".....and the weirdly shaped guardians at the door is one of those?"

I was a bit hurt by how honest those impressions were.

".....Those were a golem construction experiment. I wanted to avoid having to use expensive materials so I used some timber lying about"

"Normally it would be easier just to summon a living monster... but Master Elliot is better at building his own"

“So what Eli-boy here can summon now are zombies, skeletons, and that imp that guided us here, right?”

If I could pay in magic power I could call up zombies and skeletons in a summoning.

I want to avoid killing people to replenish the zombies, it wasn't worth it.

It seems that if I raised my power I can summon other monsters.

An imp is a low-rank monster about the size of a human child. They are creatures that would sometimes be summoned and used by human mages.

They don't have a very high sense of self. If I were pressed to ask I'd say they're something that's created using magic power.

After investigating and trying lots of things, this was the first thing not undead that I was able to summon.

It was convenient that it can fly short distances and have simple conversations, but it wasn't all that strong so I used it as a guide for visitors.

The wood golems lined up outside were for carrying things around the inn where I wouldn't want to use zombies.

If I could use stone to make golems I wouldn't have had a problem sending them out to fight but... stone was way too different in their ease of use to wood and I couldn't handle them easily, which was annoying.

What I could make about now are arms that respond to set commands or legs that move by sliding – I haven't had any success making a complete body.... Seems like being a Dungeon Master means more than just thinking up evil things.

“With more magic power you can leave off some steps and summon things more quickly. So, I think you should save up magic power and attack the surrounding villages and towns”

When Gustav wasn't around, Astarte would promote raiding around but while attacking villages is one thing (that I'd really want to go without), with my current power I didn't have a chance of winning against armies. Astarte understood that too.

Therefore, we patiently took the slow and steady route.

"Oh right, if in case the Church does come here to investigate, we probably won't be able to hide it for long. We mercenaries take jobs from the Church too after all, and they have the money and power.... So, if that starts, you should assume the information has been leaked to them leaving off any personal names, okay"

"You're so carefree about it aren't you... Leaving this place is not up for discussion unless I can guarantee the next destination"

"Well, like I said, you don't have to do so right away, but just be prepared for it. We mercenaries are an agile bunch but Lord Dungeon Master probably isn't, huh... oh, right, I just remembered"

"What? A get-rich-quick scheme? Or maybe an indecent story?"

"I think you probably don't but do you know about the incident in <Waterwheel City Abram>?"

I knew *of* the city called Abram, but of course I didn't know the details about it.

To begin with, how was I supposed to know, being all cooped up in the sticks like this.

"I thought as much. Abram is one week away from here by horse, it's a large city for these parts. It's pretty much the home of Marquis Abram who rules the area. Well, Marquis Abram's soon going to be an old man though. It's the big town past the one where the people in this village used to go and buy things. The urban area holds roughly ten thousand people, but if you consider the surrounding towns and villages, it goes up to three times that... or so they say"

Thirty thousand people. This village's former population was fifty people, and the town mother used to take me when I was little held ten times that. I've never seen that much people in all my life"

“Besides mercenaries, Abram has adventurers who delve into ruins and fight in a small scale. Those operate in groups of two to ten... well, not so different to small mercenary bands. They don't only fight, but they're jacks of all trades. There were two up-and-coming adventurer parties among those.

One of them were the 'White Dogs' who were good at ruin-delving.

The other one were the wannabe mercenaries 'Red Crows' who were used to fighting.

They don't get along with each other, you see. They would get into quarrels at all sorts of places... but that came to an end recently”

“Gramps, that's just city gossip... right? Or does it have something to do with this place?”

“...Just listen until I'm done. It's not like you're completely unrelated.

One day, somebody bribed a tavern boy at the tavern where the White Dogs gathered and poisoned them. Then the Red Crows came in there and killed the White Dogs right in the middle of town, at a back alley though. The thief girl leading the White Dogs was on *really* bad terms with the Red Crows' leader to begin with.

Most of the White Crows died, but they kidnapped some of them and went away somewhere. It was an adventurer team with lots of women after all, and the leader was one, too... Well, it's not really a decent story, probably”

“...I wish master Elliott could be as brutal as that Red Crow leader. Though that short temper that led to what happened in the city probably isn't needed”

Astarte interrupted him, seemingly bored. It's a weakness of gramps Gustav that his stories always have a long prologue.

“So there were adventurer teams killing each other in the city. The guards won't stay silent after that, right?”

“Right. The Red Crows fled the city. Probably hiding somewhere until the heat cools down.

...then, this is where you guys come in.

I introduced a merchant that's on good terms with the White Dogs before, and they came here as well. It seems like they got killed...”

I had a somewhat bad feeling about this.

It doesn't feel good when somebody I knew got killed, even though I didn't have that deep a connection with them.

“Unluckily, there's a possibility they got wind of this place from them. Even if they didn't, you're a dungeon relatively close by, there are some buildings left standing, and there's nothing worse than zombies here.

Also, I heard the Red Crows' vice leader is an honest-to-goodness mage from the 'academy'... even though still a young girl. It wouldn't be strange if they chose to run away here... Yeah, I thought I should tell you that”

After saying that much, gramps Gustav washed his throat down with ale.

...by the fact that gramps deliberately told me that, it must be very likely to happen.

CHAPTER 11

THE VILLAINS' PREPARATION: RECEPTION ARRANGEMENTS

“...Master.... You are more lively than usual... today?”

Dahlia, in servant clothes, asked me while wiping my penis with a wet towel.

It was the next day. After Gustav went back, I switched to the plan of planting my “eyes” a further distance away around the mining village.

Because of that, my magic power dried up, and my body craved it. In other words, my arousal became stronger.

After having a round with Astarte, I had her (this girl can fly. I only found that out recently) go outside to plant “eyes” near the highway. The imp also went with her to carry her things.

After catching my breath, I had Dahlia bring me water and a towel, but it seems I still wasn't satisfied.

In Dahlia's hands, my penis rose up an angle from horizontal.

I fell silent and Dahlia began licking off the semen that was left on my penis. It might have been a golem's nature to serve their master as their *raison d'être*, or it might have been her own personality, but Dahlia seemed to like servicing me.



The only thing is, I was feeling I wanted to ravish her more directly.

Since that time, since she became a golem, Dahlia never called me out on her own or ask me for anything.

When Astarte wanted my body she would come along to sleep with me, that's just about it. There were almost no occasions where I slept with just Dahlia alone.

"...Dahlia, put your hands on the table and push your buttocks out. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Master..."

She blushed slightly. Dahlia, still in her clothes, put both hands on the table and turned away from me, pushing her buttocks out.

I laid my hands on her nether regions roughly. Dahlia's vagina was already drenched in moisture.

"Dahlia, did you peek at me and Astarte having sex?"

Even though Dahlia never spoke out on her own, she could properly answer when I asked.

Ever since becoming a monster, she never hesitated to satisfy my requests for intercourse, but her basic morals are learned from a rural church. Her sense of shame was strong.

Poking at that, teasing her lightly, and enjoying her reactions, was fun.

"Yes... because Master and Astarte's sex... was loud..."

Using my index and ring fingers, I thrust into Dahlia's lips down there, and gently parted them. I toyed with it, flapping them open and closed, and she began to move her hips miserably.

"Loud? So what if we were loud?"

I moved my middle finger and lightly inserted it into Dahlia. It made a squelching sound and the preparation for insertion begins.

“Ah... um... when I heard it... I also...”

I pulled my hand back and rolled her skirt up.

Her smallish buttocks were laid bare. I could see the hills with a little hair growing on them, wet with love juices.

I haven't even touched it and yet it's already twitching like it was breathing.

“Master... why... ah...”

As a golem, Dahlia didn't have much in the way of facial expressions, but as she turned her head back, her face was flushed and her eyes were bleary.

The monsters known as golems characteristically have skin that is liable to be dry, but they have somewhat plenty of internal fluids.

She rooted her eyes on my penis that was bending backwards as if thrusting at the sky and moaned a little.

“What's wrong? I won't be able to understand if you don't tell me what you want”

I waited for Dahlia to speak, pretending not to understand. I never knew I had this kind of hobbies.

“Um... Master's... please... ’

Her face went red in shame. As her face was scant on expression, only her eyes were wet, as if she was about to burst into tears.

I thought to tease her a little more, but I was close to reaching my limit myself.

I gently pushed my hips forward and inserted just the tip of my penis into Dahlia's vagina.

“Now what should I do here? Dahlia, try moving on your own... but don't take your hands off the table, okay”

Dahlia silently and slowly pushed her buttocks back, guiding my penis as far into her vagina as she could.

But I had made it so that even if she pushed back as far as she could, only half would reach into her.

Dahlia let out a small forlorn voice and repeatedly tried to push out her buttocks.

“Ah... ah... aaah... Master... it’s, unbearable... more... ah... more... deeper... please”

Stimulated by her begging, I moved my whole body one step forward and thrust into her myself.

I wrapped my arms around Dahlia’s hips and pressed down on her as if not wanting to let her escape, thrusting my penis in several times.

“Ah... ah... aah... ah... ah... aaaaaaaaah... ah... aah”

Whenever she has sex, Dahlia would gasp hard to kill her voice.

Raise your voice louder. Scream like the time I made you quit being human.

While watching Dahlia’s shivering back and buttocks, I remembered something. There was something I wanted to try.

“Ah? M, Master... over there is...”

I scooped up Dahlia’s genital secretions with my thumb and smeared it on her anus.

She had almost no experience in it, she reacted violently.

“Have you tried it here before?”

“The village head, once... it hurt, it was scary... it was... not good for him either, village head never tried it again, ever since...”

“...hmm? So, if I say I want to try it, will you let me, Dahlia?”

Dahlia is my servant. Therefore, I never needed to ask her to begin with.

But still, Dahlia looked happy being desired.

Her vagina clamped down hard.

“Y... yes. If Master wants to. My... anus... use... please”

After smearing genital secretions for some time, I inserted my thumb into her anus, matching rhythms with my penis pistoning into her vagina.

It was still tight, I slowly massaged it with my thumb.

In reaction, her vagina also showed a sensitive reaction.

“Master... I... ah... aah... ah... ah...”

“I’m coming. I’ll let out a lot in Dahlia’s vagina!”

I pulled my thumb out of her asshole and sped up my hips.

Enduring my nearing limits, I thrust my penis again and again, and finally spurted my backed-up semen all at once.

“Ah, AAAAAAAAAA—!!”

spurt* *spurt I pumped it all to the last drop.

“...It’s warm. Master’s cum...”

Running out of strength, Dahlia finally let her hand off the desk and slumped on the floor.

From her bared buttocks, semen dripped onto the floor.

She was lightly sweating from her entire body, and her eyes were slightly bleary as she looked up at me. It goes without saying that she was stimulating.

“It’s not over yet Dahlia. I’m still not satisfied”

As I declared, despite having just ejaculated into Dahlia’s vagina, my penis was still standing hard.

Because of receiving magic power, the fact that it won't settle down until my energy is truly used up had its share conveniences and inconveniences.

"...yes, Master... Please, use Dahlia..."

Having some expectations, Dahlia's cheeks reddened some more.

To respond to that expectation, I gave her the order she wanted.

"Show me your buttocks and open the hole on your own"



"Master Elliott, there's smoke from the fisherman's hut. Judging from the scale, at least ten people are using the fire"

A few hours had passed when Astarte came back.

There's a possibility that they were simple itinerant merchants, but judging from the scale there's a high chance that they're a small mercenary band or adventurers.

...Gramps Gustav's information really came at the pertinent time.

"We haven't been able to plant an 'eye' near that hut, have we..."

"I sent the imp to investigate but there's a possibility it may have gotten discovered"

«TN: I set the imp as an 'it' due to the lack of mention of either Elliott or Astarte banging it»

"...well, just a single imp won't win if it got found out"

"If they have a few archers, then yes, it'll get killed. Although if it didn't get caught then we could get ourselves some information..."

Well, I couldn't expect much. I'll be lucky if it succeeded, that's all I should think of it.

Which reminds me, something Gustav said bothered me.

“Say, Astarte. Is an Academy Mage hard to deal with?”

To my question, Astarte thought for a little while and answered.

“There are all sorts of them, but young ones who’s thrown themselves into becoming adventures can be split into two groups.

The first one are the liars. There are not that many mages who come from the academy to begin with, so honestly, you need a certain amount of talent before you can enter at such a young age.

There would be a lot of adventurers who knew some incantations and can chant some spells who’d say so to make themselves look better.

The second one are the truly talented. A person who goes to the academy had to leave it because of some problem. Most of the mages employed by the military are this kind.

The latter one has real strength so they make unpleasant enemies.

...only, if they’re still young, then they shouldn’t have studied in the academy long. From how she entered a dubious adventurer party like this one, I think she’d probably be the former...”

...It’s a matter of likelihoods, but I shouldn’t be too optimistic.

If I don’t gather information I would be too afraid and couldn’t act accordingly.

In that case, what I need is time.

“Astarte, Dahlia. Let’s move our base to the room inside the mines. The adventurers would probably arrive here tomorrow morning at the earliest, so we’ll do something tonight”

Inside the mines, there were compartments made haphazardly using old methods though they were put there to prepare for the large-scale development. The miners and the few engineers had all been killed by the mercenaries.

Moreover, I had gathered all the tunnel maps and made expansions of my own. I won't be so easily reached.

This inn is safe if it isn't found out, and if it were, it won't be burned down if it were uninhabited.

I had to hide the valuables and move to the base inside the mines.

Right then, the imp came back.

...The shocker was that it was half-burnt with tears in its eyes.

CHAPTER 12

THE VILLAINS' PREPARATION: THE RED CROWS' PARTY

"Are you sure we don't need to go after that damn imp?"

The hunters' cabin by the river was a simple rest area only visited by hunters from nearby villages on summer.

It was a simple cabin that could lodge around ten people. Being only an hour's walk away from the highway, it was a shelter well known by merchants and mercenaries that often go this way.

The one who opened a small door to a room inside the cabin and called out was a tall young girl still in her late teens.

She was waifish and somewhat slender. The bulges on her chest were rather modest compared to girls her age, just about small enough to be covered in the palm of her hands.

She had willful blue eyes and long flowing purple-blue hair reaching down to the pit of her stomach. She had a good looking face, shaped like a doll, but that impression contradicts her provocative and strong-willed expression.

"Yeah, it didn't do anything too bad anyway. It ran away with one shot from you didn't it?"

The reply came back from a two meter tall giant of a man who didn't even look back.

The muscles on his body were as good as armor, and even now in the middle of camp he was wearing light leather armor in place of sleepwear.

The smell of blood and sweat that permeated his leather armor made the girl grimace, but continued.

“Legda, even though that kind of low level demon appears in fields, they’re mostly working for some superior monster. Rumors say there’s a dungeon master in the dungeon in those mines, so shouldn’t you be a little more careful?”

The men surrounding the giant responded to the girl’s words.

“He he he, our lady magician’s sure a worrywart”

“Don’t worry, Sara. The mines are still half a day away from here. The monsters only appear around the mining village anyway, right?”

“No need to mind anything here, nothing to be scared of”

The lighthearted voices made the girl called Sara no longer able to contain her irritation.

The wand in her hand adorned with a star trembled slightly.

“Don’t call me Sara! My name is Thalia!”

Glared at by Thalia, several of the men smiled wryly and shrugged.

They did not doubt the fact that Thalia had left from the Academy and that her magic was the real thing, but none of them minded it.

They were currently drunk and couldn’t put together a coherent thought... rather than the vice-captain Thalia, the Captain Legda was in the middle of some minor business. In addition, though Thalia was able to acquire her vice-captainship through her magic ability, as an adventurer she was a newbie, and so the ex-mercenary seniors under Legda had more voice.

“...hng, Sara, wait a bit. Not much longer... uoh, Shiro, I’m coming, drink it all... ngh”

Legda was fucking a girl’s mouth.

She was wounded all over and had a metal collar around her neck. The chain linked to the collar was being held by Legda.

The girl called Shiro was trying to drink down the large quantity of semen in her mouth with tears in the corners of her eyes.

Her red light leather armor that had been cut and torn all over was no longer able to function as armor. Her cheeks were red from being slapped again and again.

Traces of dried tears and semen were repeatedly left on her slightly freckled youthful face as she was forced to recognize pain as pleasure through the application of aphrodisiacs.

“Ngh, ng, gg...”

“You’re slobbering, bitch!”

Legda suddenly grabbed Shiro’s hair, raising her face up.

Semen that she was unable to drink down leaked from the corners of her lips and flowed down with drool.

“Eek... sorry, I’m sorry, don’t hit me, please...”

The girl’s face was strained in fear, tears flowed from her eyes.

Her labia had swelled red from what was probably several days of rape, there were still semen somebody put into her in there.

“You don’t need any pretentious names. Shiro the white bitch is enough”

Legda threw Shiro down in front of his underlings. “Alright, have at her,” he declared.

Several of the quicker among them dropped their pants and straddled the girl.

The other men surrounding them that fancied just watching made vulgar jeers and cheered.

“So this is how the White Dogs’ leader, the chivalrous thief Charlotte ends up, huh?... You got no sympathy from me, but you disgust me just looking at you”

Thalia turned her back on the cruel rape show and headed back to her private room.

“Yo, Sara! Why don’t you join us here!”

“We’ll be gentle with you, not like with the bitch!”

The magician girl shut the door, not deigning the men’s crude laughs a response.

Shiro and Legda were originally leaders of opposing adventurer teams.

The leader of the White Dogs, risen from thieves and a ruin raider and jack of all trades, the willful female thief Charlotte.

The leader of the fighting-oriented Red Crows, who brought along his underlings from a mercenary band, the giant warrior Legda.

These two team leaders with opposing personalities who were both based in the same area around Abram often clashed during jobs. Their team members also have opposing characters, so they hated each other.

The antagonism continued for a long time.

When the Red Crows received a request to abduct a certain girl, the White Dogs would get one to let her escape.

Having a chase-off inside of town, so long as they had Charlotte, who was agile and good with traps, the White Dogs would have the advantage.

Even after the Red Crows picked up the magician Thalia a month back, she couldn’t possibly release fireballs in the middle of the city.

As a result, the White Dogs succeeded in their request and the Red Crows’ reputation dropped.

After that, the youngsters of the White Dogs publicly insulted the Red Crows in a bar. That was the final nail in the coffin.

The fact that Thalia carried various drugs for her study of magic was another cause for the tragedy.

They both knew of each other's positions and territory. Most of the Red Crows being former mercenaries, they chose a means to ensure their victory.

They bought off a boy at the bar where the White Dogs make their base and had him put paralysis poison in their drinks.

When the poison's effects took hold, they attacked, and the bar-room became a scene of hell.

There were nine of the White Dogs, including their leader Charlotte. Three of them were girls.

One was unluckily killed when they were attacked. Charlotte and the other female member were kidnapped from there, dosed with aphrodisiacs, and raped.

Being a thief with some resistance against poisons, Chalotte survived, but after being taken to the Red Crows' base and raped nonstop for twenty-four hours, the other girl succumbed to lust and completely broke.

The city guards began the search for the Red Crows the next day.

The Red Crows had escaped from Abram before the guards were able to put up wanted posters at the city gates. A few hours later, a crazed, naked girl was found abandoned on a plaza on the outskirts of town.

Charlotte did not know what happened to the girl, her friend, after that.

“C’mon, bitch! Get sucking!”

“You know how to work door keys and men’s ‘keys’ right?”

She was no longer aware what the men’s voices were saying.

She must do as she’s told, and pleasure them.

If she didn’t listen, she was hit.

Whatever she said, she was raped.

The aphrodisiacs she was dosed with blunted the pain from being hit, but it did not dull the fear.

If she kneaded the men’s penises, sucked them, spread her legs and let them use her vagina and anus, then at least they wouldn’t do anything scary then.

“Shiro, bark like a bitch and beg for cock!”

“W... woof! I, want cock, woof... hyan!”

A week ago she was Charlotte, the spirited, strong-willed leader of the adventurer team White Dogs that opposed the Red Crows.

Charlotte no longer existed.

Unable to protect her friends. Robbed of her pride as a human being. What was left was a dog only allowed to live to open locks and as a tool for sexual pleasure.

She was too afraid to even think about who she was.

To not think and only do what she’s told, the girl that was there had already half given up on her humanity.

CHAPTER 13

RED CROWS INVADE: SKIRMISH

The Red Crows invaded the mining village just before noon the next day.

On the valley between the mountains, an expanse of what was an agricultural community lay before them.

The further they went, the closer they came to the mountain. Finally, they came across the village's entrance.

They were the leader, Legda the giant, the second in command, magician Thalia, and the slave, Shiro.

Behind them, there were four heavy warriors with shields, four bowmen, and two thieves.

All in all, an adventurer party of thirteen.

Since time immemorial, it had been standard that teams going underground to search inside caverns consist of four to six people.

However, that's not the case when going to open spaces.

The Red Crows with its many former mercenaries invaded in a miniaturized version of a military formation.

"...Thirteen people. That's quite a lot, huh. I suppose their discipline is good, too?"

"One magician, four bowmen. They're unexpectedly troublesome"

The zombies are at an overwhelming disadvantage against enemies with long-range weapons.

The number of monsters in the village now was the less than sixty zombies from the existing dead bodies, and the twenty zombies, and twenty skeletons I summoned with magic power.

Also, a few wood golems I used to carry luggage with, golem parts, the ones that were only arms and legs (the parts that can be used had been used for traps), and also the one injured imp.

The enemy seems like they're used to the battlefield, a frontal attack will only get me kicked about, even with ten times the number.

Furthermore, the leader is a brute and is so stupidly huge that you'd doubt he's really human.

He was the only one with a halberd, but if he swung that thing in an open space he could blow away two or three zombies in one go.

While watching the image from the "eye" I planted inside the village, Astarte and I began analyzing the enemy's war potential.

For now, we should just begin by analyzing their war strength and if possible find a weakness.

We do have bows, but skeletons equipped with bows will lose against professional bowmen.

Of course, I had thought about plastering poison on them, but the heavy warriors were all wearing at least metal armor.

Looking at them, the leader giant had plate metal on his upper body and waist, and partially metal reinforced leather greaves on his feet.

The other heavy warriors had metal breastplates and chain mail on.

The others were only armored with light leather and hard leather.

For mercenaries, that was a complete set of armor, or possibly a lower-rank knight or their subordinates, if they're unlucky.

"...Facing them head on is impossible, isn't it, Master Elliott?"

"We should somehow split them up and get those armor off of them... or maybe get them to stop moving"

I had a considerable number of plans to split them up with.

The problem is, the success rate and how well those plans would go depend greatly on the sort of people the enemy are.

"...Say, Astarte, does that thief girl look like she's wearing a collar to you?"

"...You're right. From what I hear from sir Gustav, the Red Crows don't have female members other than the magician"

I thought. Without any battle power, I would lose if I don't think.

The most likely hypothesis based on the information I've heard is...

"Slave, right. Probably a survivor from the adventurer team they killed off"

“The reason they’d keep her alive would be, to sell her, to have her as sex relief, or possibly a meat shield... judging from how they’re treating her, they’re not going to sell her”

I see, that’s how it is...

“So if they’re taking a sex relief slave into battle, they won’t allow her to act on her own, even with chains attached. Which means, they’re taking her along as a meat shield, there’s also a possibility that they’re make use of her thiefling skills”

“...we need to confirm, but we might be able to use her”

“In any case, we need to watch how they’re moving, even if we whittled down their numbers... They’re going to meet with the villager zombies soon”

If they were found on level ground, it’s not going to be a matter of winning or losing anymore.

I’ve been letting the zombies just roam about, but most of them were inside houses.

Zombies have no cognitive capacity, so they had to be given precise orders.

For instance, *rush on enemies coming inside the house*.

A battle broke out in the village head’s house right away.

The enemy split up into two teams, seems like they were checking a nearby house, when at the same time the battle began.

A zombie that I’m sure was once the village head’s daughter rushed them but the heavy warrior’s shield firmly brushed her away.

I've assigned three zombies here, the other two also rushed in.

"Respondest mine summons, come whence the wand of stars, Strong Salamander!"

The female magician behind the warriors chanted some kind of spell. Several flames came out of the wand in her hand, rolling up the zombies in a ball of fire.

...she's trouble...!

"That... is a contracted spirit summons... Looks like our academy magician is the real thing"

Astarte calmly explained the enemy's power.

"How strong is that magic, really?"

"Several fields of magic are taught in the academy, and there's one among them exercised by making contracts with various spirits and borrowing their power, called [Spirit Magic]. That wand is probably the symbol of the contract. It's a relatively widely-known school within the academy..."

All three zombies were burnt and their movements became slow.

However, all but the one that received the heavy's blow was still moving.

“For humans, a contract with the spirits place quite a burden on their bodies. Moreover, since the magic they can save up are lower than demonkind, they can’t fire those out indefinitely. She has quite the ability to fire spirits out onto multiple enemies, but each time she does she drains a considerable amount of her magic power”

“...which means we can somehow press her down with numbers, is it? Well, the fact that she’s at the level that we can somehow deal with is a relief. In that case, I’d like to try to get her over to our side”

I blurted that out unconsciously.

Astarte caught on to it.

“That’s the spirit, Master Elliott. Let’s go capture the girl, ravish her and corrupt her. Make her our servant. If we made a demon out of a magician, she’ll certainly be useful... ♪”

The battle in the other house had ended as well.

The giant leader made mincemeat of the zombies along with the whole door. What absurd power.

“We have to somehow incapacitate that ball of muscle, don’t we. Doesn’t look like zombies will be a match for him”

“A trap that would work against him... probably that one. Will it work well, I wonder...?”

Looking some more, it seems that a lightly dressed thief had reached the village head's chest.

Since it originally belonged in the village head's house, it was quite well ornamented.

Even though it's not like it contained anything worth much, but I had put a trap on it just for an occasion like this.

The trap sprung perfectly, and the thief squirmed, holding his finger.

It's simple, but it's effective. A "poison needle".

A virtuous priest would be able to remove the poison through a god's blessing.

But there's probably no god who'd offer grace to an adventurer party like this one. Though, maybe an evil god.

Even with an antidote, that thief would likely be out of commission for an entire day.

By increasing casualties like this we could whittle down the enemy's fighting strength.

The heavy warrior yelled angrily and people gathered at the other house.

The collared female thief... now that I look more closely at her swollen face, she's still a young girl... had successfully disarmed the trap.

The trap that I asked Gustav to buy from a trustworthy purveyor.

It's supposed to be rather difficult, but maybe she saw what happened to the other one, or maybe she's just that skilled...

It did take some time, but my precious trap had been disarmed.

And the traps I put around the village was supposed to be the hardest ones, too...

"She's likely to be a skilled thief. They brought her along as a tool to disarm traps"

So Astarte judged from the situation.

If we could separate the girl from the others, more of them would fall to traps. Therefore, I have to accomplish that somehow.

What's more... I can tell by just seeing her that she's not being treated well.

I'm not a virtuous person myself, but I hate people who used violence on their friends.

"Astarte, half the skeletons in the mining village have bows, right? We don't have any means to leverage the situation with, so let's have them move. We can get some of them poisoned if we're lucky, but buying time is enough"

"Understood, Master Elliott. What will you do?"

"Hm, I'll use the inn. Sacrifice the imp and lead them here"

"Dahlia should work as well, too"

"Yeah, you're right. Take her to the inn's basement. I don't really like using chains, but it's probably easier to show them that way"

I didn't know if it would go well, but I'll use everything that I've prepared.

If they kept on straight and attacked the mines, we would be at a disadvantage.

CHAPTER 14

RED CROWS INVADE:

AFTERNOON DECISION

One of the warriors was wounded from the skeleton archers' attacks.

As expected, it was poisoned, and his movements became dulled.

Legda clicked his tongue and ordered the poisoned warrior and thief out of the village.

The monsters defeated were six zombies and four skeleton archers.

The gains were just a few trinkets.

He had considered it as just a place to run away to so he didn't expect much income, but it irritates him that he was wasting time.

Sara's magic can be used to investigate, but that would reduce the number of salamanders that could be summoned.

She herself said that she could only call as many as four in a day.

If she forced herself, maybe five or six, but that was probably the limit.

It hasn't been long since the day Sara joined the Red Crows, so Legda hasn't completely grasped the true extent of her powers.

That said, he had roughly seen through the limits of her stamina.

There were weak but persistent zombies in this mining village, Sara's magic was very effective.

However, because of their numbers, it's obvious that she'll hit her limits if she fired off magic without a plan.

Let her fire off magic when it's safe, and rape her when she becomes powerless.

Forcing her to it and using aphrodisiacs against her will is fine, too.

By controlling the amount of aphrodisiacs to use next time, she'll become a docile bitch just like Shiro.

Legda had always wanted Shiro... Charlotte from the beginning.

She had good character, strong at negotiations, and had big breasts though she was small in build.

He approached her many times to become his woman, but partly due to their parties not getting along well, she didn't reply favorably.

Which is why he made her his against her will.

The poisoning and attacking of the white dogs was Legda's order.

He thought the other women can just be his men's playthings, but one of them was killed in the attack.

It didn't take long to break Charlotte's ego due to the aphrodisiacs, but the other one broke down completely.

And because he beat Charlotte up many times when he did her, her former lively disposition was all but gone, becoming a docile but frightened puppy.

This is not the Charlotte he wanted. Which is why he let his men use her.

If he did a little better in ravishing Sara, she'll be his own personal bitch.

She had small breasts, she herself was conscious of it.

Setting her next to the small but big-breasted Shiro and doing them and comparing and teasing them would make for a fun play.

That was what Legda thought.

“Legda, it’s that imp again!”

Sara’s voice brought Legda back to reality.

Looking over, the imp with one of its wings burnt was totteringly flying in another direction from the village.

“It’s going somewhere... huh?”

“Probably, might be some kind of base?”

Time wise, it’s about time to set up camp or think of evacuating for the day.

If they returned now, they’d be back at the fisherman’s hut just as the sun went down.

However, he can’t stomach not bringing back anything worthwhile.

He heard the dungeon master had his base in the village or a nearby place and did business with the underworld.

If one had cash even a criminal would be sheltered, and given aid to escape, but Legda himself wanted to kill that dungeon master and snatch away the treasured base.

Once the heat had cooled down, he could present the return of the mining village to the lord and the disturbance in the city would be water under the bridge. He may even get some rewards.

“Right, follow that imp. If there’s a base let’s capture it”

Legda gave his orders and started walking leisurely.

CHAPTER 15

RED CROWS INVADE: AT THE INN

“There’s an inn this far away from the village. Well that’s a surprise”

They had left the village and had been walking after the slowly fluttering imp for about one hour.

Along the side of the only mountain road in the forest, there was a building that had once been used as an inn.

Once they saw the inn, they shot the imp down.

The archers were becoming uneasy since they had only less than ten-odd arrows remaining, it was about time they resupplied somewhere.

They split up and headed toward the front and back doors and entered while on the lookout for traps.

The inn was defenseless, maybe because they didn’t expect it to be discovered or because they didn’t have time to lay any traps.

There were an adequate amount of water and liquor and food left behind. Legda’s men cheered.

The inn itself wasn’t that spacious, just a tavern, guestrooms, storehouse, and the small room inside it. There was also a stable outside, no horses though.

It was a two-story building, which was rare in these parts.

It was probably the Dungeon Master's room, but everything had been carried away, it was totally empty. There were however some expensive looking things left behind.

"Captain! There's a room underneath the storehouse!"

One of the men discovered the underground storehouse.

It looked like it had once been used as a wine cellar, but right now there was being used for some other important matter.

"A woman! Seems like she's a slave!"

Inside the small underground room there was a wooden couch and bed. Also, a young girl tied with chains.



"...So, you're that Dungeon Master's slave, are you?"

Sara was interrogating the little maid girl.

It would probably have been the same no matter who did so, but if a man were to do it there's a high chance they would start fucking her before they got all the information out of her.

“...Yes, I work in Master’s service. I didn’t hear that guests will be coming, so I didn’t prepare anything, my deepest apologies...”

After fifteen minutes of talking, Sara came to a conclusion.

“That girl at the very least had her soul dominated. Well... something like a golem, I suppose. She’s completely bent on serving the Dungeon Master, this is a bit troublesome. If I can examine her more carefully, she might possibly be a well-made flesh golem, though. Then again flesh golems are patched out of strong monster or human corpses, so well, that’s unlikely. The Dungeon Master, though, abandoned the girl and ran away. That imp might have had orders to tell the girl to go and run away somewhere...”

“The Dungeon Master’s slave, huh. He probably used her to entertain the guests, no?”

Legda concluded thus.

“Captain, in that case... can we use her?”

“Don’t break her. We’ve finally found something usable, we’re bringing her back to town and turning her to money.... anyway, it’s probably going to be better than doing it with some demon so I’m sure the girl would be thankful too”

Vulgar laughs leaked out from the men around. They had already began drinking and making merry.

Shiro was going around carrying booze with lifeless eyes, acting as if she didn't hear anything about the maid girl.

It was probably her own self-defense mechanism, but Sara can't help getting irritated.

"I'll be on my room on the second floor then. I obviously can't be here when you're doing it, and I'm tired"

"...sure, how's your magic power by the way?"

"Some left, about enough for a fireball or two... but more than that is a no go. I'll be going to bed for a short while"

Legda made a small click of the tongue seeing her about to leave, but she didn't know that.

"...I'll come by later with booze and some food"

"Legda, aren't you being unusually considerate? Well, thanks"

"...What, you're an important comrade. Don't mind it... there are a few things I need to discuss afterward, too"

The men brought the maid girl to a guestroom, but since of course there were too many of them for the small room four people would have a go with her first. The girl obediently and without any particular resistance began servicing the men.

"Damn, I can't wait"

Two of the men were too impatient to wait so they returned to the tavern and dragged Shiro by the arm outside.

Being horny with all the free time, they dragged Shiro to a convenient place and did her like how they're used to doing.

Even if they didn't, the booze had already gone into their system and all the tension had already left their minds.

Just as Elliott planned, the fighting power had begun splitting up.



"Woah, this maid chick's trained. Dat tongue work..." said the man with his penis in Dahlia's mouth.

Dahlia who was in maid clothes was having a penis pushed into her throat so strongly she had difficulty breathing.

While looking at the scene from a flowerpot, I breathed a sigh.

I wanted to avoid using Dahlia as bait like this if possible, but after considering the difference in power with the enemy, I couldn't come up with any better way.

Dahlia's skin and insides were carefully loaded with aphrodisiacs and delayed-effect paralysis drugs.

Being a Flesh Golem, Dahlia herself wouldn't be affected much, but people who received that almost directly from Dahlia's mucous membranes would.

It would normally take 2 hours before the paralysis drugs took effect. If they were in the middle of strenuous activity, it wouldn't be weird if they took effect in under 30 minutes.

Then it should be about time to move.

There were numerous small paths into the base I made inside the mines.

One of them led to the middle of the forest near my inn, I was waiting out the crisis with a flowerpot there, watching the situation in the inn.

I only brought the one flowerpot here so I can't watch many places at the same time, but for now things were going well.

"Astarte, two of the men went outside with collar girl. This is a chance, let's go and crush them. I'll handle the girl, can you deal with the two men?"

"I won't have a problem with two nearly unarmed men, Master Elliott. It would take a bit of work to bring them alive though..."

"...if push comes to shove, I don't mind you killing them"

I had been gradually feeling less and less guilt over the orders that came out of my mouth.

Even thinking that it's the same thing the mercenaries are doing, it doesn't make me feel at ease... but it's a defense mechanism.

Right now, there are four men with Dahlia in the guestroom, two men with collar girl outside, and the leader with three men in the tavern. The magician girl is in the second floor.

Though it's going well, I'm bummed out that the five including the magician and the leader are together.

It was good that the traps I hurriedly laid down last night worked well, but the problem is I expected too much out of them.

Did Old Man Gustav bring *those* expecting that this would happen?

Those traps... or rather, drugs, were worth at least the entire last year's income.

I could only leave a grudge if it didn't work out.

CHAPTER 16

RED CROWS INVADE: TIME OF TEMPTATION

“...Noo, it hurts, noo ...”

“Now now Shiro, hurry up and lick! You’ve gotten loose, haven’t you, brat!”

“No, it’s just your thing that’s small you doofus!”

In a stable a some distance away from the inn, two men were raping Shiro.

They violently put them in without any foreplay or carressing.

The swelling in her crotch from last night that hadn’t healed was painful.

She didn’t know the names of these men.

It was beyond agonizing to be violated and ordered around by the men that she had scorned just a week before, she felt neither pain nor pleasure... she could no longer feel anything.

“...I’m sorry, I’m a little los... eh...? What are you...!?”

Right that moment, they heard an unfamiliar woman’s voice.

They looked and saw a woman that looked like a nun come into the barn and yell in surprise.

Even in Shiro's eyes, she had balanced proportions, her breasts were about the size of her own, possibly bigger.

She was a very charming woman.

Naturally, the two men who were raping Shiro saw her the same way.

"Yo, what might you be doing in an out of the way place like this?"

"Well, you saw us at an unpleasant time didn't you?"

The men's eyes were dyed in lust. They were excited at seeing new prey.

The nun apologetically turned away and tried to explain.

"I'm very sorry, I didn't mean to peek... I was separated from my companions and am stumped. I heard monsters appear around here and was feeling uneasy, but then I saw a light so..."

While she said that, she slowly backed away, she seemed to be looking for a chance to escape.

"Is that all? Well, looks like you're just as troubled as we are. If it's monsters, we can protect you"

"Yes yes, a good woman, finally. You're too good to let away"

Whether it was the drink talking or whether they planned to rape her from the beginning, the men slowly closed the distance.

There was no way for Shiro to notice the dull light of mesmerization in their eyes.

“Eep...”

The nun, Astarte, ran inside the deserted forest as if luring them in.

Without realizing they were being lured, being manipulated, the two weaponless half naked men ran after the nun.

The men didn’t even call to their companions inside the inn



...just as planned.

I slowly approached and put a soft towel on the collared young girl left behind.

“...who... are you?”

The girl vacantly asked.

Being a thief, so long as she wasn’t drugged, there’s no way she wouldn’t notice me coming close.

Except that there was no light in her eyes, she probably lacked the normal capacity for judgement.

“I’m... the owner of this place, and probably an enemy to the adventurer team you’re with, I suppose?”

I can’t be sure that my words will get through but I answered since I had the time.

I pulled her by the hand and she stood up without resistance.

“If you’re willing to stay quiet, I’ll let you run away from here”

“Run... away...”

Seems like she’s already broken.

When I lightly pulled on her hand, she

“That person...”

She vacantly gazed at the forest where Astarte ran away into.

She seemed worried about Astarte... looks like she wasn’t a bad person.

That said, we can’t stay here for long.

Taking the collared thief girl whose name I didn’t know, I returned to my temporary base inside the forest.

To wake her up, I had her sniff some strong alcohol.

I tied her up beforehand so she didn’t run or struggle, but it was probably no use.

The girl coughed lightly and finally her cognition came back.

“Um... you said earlier, you’re an enemy...”

“...Well, you look like that team’s been treating you roughly. As for me, it would be bad if you stayed part of their fighting strength. I don’t know what your circumstances are, but if you want to run away, you can run after this. I’ll give you several days’ of food... You’re probably a survivor from the White Dogs, aren’t you?”

Hearing the phrase, she jumped violently in surprise.

...honestly speaking, I thought I just stepped on a landmine.

That’s because the members of the White dogs, her friends, were killed because of her.

What I did was none other than putting salt in the wound in her heart.

“...nothing, nobody’s left anymore”

Her face was emotionless and passive before, but now she was expressing violent emotions.

“I couldn’t... protect them better. Everyone, poisoned... Yuri was killed, her sister Lily was raped with me... and broke...”

This was probably the first time she could show her emotions in a while.

Her overflowing emotions overflowed in the form of tears, and I was stuck with the job of being the confessor.

The young girl continued to cry, timewise, it was probably several minutes.

When she finally calmed down, I called out to her.

I had been interacting with her as a human, but now it's time to make a deal with her as a demon.

"I understand. The Red Crows have been treating you horribly, and I'm the Red Crows' enemy. Our interests align.... I'll help you run from the Red Crows"

If this girl wasn't there, the Red Crows wouldn't have sufficient thief skills. My chances of winning would go up significantly.

"Are you... the dungeon master?"

"Reluctantly so. I'm still a trainee demon, see... The nun you saw earlier was a colleague"

"...Are you, demons?"

"Half-demon. It's true that the one who filled this mining village with zombies was me, but I didn't kill most of those people. That said, I don't particularly feel like killing you. To begin with, I'm actually a merchant, if we can trade, then we'll trade. If necessary, I can introduce some trustworthy mercenaries"

There was probably no reason for the girl to refuse the deal.

But while I was thinking that, she said something I didn't expect.

“I... I don’t have anywhere to go. Charlotte of the White Dogs is already in pieces and nowhere to be found. All that’s left here is a dog that only knows how to be hit and be raped. I can’t remember what I was doing before the incident anymore... so... so I don’t care if you kill me. I don’t care whatever you do to me. But at least, let me be your dog...”

...that was a surprise

I knew that she was broken, but not *this* broken.

Intellectually, I knew people are fragile, but this was the first time I saw with my own eyes.

...An little evil thought came to mind. I should give it a try then.

“I’m still a demon, even if only half. Which means if you become my dog, you will be forsaking your humanity. Are you still alright with that...?”

I was half good intentions... or rather, hesitation.

But the other half was malicious and calculating, so I asked her.

I had a hunch that she wasn’t going to refuse.

“...yes YES! Master... Shiro, Shiro... will quit being human for Master... so, so... don’t hit me, don’t throw me away...”

The 'Master' she was seeing was probably not me.

Or more accurately, it didn't matter if it wasn't me.

The fear of her current masters who broke her, and the hope of being saved by someone mingled and took away her normal judgement.

Still, what was here was me, and nobody else but me could save her in her current situation.

Isn't that the result I wanted, and the fulfilment of her wishes?

...Right now, I felt like I'm one step further on the path of being a demon.

CHAPTER 17

RED CROWS INVADE:

THE FEMALE THIEF CHARLOTTE'S END

“Haa... Doesh it feel good?”

Slurp slurp, she licked my penis, deliberately making noise.

I was sitting in a seat, opening my groins slightly.

She was kneeling on the floor, burying her face in my crotch.

The tongue that had under rigorous circumstances become nothing but a tool for pleasuring others, was greatly stimulating not only my physical pleasure, but also a sadistic one, or possibly a lust for conquest.

“Yeah, it’s good, Charlotte... oh, she doesn’t exist anymore. What was your name now...?”

Which reminds me, I didn’t know the girl’s name.

The girl formerly known as Charlotte covered my penis with her lips instead of responding and relentlessly licked my glans.

I haven’t done it with anyone today so I couldn’t really hold back... actually, there was no need to hold back.

“Yeah, there’s a good girl... I’m coming”

I lightly pressed down on her hair and ejaculated without holding anything back.

Because my penis wasn't lodged too deeply in her throat, it slid out of her mouth without her being able to hold on to it.

Almost half the ejaculated semen covered her face.

"Master's stuff, is warm..."

Her face looked so happy so I pat her hair as if I was comforting a child.

"...Um... Master... you're not going to hit Shiro?"

She somewhat flusteredly licked off the semen that had splattered onto her face.

But somehow, my reaction was strange to her, and she asked me in a fluster.

I came to understand that her name now was Shiro and that whenever anything happened, the men would strike her.

"Why? Haven't you been making me feel good, Shiro? There's no reason for me to hit you. As long as you live your life for me, I'll treat you kindly"

Having attachments to one's tools was a common thing.

Loving one's pets was also just as common.

I had to treat Dahlia as a tool, but on the other hand, it's also true that I held attachments to her.

However, I'm pretty sure that it's not a proper kind of love.

I'm not used to human love.

"...!?"

But to this girl, who had been spending her days as a slave among ruffians, this came as a shock.

Drip, drip, juices dripped from Shiro's crotch, forming a small puddle at her feet.

"hngg! Shiro, Shiro is master's dog. Master's tool. Use me any time you like. I'll do anything, *anything*. So please, be kind to me... please..."

Was it her normal tone of voice? She sounded a bit fawning.

If she was willing to go this far to ask of me, then it's only fair that I respond in kind.

Also, it's better to have more power.

Remembering what Astarte taught me, I picked up Shiro's petite body and laid her down on the faux-bed.

When my hand drew near her crotch, Shiro leaked a sweet voice. She was completely ready to receive me down there.

I put a little bit of two fingers inside and gently moved them.

“Shiro, let’s begin the contract. This is a demon contract, you’re sure about this, right? You will from now on be my... Elliott’s servant and quit being human. You will throw away the church’s teachings and the grace of god, and you will live and serve me personally. If you do, I will... *keep you*”

Finally, even though it’s just for the formality, I told her the terms of the contract.

It was in short, no more than a ceremony in order to plant in her the awareness that she “contracted with a demon out of her own will”, and make it easier to shackle her heart.

Powerful demons don’t seem to need to do this kind of thing.

Contracts like these mostly don’t need her to say anything but just think it, but I was wondering whether it would be effective on Shiro.

“Yes! Shiro, will be Elliott’s dog! I’ll do anything! Woof! Woof! So, so... please... please put it in!”

This might be the first time she ever talked to a man and invited him in out of her own will.

And yet, her body was the body of one forcefully trained as a bitch.

I can clearly see that she herself was bewildered by the unusual circumstance.

Which was why I felt like teasing her a little.

“Shiro, I will forgive you begging to your master, but I won’t understand if you don’t clearly tell me what you want, you know?”

It clearly had an effect. She clamped down tight on my fingers inside her vagina.

“U... um, y... your penis... your dick... your cock! Please, thrust it inside, Shiro’s sopping pussy... and rub it there!”

Because she was lying down, she didn’t have much freedom to move her body.

Of course, she could do something if she thought about sitting herself up, but with my fingers in her, they would come out if she rose. Shiro fears that and so she didn’t move.

Instead, her hips twitched, and she miserably tried to rub her crotch on them.

Then I finally let my fingers go and whispered to her.

“Alright, fine. Now lift your legs up with your own hands... show me where you want me to put it in”

Shiro’s face was dyed red.

And yet, once she spoke out her desires, she was unable to stop.

Shiro raised her thighs with her own hands, spreading her legs on her own.

It was still swelling but was covered in juices from the teasing.

That said, won’t it hit the swollen part and hurt her if I put it in just like this?

Like a doctor examining a patient with his hands, I prodded her genitals, touched them, and lightly pinched them, checking whether or not I was hurting her.

She seemed to have registered pain as pleasure a bit, but sure enough, she was hurt when I touched the swollen part and winced.

I'm not sadistic enough to be happy causing her pain.

"Shiro, I'll be looking for some medicine, so you keep saying what is it that you want. You may stop talking and breathe when you run out of breath... If you don't keep on saying it, I won't be doing it to you, alright?"

"Yes, Master's cock, master's cock... I want, master's cock..."

While I looked for a painkilling salve in my toolbox, Shiro seemed to be excited by the words she was saying, and her expression melted even more.

"Cock... cock, ah, master. I want master's cock..."

Sheesh, it's perplexing how it's so convenient for me.

I took some painkilling salve from the vial and spread it over the swollen part.

"Hyaan♪"

Shiro shrieked from the cold sensation.

As the pain lessened, her arousal that had been held back by the pain returned. Her voice became more lewd until it finally became coquettish.

“Haa... aahn... Master, Shiro, can’t take it any more...”

When I noticed, Shiro’s crotch had made a small, steaming, puddle.

I tried prodding inside Shiro’s vagina with a finger. It was sopping wet.

Her pussy was warm, and repeatedly tightened over my finger.

I prodded my finger, wet with genital juices, on Shiro’s face. She sucked it without hesitation.

It’s about time.

I’ll be at my limit soon, and I won’t be having much time any longer.

CHAPTER 18

RED CROWS INVADE: DOG GIRL SHIRO

When I pulled my pants down, my penis was already stiffly erect.

“Ah... I want... master... hurry...”

Shiro’s voice became more shrill, it goes without saying that she’s already completely aroused.

My penis entered Shiro’s vagina without it offering any substantial resistance.

“AAAAAAAAAHHH!! It’s good, It feels good!”

Shiro raised her voice out loud. If we weren’t inside a cave, her voice would surely have leaked outside.

Shiro’s vagina was warm and full of fluids.

Her vagina didn’t clamp down all that strongly, but it wrapped me and undulated, pulling me deeper inside.

Unlike Astarte, who clamps down strong from doing it habitually.

Unlike Dahlia, who, perhaps because of her lack of experience and nature as a golem, is firm at first but gradually becomes soft when receiving my attacks.

Shiro's vagina was warm and drags me in like plunging into a freshly warmed hot bath.

Every time my penis thrust into her, I felt it hitting the wall inside.

“HWHAAAAAAAA!?! AAAAAAAAAHHHH!?”

Shiro let leak a strange voice and widened her eyes.

There was a light sound as I felt a warm fluid and sensed a peculiar smell.

...Shiro leaked herself.

Tears fell from her wide open eyes while she continued her slow pulling motion with her pussy.

“Shiro, what a naughty girl you are. To pee in a place like this”

“...haa, haaah. M, Mashter... wha, whash was zat... jusht now...?”

She herself didn't understand what happened.

Intellectually, I thought that I might have reached the entrance to her womb, but even I didn't have the leasure to calmly go inside.

“You need to be punished... ♪”

The moment I said *punish*, Shiro's body tensed and stiffened for an instant.

However, Shiro loosened almost immediately and looked at me fawningly.

"If ish mashter, I don mind... pleashe punish... this bad Shiro..."

Without waiting for her next words, I stole her lips.

I made use of Shiro's moment of surprise to change my pose. I put both hands around Shiro's back, grabbing her buttocks and lifting her up.

Now that I was standing up, I thrust into her from below.

My penis entered Shiro's body under her weight, and repeatedly hit into her womb.

I turned my body around, and now I was sitting on the bed, hugging Shiro face to face.

"I'll be coming real soon now. Take them all in and don't leave any behind, okay?"

A good quantity of magic power. swelled up inside me.

I poured it a little bit at a time into Shiro, through my penis, and through my lips.

However, it would be faster for the finish if I directly injected it inside her vagina.

Then her power of reason, being on the side of having magic poured into her, should be whittled down as much as possible.

If possible, it would be better if she surrendered and become dominated by me.

"Yesh, come! Cum, mashter'sh cum, do want!!"

“I’m coming,...!!!”

I let out everything I had stocked up.

My powerful ejaculation violated her insides, washing away the traces of the men that had been using her up until now.

“AAAAAAH, ISH HOOOT, ISH HOOOOOOOOOOOOTT! MY TUMMY IS HOOOT!!”

My magic power entered Shiro’s vagina, her womb, and from there circulated around her body. That much I could see.

I couldn’t see it back when it was Dahlia’s turn, but I could see it a little now.

My magic power was rewriting the structure of Shiro’s body little by little.

Shiro’s widely open eyes lost its focus and the light slowly faded from them.

And then, after a little while, her focus and her strength came back.

Shiro’s body that I was hugging had grown, light, downy, nice feeling fur.

Her back sprung up, and a small protuberance grew out of the root of her buttocks, and something tore out of her skin... it was a tail.

The muscles around her tail swelled, followed it and arranged themselves, then grew fur, becoming a true tail.

In just a few minutes of receiving my semen inside her vagina, Shiro received a new life as a demon.

...that said, her tail wasn't something you'd notice unless you looked closely. If she hid it then she'd look just like a human from a distance.

"Haa... what, is this...?"

Shiro gazed at the back of her own hand, and muttered curiously.

It seemed like the 'dog' attribute had established itself within Shiro and came to surface.

"...Shiro, you are now literally my dog. How do you feel?"

Still connected to each other, I asked my new servant.

The girl who had received a new life as a Weredog, for the first time showed a bright and lewd smile and answered.

"Maaster, Shiro is born again... this is the best!!"

Honestly speaking, I still wanted to come inside Shiro several times more.

But I don't know if I had the time to be saying something like that now.

I pulled my half-erect penis out of her and stood up.

Shiro reluctantly let go and licked my penis, and began cleaning the juices and cum off it.

“Shiro, this might be early, but as your master, I have an order for you...”

CHAPTER 19

THE RED CROWS FALL: NIGHT BATTLE

“KYAAAAAAAAA!”

There was a scream from outside and Legda was back on alert.

He had put aphrodisiac and sleeping drugs in Sara’s food, she had finally just eaten them.

He thought it was a failure, but Sara had also become vigilant and said to him.

“Legda, outside. Isn’t it the girl’s voice!?”

It wasn’t the first time his men went raping Shiro outside.

But it looks like they had bad luck and were attacked by stray zombies from the village.

If they were heavily injured, their fighting power for tomorrow would decrease.

He clicked his tongue and took Sara along downstairs.

His men were quite drunk but they weren’t about to go to sleep.

Just like when camping out on the battlefield, they quickly put on armor and opened the window sill to see the situation outside.

The four men doing the maid in the basement also came in through the door to see what happened.

A half-naked Shiro was running toward the building.

She was dragging one of her legs, seemingly injured, her speed was slow.

If he remembered correctly, two of the men took her outside. They must've been attacked there.

They saw four or five zombie-looking things chasing her from behind.

Normally, they wouldn't have any chance to catch up to Shiro, but with her condition, there's a chance they would.

"Can't be helped, she's still a trap handler even though she's a dog. We're going out"

It's dark, but the enemies were only zombies.

Under Legda's command, the heavy armored warriors wielding swords and shields went out together with the archers.

"Enlighten! Flame Torch!"

Behind him, Sara summoned a fire spirit to light up the battlefield.

It wasn't as bright as day, but it was enough for them to see the enemy positions.

They left the building, the archers readied arrows.

When Shiro noticed them, she rolled to the side, away from the arrows' path.

"Alright! They're sitting ducks!"

"I'm feelin a little slow, but this much is easy"

"Fucking zombies, you got the nerve to attack us laying down"

Several arrows flew, each found their way to a zombie.

Naturally, the zombies didn't fall from just one shot, but their strength were weakened.

“Good, now hurry and finish them”

Legda and the three heavy warriors lightly stepped up to the zombies and...

Disappeared from Sara and the Archers’ sights.

“It’s a pit trap!”

There were screaming. The heavy warriors’ lower bodies sank into a pitfall.

There was a ditch that wasn’t there when they came, filling the width of the road.

Cloth scraps and dust flew in the air.

“...<Catch>!”

Someone’s voice came in from somewhere, and screams came out from the pit.



That went well. At least, the most troublesome four heavies fell into the pit.

When all the Red Crows went inside the inn, I laid hard planks over the pit and covered it with dirt.

It would’ve been over if they noticed my footsteps then, but it went well.

In order to turn their attention away, I let them kill the imp they were supposed to have let go earlier.

I moved some skeleton archers I had prepared on the rooftop beforehand to attack the flustered archers.

Attacked from behind and with barely any armor, the archers were helplessly wounded.

“Kh, the hell is this!?”

“My body’s heavy, what the hell...!?”

The heavies that fell into pit were just now finally realizing that something’s wrong with themselves.

They finally noticed the delayed paralysis poison I put in Dahlia’s mouth and crotch.

Also, I put in a little trick inside the pit.

Because I had very little time to prepare, I was only able to make pits deep enough to drop them down to their waist, even with the help of the zombies.

Even with the poison that slowed them down, they won’t all stay in the trap, so there’s a good chance they’d quickly get out.

So, I attached the byproducts of my research, the arm-only golems, onto logs and arranged them at the bottom of the pit.

And I made it so that when I gave the command word <Catch>, they’d grab the nearest thing and not let go.



“Help, something’s got my leg!”

“Damnit, my body’s heavy!”

The sudden crisis drove Legda’s men into panic.

In a fluster, Legda gave the still healthy archers and Sara orders.

“Archers, control the rooftop! Sara, burn down the zombies!”

While Sara was trying to calm down and follow the orders, she felt discomfort in her body.

(...what, somehow, my body feels hot... was I this tired?)

She didn't know that the slight discomfort was caused by Legda's aphrodisiacs and sleeping drugs.

Once she made sure Shiro had gone behind her, she mustered her spirit and called upon the spirits.

"Fulfill thy contract, come forth from the staff of stars, Stalwart Salamander!"

Magic power oozed out of her body. She probably had only one or two shots left.

Fire spread, and terminated three of zombies.

The first collapsed and went down, the other two were damaged and unable to move. However, there were two left.

While wary of the skeleton archers on the roof, she chanted the second spell.

The archers were covering her, but it only took one arrow to interrupt her chant. It was highly possible she could be rendered immobile by pain.

She raised her wand and began her chant. Then, someone jumped in from the side.

"I'm taking this!"

"Shiro!?"

The thief girl held Sara's wrist to steal her wand.

A thief vs a magician. It was also a surprise attack, the difference in body strength was hard to ignore.

Sara dropped her wand, Shiro snatched it and ran into the forest.

At that time, Sara finally noticed something unfamiliar at Shiro's backside.

“...eh, a tail?”

“Master, now!”

Her voice was the trigger, it was plainly obvious.

But there was nothing they could do.

Glass bottles rained down from the roof and broke at their feet, the fluid quickly evaporated and turned into smoke.

If one looked, the bottles also fell around the ditch where Legda and the heavies were.

Their bodies quickly become numb and their consciousness faded.

The archers also slowly fell down.

Unable to foresee Shiro's betrayal, they fell to their knees and collapsed on their backs.

Sara saw on the rooftops, a young man watching them with a troubled face... and fainted.

CHAPTER 20

THE RED CROWS FALL: CAPTURE

What I bought from Gustav was a volatile paralysis drug.

It had a small area of effect, so it was meant to be used indoors.

Though it wasn't meant for outdoor use... the results were great.

It might or might not have been their bad luck, but the remaining two archers that weren't paralyzed were assaulted to death by the zombies and skeleton archers.

With that done, I dropped down from the roof and administered strong sleeping drugs to everyone immobilized.

Gustav's paralysis drug had immediate effect but it's also as quick to wear off.

They would naturally be able to move again in under five minutes, so I couldn't waste any time.

"Master! Shiro did everything as told!"

Shiro came rushing at me wagging her tail.

I patted her head and she happily smiled.

"Good girl, let's give you your reward later. Now help me out. Shiro, there's a maid girl called Dahlia in the inn's basement, go see to her. As for the mage... right, let's bring her to the room in the mines. Without her wand her magic's going to be restricted for now. I suppose it'll be safer to gag her"

Around that time, Astarte came back.

Behind her, she had brought along two ugly pig-faced demons.

If I'm not mistaken, those are the demons called orcs...

"Master Elliott, magnificent job. It's a huge success♪"

"Astarte, those two are?"

Well, there wasn't really any need to ask.

Astarte had this glossy look on her face.

"The men who were raping the thief became these obedient little ones when I poured magic into them. Since my subordinates are also Master Elliott's subordinates, please use them whichever way you like"

I had no idea how hard it is to transform two men into demons in under an hour, but well, let's just be thankful.

"Astarte... can you turn the remaining adventurers into demons like that?"

I can only guess what kind of person this Leader guy is, but turning them into demons and using them is much better than killing them and turning them into zombies.

If possible, I wanted them to augment my fighting strength.

"I see, can I borrow Dahlia and the thief girl Master Elliott turned? It'll take some time, but I'll try"

"...I'll leave it to you Astarte. Now then, lets bring these guys back.... <Release>!"

I said the command word and the arm golems in the pit trap released the heavies' legs.

I then ordered the zombies and orcs to take the men out.

Shiro came back with a cum-stained Dahlia.

Now let's get back in the dungeon.

...We ended up not letting a single 'human' return alive.

CHAPTER 21

THE RED CROWS FALL: DEPRAVED RITUAL

When he came to, he was doing a girl from behind.

He had been in a daze for a while, and couldn't remember what he had been doing.

But that thought was driven away by the pleasure of sticking his penis inside the wet vagina.

He looked to the side, one of his men was doing Shiro.

Shiro wasn't crying, her face was painted in joy, she was actively moving her hips on her own.

The woman he was ravishing was a nun.

He had no recollection of her face, but he might've seen her somewhere before.

A passionate sobbing, tempting, choking woman.

When he used his strength to grip her buttocks and thrust his penis, the nun made an alluring moan.

In front of him, two of his other men were skewering the maid girl from the front and back.

The maid girl was stifling her voice, but her face was clearly lively, enduring her pleasure.

And yet, for some reason his men seemed to be covered in strange patterns.

Before he could question it, lustful cries came in from all around, arousing him and making him want to make this woman cry some more.

He turned the woman over and stood up.

He straddled the lightweight woman and her body sought to stick his penis in on her own.

The upper half of her habit was half torn while the lower half had been bared.

The thick bush between her legs were moist.

Letting leak a deflated sigh, she circled her arms around his neck, brought her lips to his nape, and licked.

After relishing it for a while, he suddenly felt his limit.

It took a while for him to register that the beastly roar was his own, but he paid no heed to it and let out a large amount of semen into the nun.

The nun crumbled down, so he threw her away onto the floor.

The nun got up and came toward him on all fours together with the maid, then stood on her knees and began licking his penis.

When he noticed it, Shiro was already in front of him.

For some reason she had a tail, but her face and eyes were that of the White Dogs' Charlotte.

Shiro turned around and thrust her buttocks at him, turned to look at him and spread her behind wide with both hands, showing a vagina wet with semen, and enticed him in.

“Come on Legda... come in. Please...”

Letting out a roar, he pulled Charlotte’s buttocks.

He raised her small body and thrust his penis in.

Her warm vagina, wet with fluid, tightened around him, sending him waves of pleasure.

He came inside Shiro several times and continued.

His vision gradually blurred.

Amid the pleasure, the world began to turn red.



...my head feels heavy, like I was having a hangover.

When I opened my eyes, I realized I was in some kind of building.

The racket next door was really noisy.

The room was rather warm...

“...!?”

Then my memories suddenly rushed in. We had fallen into a trap!

I hurriedly jumped... tried to jump, but then I noticed both my arms were tied.

Looking around, I saw I had been laid down in a bed, with sheets spread out, and a towel.

They at least gave me hospitality... or rather, they understood human norms.

I heard this dungeon master destroyed a village and turned it into a hell crawling with zombies, but the image didn't match.

I am the magician Thalia, contractor of the spirits of fire, master of the fire salamander.

Right, I remember... but it's just that, the proof of my contract, the wand that sealed the fire salamander was gone.

I still couldn't say my body had completely recovered, but at least I wasn't in a bad condition.

For some reason my body felt warm inside, I might've caught a cold.

Considering my state of hunger, it seems I had been out of it for several hours.

Looking around the room's contents, it looked like one of the chambers inside the mines being repurposed as a room.

I had no idea how they kept this place ventilated but the air wasn't stale.

There was a small candle placed inside, casting a dim light throughout the room, but since it was the only light source, I couldn't see the entire room.

But, there's one thing I could see.

There was a desk and chair ahead of me, and a man sleeping, draped over it.

CHAPTER 22

THE RED CROWS FALL: FEMALE MAGE THALIA

“Hey you! Why are you sleeping in a place like this! Wake up! I don’t get what’s going on here!”

The mage yelled as if trying to divert her anxiety, maybe out of relief, or maybe because she was strong hearted to begin with.

Ah, this won’t do, I fell asleep.

“...Ah, morning. Sorry, sorry, I fell asleep”

That was a dumb line, if I could say so myself, but it’s true, can’t be helped.

It would’ve been a lot of trouble if the mage slipped out like a thief. Shouldn’t let my guard down.

“Who the hell are you? What is this place? Help me out here!”

She’s lively, huh.

...for now, I had to bring this girl down somehow.

Luckily, I could carry her away now with this pace, though it might not be so lucky for her.

“I’m Elliott, a guy hiding and living around these parts.... I used to manage the inn you guys ate and drank out of you see”

Yup, I did not lie.

“Dungeon master...? No, I don’t think a boring guy like this could be such a big shot...”

I can hear you you know? I can hear you.

Well, if she misunderstood then there’s no need for me to correct her.

“That aside, can you tell me your name? I’m not going to ask you to pay for what you ate and drank?”

She was vigilant, but she didn’t seem to consider me dangerous.

...well, even though I could use magic, it’s just enchantment, I’m not physically strong either, and I’m carrying my body lightly.

Would it be better if I wore something that would be effective to bluff with like Astarte said after all?

“Thalia. I’m Thalia. And don’t you ever shorten it”

Surprisingly, she meekly answered.

...this girl, could she actually be naïve?

Anyway, let’s just have a chat... or maybe that’s difficult after all.

“Come on, get this rope off of me! I can’t use magic or run away like this”

Well, that happens when you’re tied up, right.

“Sorry, but I can’t let you go free. I have my position to consider, you see?”

“You, are you actually the Dungeon Master’s man? That’s dirty! You tricked me!”

This girl... isn't the sharpest tool in the shed, is she?

But nevermind that.

"Are you thirsty? Hungry? It seemed you were in the middle of dinner ... Thalia, was it? Did you notice that your *friends* were poisoning you?"

"...eh?"

She made a blank look.

So she actually hadn't noticed.

She might be actually younger than she looked.

"I confirmed you were staying in the second floor room. I saw your uneaten food there. There are sleeping drugs and aphrodisiacs in the water jug. You were certainly the last of them to wake up."

Those words startled Thalia.

She realized the aphrodisiacs were still inside of her.

"H, hold on!? What do you mean? Are you saying you put the sleeping drugs and those... aphrodisiacs in there!?"

Well, there's that possibility.

This girl seemed to be out of place among those ruffians.

According to Gustav, she's a newbie, right?

“You’re unexpectedly naïve, aren’t you. Your friends put those drugs in.... I don’t think they were going to take your life, but doing something *unbecoming* while you’re sedated is a different matter”

“!!”

She looked as if she didn’t want to believe what I said.

But it was written all over her face that she was fighting the thought that it might have been possible.

“B, but... to do that, to friends”

Her voice trembled, let’s give her one more push.

“Friends? I think you were new, but do they seem like the sort to cherish their friends to you?”

Since I only had the information Gustav brought, this was actually mostly guesswork on my part.

But seeing how Shiro was treated, I could see that they weren’t exactly the well-mannered type.

“The reason you didn’t end up like Shiro was because you’re a mage and were strong enough to resist. Still, if nothing had happened they were planning to rape you last night.... but that’s just my guess, I might just be trying to make you uneasy, too”

Thalia looked anxious, but she still glared at me, showing her will to resist.

“...did you make Shiro betray u? Did the Dungeon Master? What happened to Shiro? And what’s with the tail...?”

...I suppose I should explain.

If so, it should be faster just to show her.

I lit up a candlestick and adjusted the room's lighting.

I moved the partitioning wall and showed her what's happening in the next room.

Moans and rough breaths, and the choking smell of semen.

The remaining members of the Red Crows were in the room, covered in strange patterns.

Locked in a grapple with Astarte, Dahlia, and Shiro.

The orgy had been going on for two hours already.

CHAPTER 23

THE CROW FALLS: THE MAGICIAN'S BEWILDERMENT

Note: – Sara and Thalia are the same person.

“.....Eh, Ehhhhhhhh!?”

After seeing the scene, Thalia closed her eyes and turns her head with a red face.

There is no need to guess, She has little experience in that field.....

Or it might be because she is a virgin.

There are proper reasons for showing her this. It's to make her sexually excited and to make her lose her composure by showing her the corrupted appearances of her friends.

And then, by showing Thalia who is a magician that has studied at the academy, this room, I wanted to know whether or not she would notice these intentions of mine.

This room was filled with magical symbols written on both the floor and ceiling. The formations were written by mixing my blood and semen with a dye. There were things that I learned from Astarte, and things that I added from my own studies. Since I tampered with various things, I thought that she may be able to see through it in a flash.....

“Huh, a Magic Formation of Metamorphosis!? What type of engraving is that!? Is that a ritual? No way, I don't know anything about it! None of these were taught at the Academy!?”

Well, she managed to uncover it instantaneously. It was not like I didn't expect it, but she still gave me a shock.

When I need to remake a human into a demon, I need to pour magical power into my partner through sexual intercourse. That being said, personally, I don't want to do such

a thing with a male partner. Also, only being able to do one person at a time is inefficient.

Because I learned a technique that establishes a factory that could change the properties of materials when I was making Golems, I tried to utilize that technique and created an experiment to see if it could efficiently turn them into monsters...

Well, either way, it worked in theory, so why don't I just test it out and see what happens.

"Look closely at Shiro. She stopped being human for me, but doesn't she seem happier now? You've seen how Shiro was treated as a thing for comfort by the Red Crows, haven't you? At that time, was Shiro having sex with that much pleasure?"

Hearing my voice, Thalia tried to look away, but she couldn't. Shiro, who was being screwed in doggystyle by a giant of a man, noticed us and gave us a smile.

"Masterrrr..... , Saraa..... Sho you came.....? Look, Ledga's dick, it's shlapping me sho muchh....."

"Hiiiiii....."

Seeing where the two were connected, Thalia..... Or Sara as she was called..... made a small gulp. As if she had just remembered something, she stood up from the bed and tried to run away.

"<Catch>". The Golem arm that was equipped on the side of the bed caught Thalia's leg.

Although it was nothing but an arm, Thalia still lacked the base strength to shake the Golem's physical strength off her.

"Who the hell... are you?"

She sounded mortified, and tried not to show fear.

Despite her intentions to remain strong, Thalia asked me this question while harboring a small amount of fear that she couldn't hide.

“Didn’t I tell you just a little while ago? I am Elliot, the inhabitant of this neighborhood and the only living survivor of the desolate village you had to pass through to get here..... Oh, I am only half-Human though. I am an apprentice half-Demon as well as this dungeon’s master.”

At the same time when I was explaining this to Sara, the large man called Legda gave a loud shout as he climaxed and collapsed. That was, after all, his twelfth time.

It seems that everyone else was also reaching their limit as they started to collapse one after another. They didn’t just lose their consciousness but their human souls as well. Now, when they wake up, they would all be turned into demons.

Going around behind the stationary Thalia’s back, I stealthily moved several steps away.

Using a certain tool, I called out to her.

“Thalia, I will give you a choice, Would you like to be held in my arms or would you rather like to be raped by your former colleagues who will turn into something different from now on? Which do you prefer? “

“You idiot! I refuse them both! O Spirit of Fire! “

Without the incantations and required gestures meant for the sake of casting a spell, Thalia forcibly summoned a Spirit of Fire. I think that it uses a lot more magical power when she forcibly activates the spell like that, but..... It almost landed a direct hit on the place that she aimed at.

If that had hit me directly, I might have actually died.

Well, Astarte, who was currently glaring at Thalia with an incredible look while being embraced by the men, might have done something about it.

“.....So you are able to call the elemental spirits even in that condition? As expected of you..... But, I made preparations for that.”

“Why!? Didn’t it make a direct hit!? “

Thalia tried to twist her neck to look behind her back but I interrupt her by taking a step forward from her behind and showed her a small shell.

“.....!”

Looks like she knows about this magic tool.

This magic tool can transmit voices and also gives you the ability to transmit your own voice from behind a wall, a short distance away.

I moved to a blind spot behind Sara, hid behind the wall and talked to her through this tool.

Although, it's an artifact that can't be called cheap even when made by an amateur such as myself, the goal this needed to do has been achieved and Thalia's magical power have almost been used up.



Taking wine out from the bottle that was placed on the desk, I held the liquid in my mouth.

It's the wine that contains an aphrodisiac which was used by Red Crows leader.

This, most likely, has a stronger effect than the one that I currently possess.

“Wh, what, drinking wine like that, are you making fun , MUH!?”

I pinched Sara's thin jaw and stole her lips with a surprise attack.

She must have been thirsty and hungry. After all, a lot of time has passed since she ate something.

When I poured the wine into her mouth, she resisted for a bit, but Thalia ended up drinking more than half of it.

“It's a gift from your teammates. Your body might get hotter than it is right now eventually, but just endure it. I don't want to force you to do anything..... Though she's

like this now, I also told Shiro that I would let her escape, you know? If that is what she truly wished”

“Wha, what foolish things are you saying!? If she was in that kind of state, of course she would want to escape!? Why would she go out of her way to continue that way of life!?”

It seems that she doesn’t believe that it was Shiro’s own choice. Well, since I, myself, doubted her at first, it’s not unreasonable. In that case, it would be faster for her to hear it directly from the person herself.

“Shiro, could you tell this girl why you became my dog? “

Taking a good look at the men of the Red Crows, all except for the last person, were already exhausted and have collapsed. When they wake up, they will cease to be humans.

When they had magical power poured into them through sex with Dahlia and Shiro, who had turned into demons due to my magical power, my magical power, although low in quantity, is poured into them as well.

Of course, since it’s not possible for Dahlia and Shiro to turn their partners into demons, I will need to perform a ritual afterwards though..... By doing that, it becomes possible for me to control the demons created to a certain extent.

Shiro came along and clung onto the restrained Thalia.

“Saraa..... Shiro is ve~ry happy right now, you know? Because Master doesn’t hit Shiro and is very gentle with her... It feels really good and comfortable.”

Having been bathed in a large amount of semen, Shiro’s face and body overflowed with the smell of sperm. Thalia frowned from the odor. With how she is wriggling at the crotch, could this be proof that the aphrodisiac is taking effect?

“Shiro, you really have become a demon.....!”

“I meann, the human called Charlotte isn’t anywhere anymore after all. Just as you also know, Shiro is a bitch after all. Since she isn’t human, she became a ve~ry perverted dog. That’s why Shiro asked Master to turn her into a dog♪”

“Shiro..... You really did want it on your own”

Now that she understood Shiro’s situation, she was at a loss for words.

At that point, Shiro stole her lips.

“Mnh.....!?”

“...hhhaaa Sara-chan was always kind to me, you never hit me and you even gave me medicine. It made me a bit happy. That’s why, become Master’s dog together with me, okay?”

As Shiro was saying that, she was taking Thalia’s clothes off.

Her breasts were on the small side, conservatively protruding out only to the point of filling up the palm of my hand when gathered, and her light pink nipples were standing erect.

Shiro mercilessly licked Thalia’s nipples and started sucking on them.

“Ah, sto, stop it!?”

“Sara-chan, seeing Shiro getting raped by everyone, you got aroused, didn’t you? You’d go into your private room, kill your voice, and masturbate on your own, right? Shiro, knew all about it. After everyone went to sleep, you masturbated over and over, didn’t you. You won’t have to masturbate anymore. I’ll give you something that feels even better. Master will have you do something that feels even better, you know?”

Having her unexpected inclination exposed, Thalia’s complexion went from bright red to ghastly pale. At that time, the giant man who was raping Astarte and Dahlia raised a remarkably loud voice, and as a large amount of semen flooded out from Dahlia’s vagina, he collapsed as if he fainted.

“Shiro, for the time being, please get along with that girl. During that time, I will go and wake everyone up.”

CHAPTER 24

THE CROW FALLS: INCREASING

Although I do have Astarte's training, my ritual is self-taught so, to be completely honest, its performance isn't all that good. I thought that Thalia would mock me for it... But due to the strange atmosphere surrounding her, with the aphrodisiac in her body and the pleasure given to her by Shiro, Thalia's eyes were darting about all over the place.

After casting the spell, the Magical Metamorphosis Formation which was set in the room started to activate.

Falling under my expectations, the Demonification Ritual that I'm using seems to not contain a strong compelling force. My Father, whose face I have never seen, can also change the form of his partner with his own will, but if they were to degenerate into a demon without him choosing anything, the variation would change depending on the partner's true nature..... or that's on the level it was said to be.

Being able to decide on what my partner would turn into is something I (probably) am unable to do. The type of demon that my partner will turn into will be greatly influenced by the partner's true nature and their current life circumstances.

Dahlia, who originally had a submissive nature and had furthermore lost half of her consciousness on the brink of death, had lost the majority of her memories and personality so she became a Golem.

Shiro, who was trained as a bitch and had lost herself, recognized me as her Master and became a Weredog.

Now then, I wonder what these men will change into.....?

"FUGUa, GUOoOoO.....!?"

".....UUU, UAGAGAGAGAaaaaa!!"

Groans were raised from those men while they were still unconscious. Since they lost consciousness in the middle of cumming in an orgy that lasted several hours, there was no way that they would turn into demons that still possessed clear egos. Though, I would be thankful if their wildness and ego were restrained and become demons that were obedient to me.

“Hii? Wh, what was that.....”

While being groped in waves of pleasure, Thalia stiffened up for a moment and raised a voice of fear.

“Oh that..... They are transforming into demons. Devoting yourself for Master’s sake feels ve~ry good, you know?”

I wonder, did Shiro’s words even make it through to Thalia?

“No way, I don’t know anything about that..... that kind of thing, that’s..... Ah”

Shiro plugs Thalia’s lips with her own. Then she stretches her fingers to Thalia’s crotch and she started to gently fiddle with the entrance to her secret thicket. Listening to the sweet voice resounding from behind me, I tried hard to concentrate on the ceremony. The bodies of the adventurers began to bulge and swell. Their hair began to fall from their bodies. Their canines extended out from their mouths, and their skin hardened.

“Elliot-sama, congratulations..... These are Orcs.”

While listening to Astarte, I repeated her words like a parrot.

“Orcs huh..... Sorry but this is first time that I saw demons like this, Demons that I don’t have much knowledge of other than it having a pig-like face.”

“An Orc is the lowest rank Demon in the Demon world that can be crossed with various type of creatures. They have got a strong vitality and a strong sex drive. Their intelligence isn’t that high. However, it’s possible to build an army if they have a strong commander. Looks like that big guy has transformed into a top class Orc.”

The orcs slowly got on their feet and looked around with faces filled with confusion. Even when they looked at each other, it seems that they didn’t recognize one another

as acquaintances..... Feelings of guilt didn't well up all that much since they were my enemies, but they had lost not only their memories and their names, but also their very humanity by becoming demons. The one that turned them into demons, was me. A fact that I must never forget.

".....You all."

I called out to them. The thoughts of these men that had just turned into Orcs were faintly transmitted to me.

(I want to rape, I want to eat, I want to kill.)

The brutal impulses that low ranking demons possess were being transmitted to me, but maybe because they were under my control, I was able to easily repress those impulses.

"Do you know who I am?"

The Orcs made dubious faces and after a short while, they kneeled in front of me. They probably don't understand why they are obeying me. Still, as long as I can control them, they are unable to disobey me..... That's during the time that they are under my control. But, if there were removed from my control for some kind of reason, I'm sure that they will obey those impulses and continually destroy and slaughter everything in front of them... I now fully understand the reason why the human world and the demonic world are so incompatible.

"If you follow me, I shall satisfy your desires to a certain extent. So for now, be obedient."

The former leader of the Red Crows that now had become an Orc Leader heard those words and gave a small nod of affirmation. Looks like the ritual ended pretty well.

CHAPTER 25

THE CROW FALLS:

SARA

Looking at me who came back, Sara seemed more afraid compared to before. That's to be expected. After all, I showed her such a scene, and it would have been meaningless unless she was scared. That would be counterintuitive to the goal I had in my mind when I went out of my way to show her the ritual. By showing her that I am a ruthless being, it would make Sara believe that her defeat is indubitably the only thing that will happen. Sara is a beautiful girl (although her breasts are on the modest side). But what I wanted most from her was neither her beauty nor her body, it was her ability as a magician.

There is no point in killing her and then turning her in zombie. After all, there is a chance that if you lose your ego you may lose your magic talent. That is why I want her to turn into a demon while she still retains her consciousness. Unlike Shiro, she and I basically have an antagonistic relationship. First of all, she won't open up her body on her own, and doesn't desire to turn into a demon. In the event that she has the will to resist me, I don't know if she will be able to turn into a demon or not.

In the worst case scenario, she would become a rampaging demon bestowed with magical power, and then it would be highly likely that I would be attacked by her as a result of being unable to control her. With that being the case, it would be easier to talk her into it. I will tempt Sara into submitting to me while she hasn't lost herself. To do that, I either have to rob her of her resistant heart through fear, or, just like when I turned Shiro into a demon, make her say that she wants to turn into a demon herself and making her believe that. Either one of them would be for the best if they're possible but.....

"Saraa! You haven't embraced a man yet, right?"

My thoughts were interrupted by Shiro's enticing voice. Sara, who had melted from Shiro's tongue technique, became even redder as Sara continued to tease her. Come to think of it, whether it be the talk of masturbation from before, or the matter now, she

probably has a strong sense of shame. In that case, it seems like it would be best to break her self-esteem from there.

“Thalia, no, Sara. Are you still a virgin?”

Due to my straight forward question, Sara’s face became a higher shade of red and she replied.

“Sh, shut up! That’s only because there is no man worthy of me! “

She didn’t deny that she was a virgin. It seems that she is not good at telling lies either.

.....Why would such a naive child drop out of the academy?

“Weren’t there any good men at your school? I thought that there would have been a fair amount of men with good birth and breeding as well as talent in magic though..... To begin with, did you really study magic at the academy? Are you sure it wasn’t actually just a bluff to give yourself some dignity?”

I dared to talk about this area in order to bait her into make her react sharply to it. She looks like she has a high amount of pride, so she would probably fall for it.

“Sh, shut up! The people at the academy, a majority of them, are just spoiled rotten young nobles that barely have any talent in magic! For their Magician rank, as long as they have even a tiniest hint of talent, it’s something that will later be decided by money and their parentage! Yet despite that, those guys get jealous from a person’s talent and..... Wait, what are you making me say! I have no intention of getting any counselling from you, got it!?”

“In other words, you had neither money nor pedigree. Even though you certainly do have the talent and had made the effort, I guess you weren’t able to be successful at the academy. So, you dropped out of the academy early, and tried to gain strength by putting it into practice as an Adventurer..... Is that what you were thinking?..... I can only say that you have been naive.”

“Wha.....!!”

Now, her face was red not only because of shame but also due to anger.

“You thought that you could live by your ability alone, and so, without investigating who you are joining with, you went and joined a good-for-nothing Adventurer party. The good-for-nothings committed the crime of killing other Adventurers in the middle of town, which meant that you, unluckily, had joined a group of criminals. And then, just as you were about to be raped by your companions. Luckily, or maybe unluckily, you had come here. If I weren’t here, wouldn’t your fate be nothing other than to be a collar wearing, semen covered slave?”

Looks like I hit the bullseye. She was clenching her teeth, but her eyes were moist. There’s no doubt that she was doing her best to hold in her tears..... She probably had the ability, and had probably put in great effort. It’s just, this girl wasn’t good at making friends, and she probably a bit unlucky on top of that.

“You will die. Unable to triumph over those guys at the academy that were jealous of you, that made fun of you. Your talent is truly genuine. And you probably have more knowledge than the average Magician. Without being able make use of that talent, you will lose everything in this remote Dungeon. That being said, even if you hadn’t come here, in the near future, the guys that you thought were your friends would have drugged and raped you, cover you in semen and aphrodisiacs, and then, living under these good-for-nothing men while being kicked around by them, you would have turned into a miserable bitch so..... yeah, there isn’t that much of a difference.”

To tell the truth, this girl’s talent is too good to lose. I mean, you would kill for it. That’s why, as I was carefully trying to restrain her resistant heart, I was also scared of failure. Nonetheless, I have no choice but to break her spirit. I have the role of the whip and the one with the role of the candy is Shiro.

“Hey, Saraa..... It’d be a waste for you to die here. Let’s be together, okay? Become a demon together with me, and let’s be kept by Master, okay? It feels rea~lly good. Sara, I don’t think you have done it yet, but it feels more ama~zing than masturbating. It feels good enough to melt your body and your mind.....”

“Baka..... Ba... Ka... , what are you saying in a place like this, ahha.....!?”

Sara’s expression started to fluctuate. From despair and a fear of death, things suddenly shifted to talk of juicy sex. It was lewd, but it unmistakably meant “She would live”. Shiro probably wasn’t thinking that far ahead, but like this, the aim of this

conversation was to plant the idea in her head that it was “Either be killed, or be embraced together with Shiro”. These were her only two choices. Although there were two injured Red Crow members in shack beside the tavern, it can be said that the victory and defeat has been decided. There is no one who will come to save Sara, so I have plenty of time. However, if I waste too much time there is a possibility that Sara’s magic will recover, and since her ability to think will return eventually, the choice of “escaping by herself” will probably come to her mind. I want to degenerate her while she is still powerless.

“Thalia..... No, Sara. Whatever you choose, it would be a waste to die as a virgin, wouldn’t it? So I will let you choose. Will you have your virginity taken by me, or will you have your virginity taken by your former companions. I won’t pressure you, so go ahead and choose.”

Her former companions are the Orcs that were currently on standby surrounding me. Their dicks are still full of vitality, and just as I thought, they slowly gathered around Sara. They will not attack unless I order them, but what they are aiming for is obvious. Making a small shriek, Sara stiffened up. Well, seeing as how her former companions now have this kind of appearance, I think that there is nothing more terrible than this.

“I, I don’t want either..... I don’t wanna die, I don’t wanna die yet.....”

Maybe because her spirit finally broke, Sara started crying. Shiro didn’t seem to quite understand why Sara was crying, so she worriedly started to lick the tears that were going down Sara’s cheeks.

.....It seems that I need to shake her a bit more.

“Sara, I will give you more variables to think about..... Hey Orc’s! Come here and make Sara feel good. However, you are not allowed to insert it in her. When you are unable to stand it any longer, go ask Dahlia and or Astarte for assistance”

Dahlia was standing at a side quietly. Astarte, who was watching over what I would do, seems to have guessed at what I was trying to achieve. Although she didn’t relish in what she has to do, she came over and started to stimulate the Orcs’ penises. The Orcs’ breaths became heavy with arousal, and they started to strip Sara’s clothes. I commanded Dahlia to bring the perfume oil. After Sara was stripped naked, Dahlia

started to smear Sara's body with perfume oil. This perfume oil also has an effect of being an aphrodisiac so Sara's breathing started to become heavy.

"Ah, wh, what, what are you doing!?"

I ignored Sara and beckoned Shiro towards me.

"Shiro, come here and make me feel good. Let's have you show Sara how you are when you are being embraced. Astarte and Dahlia you should also join Sara and make her feel good..... However, be sure to not let her cum at the end."

"Masterr, I understandd."

"Understood, Goshujin-sama."

Shiro and Dahlia responded immediately.

"Elliott-sama, you have become quite malicious, haven't you?..... Since you have a talent in this sort of thing, it's a good thing for me though."

Astarte called out to me in a somewhat exasperated voice. She is probably the only one here that understands my ideas.

"I'd like you to cooperate, but..... Astarte, don't you hate this sort of thing?"

"No way. Someday, you will be the ruler of Demon world. If I can be of use to you, then it would be my pleasure..... Is what I would like to say, but I don't really like being partnered up with Orcs. So..... Once this is all over, please embrace me plenty "

Making a small smile, she headed towards Sara.

"Noo! St, stop it! Don't touch me"

"You were called Sara, correct? You don't know the touch of a man, right?..... I'll be sure to teach you various things. Though, it will be about fun that only fellow girls can achieve."

Astarte got behind Sara, whose legs were fixed onto the bed, called out to her and then stole her lips. As Sara's eyes darted about from suddenly being kissed, the Orcs' stern fingers began playing around with Sara's arms, thighs, and modest breasts.

Dahlia stood before the bed, brought her face close to Sara's crotch, made her tongue crawl about the thin thicket and chasm that Shiro was playing with earlier, and started servicing her.

"Ehehe..... Masterr, we'll show Sara how Shiro is when she's feeling good."

"That's true..... Let's show her clearly, so that she will come over to our side willingly."

CHAPTER 26

THE CROW FALLS: LIVE DECOY FISHING

Being groped all over her body by the countless Orcs on the bed, Sara's lips, earlobes, nape, and crotch were all stimulated. Taking place in front of all that, I received Shiro's service. Shiro made it so that her back was turned towards Sara and got on her knees, and while swinging her small butt, she lovingly licked my penis without delay. Maybe because she had a constitution that made it easy for her to get wet, love juices were already leaking from her vagina. And that was all being soaked up by the towel that was laid on the floor so that her knees wouldn't get hurt.

"Sara, how does it feel to receive service from so many partners?"

Sometimes, I called out to Sara to make sure that she still had her consciousness and watched her response.

"D, don't say such..... Ah..... st, stupid things..... Sto, not there..... Ahaaa?"

It seemed that Astarte had stimulated her clitoris. Since I'm not a woman, I can't understand that sensation, but it seems that the stimulation received from it is quite strong. After administering the pretty strong aphrodisiac, including the time we were discussing this and that, it's been close to 30 minutes since I've allowed her to be in that condition. For her to still have the emotional strength to say such rebellious remarks despite that, she has my honest admiration.

"Uhm..... Goshujin-samaa. Shiro, can't endure it anymoree....."

"Yeah, it's about time that I want to stick it in too..... Shiro, so that Sara can see it clearly, turn your back towards me and sit on top of me."

While still sitting in the chair, I stick my waist out a bit. After she spun her tail once, Shiro leaned her back on me, and straddled my groin. Spreading her vaginal opening with her own fingers, she tried to make my penis go in but, maybe because she wasn't used to making it go in herself, she seemed to have a hard time finding it.

“Huh..... Where is it? Goshujin-sama’s dick, ah, is it there?”

It would be fine to let her be troubled like this, but I’d also like to be pardoned for being impatient. After grabbing Shiro’s small waist, I pulled her towards me, and slowly thrust my penis inside.

Her tail sprung up, asserting Shiro’s exhilaration.

“Ahhh..... Haaa, it’s in me, Goshujin-sama’s thing, it’s in meee.....”

Looking over, Astarte was holding Sara’s head, making it so that Sara couldn’t avert her gaze.

“See, take a good look. It went completely into such a small body..... It feels very, ve~ry good. Good enough to make you feel fine with losing everything from your life up until now, your pride, and all that you hold dear. You will also understand it eventually...”

“.....kh, such a, such a thing is..... Ahh, Shiro..... taking in, that much.....”

Bit by bit, Sara’s eyes was becoming enchanted by it, and as she was unable to take her gaze away nor close her eyes, she stared at where Shiro and I were connected. Going along with the mood, I made a couple of large movements to service Shiro.

“Fuah! Goshujin-sama, so fierce!”

“Shiro, be sure to teach the still virgin Sara. About what semen tastes like, and how it feels when it is poured inside of you.”

Close to Shiro’s ear, yet, enough so that Sara could hear, I muttered these words. Both Shiro and Sara’s faces reddened, and then Shiro opened her mouth.

“Well, you seee..... Goshujin-sama’s thing is, it’s gentle. The ones up until now, they hurt, they were scary, they smelled..... The thought that they were delicious, that didn’t happen even once. But, after being made into Goshujin-sama’s dog, Goshujin-sama’s thing was, warm, and delicious.”

Every time she spoke her words, she tightened up. It seems that even if she was fine with saying that sort of thing to me, she was still relatively embarrassed to be heard saying that to others. I, myself, also feel a bit embarrassed from hearing all that, but it

doesn't feel that bad. I used my eye to signal to Dahlia who was accompanying the left out Orcs at the edge of my view. She had just had her head held down by the Orc Leader and had his ejaculation fired into her oral cavity, but it seems that my intentions got through to her.

While in the state of stockpiling the Orc's semen inside her oral cavity, Dahlia stood up and approached Sara. Pinching Sara's nose, and estimating the timing that she would open her mouth from being unable to breath, she then kissed her. Going from the inside of Dahlia's mouth to the inside of Sara's mouth, the Orc's semen was poured in through mouth-to-mouth feeding.

"Kh.....!? Gehoh, it stinks, what is that? it stinkss!"

When the mouth-to-mouth feeding was done, Sara spit out the semen while becoming teary eyed.

".....This is, Orc semen. Elliot-sama's semen is, more..... delicious....."

Dahlia made that speech to Sara with a serious face. Thinking that that was probably the case, I finally realize that this was Dahlia's way of expressing good will towards me... It may be possible that she is jealous of the fact that I am embracing Shiro.

"AH..... Goshujin-sama, you got bigger....."

Shiro sensitively reacted. It was about time for me to want to let it out once. I stood up and made Shiro turn towards me while she was in a state of being on all fours.

"Shiro, make a greeting to Sara."

Maybe because my intention got through to her, once we got close to her, Shiro raised the upper half of her body and leaned on Sara.

Right when Shiro and Sara were in a state of hugging each other, I instantly strengthened my piston-like movements.

"AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH... So good, Goshujin-sama, that's so goodd. More, moreeee!"

Stretching out both hands and trying to hold Sara's head, Shiro raised her voice in exhilaration.

"Stu..... stupid, Shiro, why'd you do that here.....!?"

Even while she said that, both of Sara's hands that were restricted to the front of her body finally hit upon her own crotch. The reason why she was squirming about was probably because she was unable to endure it anymore and had started to masturbate.

"Look! I'll show it to youu, Sara! The place where Shiro will cum from her shameful bitch pussy, I'll show it to youu!"

With that scream that had no shame nor honour, I had also reached the limit of my patience. Strongly gripping onto Shiro's butt, I thrust my penis in remarkably deep, and ejaculated towards the inside of her womb. While being inside of Shiro's vagina, I poured in my semen all at once.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumminggg! AHH, it's hott, sho hottttt!"

Shiro's body convulsed grandly, and her back bent backwards. Small beads of sweat gushed from her entire body, and coiled about on her thin peach fuzz. The exhausted Shiro's body nestled onto Thalia.

"Haa..... haa..... ah, that's rightt....."

Maybe because she remembered something, Shiro moved her body and undid our connection. Seeing my penis that was still half hard, Sara made a startled face, but Shiro didn't mind that and tried to suck the remaining semen out from my penis. That felt so good that my waist gave out a bit.

".....Nn."

Accumulating a bit of my semen inside of her mouth, Shiro turned her head over to face Sara. Guessing what she was going to do, Sara shook her head in refusal like a child.

"Wait, Shiro, stop, I'm begging you..... mugu."

Going from Shiro's oral cavity to Sara's oral cavity, this time it wasn't the Orc's, but my semen that was being poured in. In the middle of the long kiss, maybe because she had gone into dyspnoea, Sara swallowed my semen as if she had given up.

"Ehehe..... Saraa, I shared it, with you..... Goshujin-sama's semen, when you swallow it, you see, you get a lewd feeling, and you start wanting more and more..... your insides get hot, you want more to be let out in your insides, and then it becomes heartrending..... You understand it now, right?"

While licking Thalia's lips and cheeks, Shiro whispered to her.

"That's, a lie..... It's all a lie....."

She was halfway crying, but despite that, Sara's fingers didn't stop groping at her own crotch. She might not be aware that she's already masturbating.

"You're a girl with a lot of pride, aren't you..... Elliott-sama, with this type of girl, it is better to thoroughly defile her once. Usually, this type of girl is seriously strong-willed after all."

Astarte proposed that to me in a way that she would be deliberately heard. Sara responded to that and raised her voice, but it already could only be heard as an appeal..... Moreover, I couldn't hear it as anything else but a voice wishing for masochistic pleasure.

"Noo..... I don't want thiss. I don't want to reek of cumm..... I don't want my pussy to be wreckeddd....."

She started using slang that she hadn't used up until now. That's probably proof that she's lost all restraint. In that case, let's corner her more.

"Orcs, make a bukkake on Sara's face with your guys' cum. You don't need to go easy on her. Dahlia, Shiro. Help out so that it's easier for the Orcs to ejaculate."

"No, noo, stop itt.....! I don't want Orc cocks....."

"Sara, you really are a child that doesn't listen. Orc Leader..... It looks like Sara wants to lick your dick, you know?"

Gaining my permission, the Orc Leader got onto the bed from the front and while raising an aroused voice, he grabbed Sara's head. While paying close attention so that I could immediately stop him if he became too violent, I attentively watched the Orc Leader thrust his penis in front of Sara's face. Having the huge penis that was thrust before her hit her cheeks several times, even Sara, who had been shaking her head in refusal, opened her mouth looking like she gave in after a while had passed.

The Orc Leader's penis, which had a girth that was close to the size of child's fist, couldn't quite fit inside of Sara's mouth, so while only about half of the glans was held in her mouth, Sara wriggled her tongue about. Seeming to be irritated by it, the Orc Leader forcibly thrust his penis several times. Continuing the forced irrumatio for a while, he accidentally surpassed her throat's hold, and then his penis thrust deep into her throat. Sara's eyes went wide open, and she writhed about looking like she found it hard to breathe. As expected, she would suffocate if things continued like this, so I ordered the Orc Leader to stop, and gave a single instruction to Astarte. I could tell that the Orcs started to move behind me. The Orc Leader really disliked my order to cease, but being unable to go against my order, he reluctantly pulled his penis out.

"Gehoh, gehoh..... That's impossible, something like that won't fitt....."

Waiting for Sara to adjust her breathing, I made preparations during that time.

Specifically, Astarte, Dahlia, Shiro, all three of them were stimulating the prostate glands of the Orcs that were lined up in front of Sara.

The several Orc penises turned into a meat battery that is aimed towards Sara.

"Hey, Sara. Look..... over here♪"

Responding to Shiro's happy voice, Sara, who was looking down and adjusting her breath, raised her head and opened her eyes wide. She finally understood why the Orcs' fingers that had been crawling about her whole body up until now had disappeared. The Orcs pointed each of their penises towards Sara's face, and started to fap all at once. Making splurting sounds, the high viscosity and cloudy Orc semen rained incessantly on Sara. Sara's blue-violet colored hair, was dyed white.

"Ahh..... so dirty, the Orcs' cum, it's so dirty....."

Becoming covered in semen, the dazed Sara mutters to herself, while steam rises from her hair. A surprisingly sensual tongue stretched out from her lips, and licked off the cum surrounding her lips. Even now, both of her hands were still touching her crotch as she continued to masturbate.

Shiro rushed over to Thalia and joined in the action in order to lick the cum off her. She looked like a dog that was grooming her companion.

“Sara, how was it? Hurry up and get rid of your virginity and let’s be embraced by Goshujin-sama together♪”

“Virginity..... embraced..... Is a cock, going to be thrust into my pussy.....?”

She was probably numbed to several things already. She absentmindedly repeated words. Getting close to Sara, I peered into her face.

“Sara, since you’re a bad girl, I will need to give you your punishment. I’ll defile you and I’ll torment you even more. That’s why, tell me yourself what it is that you want me to do.”

Deep within her blue eyes, I could tell that there was something unsteadily wavering.

“Noo..... Don’t push a smelly cock into mee.....”

Looking at the flow of things up until now, it seems that “Coerce me into things I don’t want” is what Sara desired. I stuck out the penis that had gone inside Shiro just a little while ago.

“Noo..... No, noo..... Nmu”

Becoming teary eyed, even while saying words of refusal, she obediently held my penis in her mouth. As expected, since she probably had no experience, her tongue usage was crude, but she became frantic and repeatedly slurped and sucked it.

“Sara, twine your tongue around more. Do it to around the tip and sack like you are kissing them.”

“Saraa, Shiro will suck Goshujin-sama’s dick together with you, ‘kay..... You see, I’ve always wanted to get along with you. That’s why, I’m happy to be together with youu.....”

Shiro joined in and serviced me. Sara, even while she was bewildered, matched with Shiro and started servicing me.

“It’s starting to feel good..... Sara, where do you want me to let it out? Your face? Inside your mouth? Or do you want it all over your hair?”

“Ah..... In, inside my mouth.....”

Maybe because she’s becoming a bit more obedient, Sara absentmindedly replied.

“Well then, I’ll let it out on your face.”

“Sto..... Not, the face.....”

“On Shiro too, ple~ase let it out on Shiro too♪”

Shiro kissed Sara, then my penis was inserted in between those united lips. From that pleasant feeling, I gave my second ejaculation. My white liquid got onto Shiro and Sara’s faces, and defiled them both. The two of them kept quiet and immediately slurped at my glans, and started to suck out the remaining semen.

“.....Delicious”

“So Sara thinks so too♪”

Directly bestowing my semen on Sara’s face and inside her mouth, I could tell that my magic power had finally penetrated into her soul. It’s probably about time.

Thalia..... No, this is a perfect time. Let’s have her cast away this name.

“Sara, I will now deflower you. The virgin Thalia will become my woman, the Magician Thalia will die, and be reborn as Sara. Your soul will be soiled, you will be covered in semen, and you will no longer be a human, but be made into a lewd demon.”

Sara looked up at me with absentminded eyes.

“I..... will die?”

“It’s not like you will actually die. The Thalia that was a virgin and a companion of criminals will disappear, and turn into the lewd bitch Sara. Your soul will be defiled by me, you will lose your humanity and turn into a demon. You will turn into a perverted and indecent-looking demon.”

“I’ll become indecent..... and perverted.....?”

“That’s right. You’ll become covered in semen and come to love sex. You’ll become a bitch that offers her pussy, mouth, and asshole to me. Are you happy?”

“Even my asshole..... No way, that’s so dirty.....”

“That’s right, you are dirty. But, that’s what you desire, isn’t it?”

“My..... desire.....?”

“That’s right, you were thinking that you wanted to be forcibly raped. However, Thalia’s pride to protect herself was too high, so the only thing she could do was hide and masturbate. You don’t have to hide anymore. You don’t have to act tough anymore..... Moreover, you were able to make a friend, right?..... This is the contract. If you really don’t want to, I won’t turn you into a demon. However, if you do desire it, I will steal your virginity, make you my woman, and turn you into a demon..... Now then, tell me what do you desire?”

CHAPTER 27

THE CROW FALLS: CHANGING INTO A SUCCUBUS

“I... I, really am perverted! I want to do more perverted things! I want to! Take it, rape me, defile me..... More, I want you to do more perverted things to Sara.....!”

Yosh. I’ve taken her pledge. And her mentality isn’t broken yet either.

“.....< Let go >”

The Golem arms that had gripped Sara this whole time released its strong grip on her legs. Grabbing both of Sara’s legs, I raised them up to make her lie face up on the bed and then I spread her legs wide open. The thicket of her crotch that had not yet been passed through by anyone twitched before my eyes, and the small chrysanthemum-like hole below that wriggled as if trying to hide itself. As if it were revealing the speed of its throbbing, as if it were breathing, her lips that were wet with love juices twitched and trembled. Bringing my face close to it, I lightly kissed her clitoris.

“HIAH!? AH, AAH!?”

As if she were struck by lightning, Sara’s waist sprang up.

It was the same as the cunni-lingus that she received earlier, but back then, she was made to be half-dead with incomplete stimulation the whole time.

On the spur of the moment, I strongly sucked on it, and sweetly bit it.

“STO, NO, DON’T..... It, It’s coming outttttt!?”

Together with her scream, a small amount of water spouted out from Sara’s crotch with a *Pushaa* sound. Unexpectedly, my face was completely showered by it.

.....This is my first time seeing the actual thing but this is the squirting thing huh.

“Sara, for you to pee even though you’re not a child, what a hopeless girl you are.”

When I said that to tease her, Sara, being in a state of not knowing what had just happened, became teary eyed.

“S..... Sorry, I am really sorry! Just now, I had no idea what that was, and I was unable to hold it in.....”

Thinking that she had leaked out her urine, she was probably truly bewildered. I thought that it was a bit cute, but since it was the right time, I took advantage of it.

“You’ll need to be punished..... Sara, turn your butt towards me.”

“EH..... Um, I’ll apologize if you’re angry so..... P-Please.”

“Turn your butt towards me.”

Without shouting, I indifferently made that command. Looking frightened, Sara turned her body over, went on all fours, and stuck out her finely shaped butt.

Paan! (Smack!)

“Ouch!”

A light red handprint remained on Sara’s butt cheek. With a second and third time, I conducted spanking.

“A punishment is needed for bad girls. It’s because Sara is a bad girl that you are being spanked, you know? Sara, will you be a good girl from now on?”

As I was spanking her, love juices were finally dripping from Sara’s crotch. I confirmed it once again, but it looks like it’s true that she is seriously strong-willed.

“I am sorry, I am sorry, Sara will become a good girl, I will become a good girl so.....”

“Okay, so Sara is a good girl..... Then, say this. 『Please put Goshujin-sama’s dick, into Sara’s pussy, and turn Sara into a woman.』 ”

“Ah..... Yes, I understandd..... Please put Goshujin-sama’s dick, into Sara’s pussy. Please turn Sara into a woman.....! Please, I’m begging you. At this rate, Sara, is going to turn into an idio..... AHhhh!”

Right before her screaming was over, I grabbed Sara's butt, and thrust my penis into Sara's undeveloped vagina. Seeing as how her entrance became slippery with love juices, it smoothly went in, but immediately after going in, it encountered a strong catch. Long before I realized that this was her hymen, I broke through with all my might.

"AHHhhHH! It hurts, it huuuurts!!"

Since this was my first time sleeping with a virgin, I honestly had no idea how much it would hurt. But even so, at this current stage, I needed to repaint her spirit. I can only put my trust into things somehow working out through the results of the aphrodisiac and the teasing done up until now.

"Saraa..... Congratulations. You've become a woman."

Shiro snuggled up to Sara's tear-stained face, and licked off her tears.

"It really is great that you were made into a woman by Goshujin-sama. Unlike during my first time, where it only hurt. Does it feel good?"

"I..... I still, don't know..... AH!"

"Soon..... It'll turn good."

Saying that, Shiro stole Sara's lips. It would be nice if the pain softened while she was preoccupied with the sensation of the kiss.

Looking closely, our connected area was dyed red with blood. So that was proof that her hymen was broken.

"Elliott-sama, blood comes out only on the first time. For a little while, please do it slowly."

Complying with Astarte's advice, I slowed down my movements. In place of dropping my piston speed, I stretched my hands out to other places. Extending my hands to her small sized chest, I groped her lovely breasts that could be hidden with my palms, and kneaded her nipples. Her nipples seemed to be quite sensitive, because just by lightly kneading her already hardened nipples, she reacted even further. Although it's good

that she's slender, she wouldn't receive retribution if her boobs were just a little bit bigger.....

"Ah..... AH!?"

Sara suddenly raised her voice.

"My chest is..... my boobs are hot, so hottt.....!?"

"Huh, Sara-chan, your boobs increased in size.....?"

Due to Shiro's puzzled voice, when I confirmed it once again, I felt a more sinking feeling on my hands than before.

Now that she mentioned it, maybe because of my lack of judgment at first, it seemed like the mass had increased.....?

"Elliott-sama, that happened because of you."

Due to Astarte's words, it was my turn to be puzzled this time.

"I cannot do it myself, but your father also possessed that power..... Since you are changing a human into a demon, it isn't impossible to recreate their body. That being said, that normally cannot be done. It is a power unique to "tuners" but..... As expected, Elliott-sama, you are exhibiting the talent to 【create/recreate something】"

Astarte's eyes looked as if she were looking at something that she dearly missed. When she confessed that, I was a bit jealous of my father that was no longer here.

"Ahaha..... My boobs, got bigger..... Since I was getting bothered, by how small they were, I'm a bit, happy..... AH, something, is coming? Is something coming? No, I'm scared, what is this, what. What!?"

Tightening up, the inside of Sara's vagina convulsed. Whether it was the effect of the aphrodisiac or the effect of what accumulated up until now, it seems that the pain changed completely to pleasure.

“It’s alright to let it flow, leave it to your body. Speak it out, voice it out. It’s fine to become sullied even more, you know?”

Bending over her back, I whispered that close to her ear. I blew a light breath to the earlobe I’m lightly nibbling on.

“Hya.....”

Leaking out a voice that sounded like she was panting, the upper half of Sara’s body crumbled down. Her crotch became warmly wet. It was a small amount, but it looks like she really did piss herself from the pleasure.

“You peed yourself again? Sara, do you like peeing yourself?”

“I, I don’t know..... I don’t know..... It feels..... good, being embraced by a man, feels good.....”

I could tell that my magical power was gradually accumulating. The semen that she was made to swallow as well as my magical power coursing through her body; was slowly changing her body and rewriting her mind.

“In that case, Sara. I’ll be cumming soon, okay?”

“Fue.....? What, were you going.....?”

“My cum is going to spurt and pour inside of Sara’s pussy.”

I dared to speak out such vulgar words. Sara’s face that she had turned to look at me with was overflowing with a bit of fear and a lot of joy.

“Now then, Sara. Be sure to say it out properly. What will happen to you? What do you want to happen?”

“.....More, defile Sara more! Please spurt Goshujin-sama’s cum in my pussy! Make me feel good even more, make me even more of a bad girl! More, please give me more! I’m begging youuuu!!!!”

“I’m letting it out! I’m letting a lot out inside of Sara! Accept it all.....!”



Doku doku doku! (Splurt, splurt, splurt!)

From my penis, semen came flying out together with each throb. The released semen hit the entrance to Sara's womb, and then her womb that was deep within her, the inside of it that was on the other side of its entrance, her soul, my magical power infringed on all of that.

"Oh..... Oah..... Ah..... OHHHhhhhhhhhhh..... ♪"

Her crumbled down upper body bent back like a shrimp and she moaned like an animal. Sara moaned with an expression of ecstasy, and Shiro lovingly embraced Sara's shoulders.

"Shiro, Shiroo..... Sex is..... the bestt....."

Pusha, pushaaaaa (Spray, spraay)

Losing strength in the upper half of her body, Sara collapsed. Involuntarily urinating at the same time as her climax, Sara fainted while making a warm puddle. Coincidentally, together with her fainting, changes occurred in Sara's body. Right when I thought that there were light shadows created at the lower areas of the shoulder blades of her back, small membrane-like wings were created. In the area right above her anus, which was uncovered because she was in a pose of sticking it out, a tail made of skin membrane was similarly created.

"Ara, this girl, she became the same race as me."

Astarte said that sounding a bit surprised.

"Then that means..... She's a Succubus?"

"Well, there are big individual differences among Succubi but..... when compared to Imps, we are a race of high ranking demons."

"Hmmn..... Well for the time being, we've achieved our goal, so I guess that means that my dungeon is at peace for now."

"Yes, it is just as you say. Well then, Elliott-sama. Just as you promised, you will take your time in embracing me this time, right?"

Taking advantage of Astarte's words, Dahlia also pulled my hand, and placed it on her own chest.

"Master..... I want you to be affectionate with me too....."

Looking over, Shiro was embracing the still hazy Sara, and licking off the semen that was pouring out from her crotch. It would seem that Shiro has (although it may be restricted to Sara) an inclination towards lesbian love.

"Orcs. I shall give you your reward. You can ravish those two over there."

The Orcs became excited from those words, and Shiro and Sara, who had finally regained consciousness, displayed looks of fear..... and just a little bit of anticipation, at the sexual assault that they would soon be receiving.

"Sara, Shiro. They were formerly your companions. As you all will similarly be my subordinates from now on, you should all get along..... It will probably feel good this time after all."

When we left the room, the Orcs' cheers and Sara and Shiro's shouts (that I couldn't tell if they were screams or flirtatious voices) reverberated..... and within a few minutes, sweet voices started to be heard far away.



Several days later.

The remaining members of the Red Crows that waited for the poison to wear off at the hunter's shed searched for their leader and the others that didn't come back, and once again scouted the mining village. What they saw was the sight of the village that didn't have many changes..... and a group of armed Orcs that they didn't see last time. The Orc Leader had a large build that isn't often seen, and although that group was few in number, it had taken control of it.

.....Right when they noticed that they could recognize the Orcs' armaments.

The remnants of the Red Crows understood that the Adventurer team called the Red Crow no longer existed. They returned to Water Gate City Abram, and from there, they

mixed in with another mercenary group and escaped to another region. From their mouths, they begun to spread rumours that there was a fearsome Dungeon Master that would change anyone that visited the mining village into demons, and before anyone knew it, the mining village was soon called “The Man-Eating Dungeon”.

【 ARC 3 】

CHAPTER 28

SECOND PROLOGUE:

ONCE AGAIN, WELCOME TO THE DUNGEON

This is how I became the master of this dungeon, and the story of how those two maids parted with their human lives for my sake, and obtained their new-found lives as demons..... And, well, this is just how my life turned out. After all, I hadn't thought as far as having to contend with a person with a dangerous occupation such as yourself.

It looks like you are able to feel it easily. And you are discharging a lot. It feels like if it goes on, there will be swimming pool under your chair. While listening to the story, do you want to be fucked yourself? Or were you pleased to be welcomed so enthusiastically by my two maids?..... I didn't think that the drug's effect would wear off in the middle of it. It looks like there is a good pharmacist in the assassination guild. If I hadn't put a trick in the chair itself, I nearly would have had to kill you. Sara's magic can be fired very quickly, but unfortunately, that girl is bad at holding back.

Well, I think that you know this, but at this present time, you neither have the strength nor the decent condition, right? After all, you know of those myriad of ways of doing things due to your work, don't you? But, since I probably used methods that you know nothing about..... Wouldn't it be better to just give up already? If you want, I'd be willing to accept making a deal at any time, you know?

Or could it be that you are waiting for the Temple Knights, , for help? I think about an hour has passed since they came into the mine. You do know about the time when the betrayer, that you guys planted, will act, don't you? Going by that look of yours, I guess it's a bit more later on. Well, since you won't be saved if it goes well, this would be a difficult choice to make. By the way, do you think that the assassination guild will save you.....?

Oh, you do seem to understand. If the Assassin Guild's job goes well, then the need to save you disappears as well.

I don't think that you are just some underling, but they aren't an organization free enough to move just for your sake alone.

If the assassination fails, the Temple Knights would come here, and they just might save you. They would protect the travelling female merchant that was swept away by demons, and those girls would triumphantly take you back to Water Gate City Abram. But before you would be able to escape from <Water Gate City Abram>, you would be charged with the responsibility of the mission's failure and be given some sort of punishment..... Going by the look on your face, it doesn't seem like you'll be able to return alive, does it?

Ah, I scared you, didn't I? I'm sorry, okay? There, there, calm down. There is no one who wishes to die now, do they? What are you scared of? Is it because a superior of the Assassin's Guild has slipped into the Temple Knight army, and you're scared that you would be exposed to that person? Ah, I thought so. It's simple if you're tied down by fear.

If that superior were to disappear, there wouldn't be any problems, right? I am the master of this dungeon. Although my opinion is divided on whether I should let the Temple Knights live or die, there is no change in the fact that those troops need to be defeated..... And the preparations for that have been done and completed.

If you tell me about various things, don't you think that it would be simple for your superior to meet with a sad "accident"? If you so desire, wouldn't it be better to work at my place? Either way, you probably can't return to Abram like this, and I was just thinking that I wanted a capable person that is well-informed about the dark side of Abram. I won't force you. Even my demon powers are not strong enough to do that and it's not like I enjoy unnecessarily killing you. If you don't want to join me then you can just say so. I won't be able to release you immediately, but once I have settled down, I will give you enough food and water to escape to the nearby town and then release you.

.....After that, it'll depend on your luck on whether or not a pursuer from the Assassin's Guild will come after you. I'm not familiar with that organization after all. In the unlikely event that this dungeon was to be captured, well, just like I said before, you would probably be in the protection of the Temple Knights. What you need to choose is..... Nn, what is it? Yeah, that's right. I welcome your choice.

From here on, you will no longer be a human, and although I do not know what form you will turn into, you will be reborn as a demon. Well, I think you can tell from looking at the maids, but we still don't know what kind of appearance you will have.

Now then, make a declaration. That in order to receive protection within my place, you will stop being human, and that you will choose to be my loyal retainer rather than be a member of the Assassin's Guild. If you do, the contract will be complete. I will protect you, and then work together with you to defeat the arriving superior of the Assassin's Guild. Will you join me?

.....Your voice is too soft. Could you say that again?

Once you wake up, I will once again tell you why things turned out like this. Now, relax your body..... Forget about everything for right now, and accept the pleasure.

...Goodbye, Ojou-san and welcome to the Demon world of dazzling pleasure!

CHAPTER 29

WATERGATE CITY ABRAM:

WINTER ENDS

The rumor of the “Red Crow’s” destruction didn’t become official, but it seemed to have steadily permeated to everyone.

After my hometown became famous as the “Man-Eating Dungeon”, about half a year passed.

The end of the year came, and the new year arrived without any celebration, but there was nothing in particular that changed here.

Either way, there weren’t any battles or anything usual during winter as both Humans and beasts become quieter during this time.

Besides, it’s not like I was idly wasting my days during this half year.

I saved up magical power, and I also did research to strengthen up, but the biggest thing was that I started to organize the vicinity.

There was only one goal, to move out..... Or rather, simply make preparations to escape.

After adding Shiro the Thief and Sara the Magician as one of my retainers, I tried to avoid carelessly increasing my retainers.

There were several reasons for this, but it was simply because the guests that come would decrease.

Well, it’s not like there are many travelers in the season of winter, but the annihilated..... or rather, the “Red Crows” that I annihilated, the fact that they were a fairly well known group of ruffians was also a cause.

How they were repelled and, moreover, changed into demons was spread about as gossip, but it seemed to have a bigger effect than I expected.

Even among the fugitives that were introduced to me by Gustave, there are some that come asking about that.

They might accept it if I talk to them about it, but I avoided talking about the finer details.

The fact that information is a weapon is something that I myself realized all too well.

The most important thing was for mysteries to remain mysteries, and once a mystery is explained, and only an obstacle in the form of a possible solution will remain.

My hesitation to increase my retainers was also for that reason.

.....Actually, there are also those that requested “I want to turn into a demon” while not knowing the situation.

These types of people were sent away by threatening them with “there is a high probability that you will die, do you still wish to continue?”, but I also need to think of how else to chase them away.

It's not like the information from Gustave reaches me all that frequently.

There are times where the guests with letters of introduction bring information from him, but he comes directly to me only once every several months, and if the mercenary group goes to war, it was normal for there to be no news at all during that time.

That Jii-san isn't a guy that would die from being killed, but it was also probable for him to just die from some careless action somewhere.

If he did, there was the possibility that the current me would be completely cut off from information on the outside world.

That's why, it was dangerous to rely only on his information.

For that reason, I decided that after winter ends, I myself would go out afar sometimes.

In these times, travelling peddlers aren't all that rare.

Since the public order couldn't be called good even as flattery, the major companies assembled caravans and increased their numbers, which reduced the risks.

And then, there were also small merchants on the individual scale that would dare to take the risk and aim for profits.

A peddler's social status was assured through a license issued by the Merchant's Guild, the Feudal Lords of various places, or even the Church.

After obtaining a license from relying on Gustave's connections for that purpose, it was easy to feign my social status and travel.

Watergate City Abram was in a distance that would take a week from my dungeon, and was a large city in the vicinity of the area.

It was a city that a person called Margrave Abram governed, and was the biggest within this vicinity..... it seems.

Even so, if one were to look over the entirety of the country I was raised in, even if it is called a large city, its size is average, and it seems that there are still other cities that are larger than this.

On top of that, within my knowledge, even this country, among the four other countries on this continent, was in a size that placed it around the middle of the spectrum.

Moreover, since it is in dispute with the eastern major power with the hegemony on the line, honestly, it didn't feel real to me.

My hometown was in a remote region that was close to the national border with a foreign country, but since it is located on the western side of the country, we don't have much of a relation to the war.

The relationship with this neighboring country isn't bad, and ever since I was born, there hasn't been any imminent military action.

Then again, this is a remote region for both countries.

It would be a different story if the mine development were to make a step forward on a large-scale, but in truth, there probably wasn't any profit to be made if they were to go to war.

I was born, and am a bumpkin that hasn't gone all that far out from my birthplace.

When I was a child, my mother took me to a town with a population of about 500 people for two nights and three days, but that is the furthest I've gone in my entire life up until now that I can remember, as well as the biggest city that I can remember.

To go to a large city that was several dozen times bigger than that, even though I know about it in my knowledge, it's overwhelming to see it in person.

.....Even though I made a gentle expression, after about one hour after entering Abram, my behavior was probably the very picture of a country bumpkin.

"Eliott-sama, if you keep on looking around restlessly like that, you won't look like a merchant."

That was the third time I was chided by Astarte like that since we entered the city.

She wasn't in her usual nun-like outfit, but was wearing clothes that made her look like a travelling minstrel.

I was in a merchant's outfit and Astarte had the appearance of a poet.

Since she really was my subordinate, I said "shouldn't you wear a merchant-like outfit" to Astarte, but since she anticipated that I clearly wouldn't look like Astarte's superior once we entered the city, this time she purposely changed her outfit.

That decision alone seemed to be the correct one.

The image of a well-travelled female poet travelling together with a bumpkin peddler might be rare, but within this large city, it wasn't something that looked that strange.

Well, in actual fact, Astarte isn't all that accustomed to traveling, but she was far better at it than me.

Once we stayed at the inn with just the two of us, they guessed on their own that we had that kind of relationship, and I was grateful that they didn't look into it all that much.

If this were a rural town, it wouldn't turn out like this.

It could be seen in their eyes that they would meet you with a barrage of questions like where you came from or what kind of relationship you had.

True to its name of Watergate City, Abram had a large river running through the center of the city. Appropriate for a city with a deep relationship with water, the one that gathered the most faith in Abram among the various Gods of the Church was the River Goddess. The River Goddess should be a divinity affiliated with the forces of light among the Gods of the Church that gives protection to mothers and young women.

The one worshiped at the Church is the divinity that is the chief God and that leads the Gods of Light. According to the books of foreign countries that I read recently, compared to their religion called monotheism where they accept the God of Light and deny the other Gods, it seems that this form of worship is called polytheism where they worship a group of Gods.

In addition to the River Goddess, the Flame War God that gathers faith from mercenaries and metallurgy craftsmen, and the Large Tree Virtuous Elder that has popularity with the nobles and intelligentsia, there is an abundant variety of Gods that the Church acknowledges that give protection to various fields.

.....Nonetheless, I haven't had any good memories of the Church since long ago.

Besides, I am half Demon, and I now control demons as a Dungeon Master.

There is no way I would receive grace from some God.

In Watergate City Abram, these abundant water resources are put to practical use, as there are a great number of waterways that run through the city, as well as water wheels that use them for power. And then, the gigantic water gate that controls it all at the source is probably the main feature of this town.

Also, several large waterways run from Abram towards surrounding farming villages. And downstream from Abram, there is a belt of rich cultivated land that spreads out as a remote region..... is what I know from my knowledge, but then again, it's different after seeing it with my own eyes.

After arriving at the town, there was a thin waterway and so many water wheels that I didn't know what they were used for. It looks like there are many ways to use them other than for grinding.

According to what I've heard, Watergate City Abram originally only had urban areas only on one side of the river, but after it came under the rule of the current Count Abram, large-scale riparian works were performed, and as a result, the city spread out to the other side of the river that was undeveloped in those times.

Since it had expanded this much from all of his work, the person called Margrave Abram is probably a great man in his own right. Doing various things, after we did a light look around the town, we secured a place at an inn in an area that looked like it had good public order and took a rest.

When the two of us went down to the bar and got a meal, I listened in on the contents of the conversation at the neighboring table.

"It looks like the Church is finally going to make a move."

"Ahh, on that Man-Eating Dungeon, right? I heard that the young lady of the Feudal Lord's is taking command. That is something to appreciate."

"Still, why is it her..... Certainly, she does possess the qualifications as a Temple Knight of the Church, but I thought that she doesn't have any military service records?"

"We probably wouldn't know about it, but isn't it some political transaction? Count Abram is probably being soft on his very young niece."

"Well now, there's no telling if she really is his niece. She might unexpectedly be his biological child that a woman from somewhere had given birth to."

“Oi oi, even if that’s just a joke, if the garrison hears you, they’ll take you away, you know? Well, if she possesses talent that succeeds that Count Abram’s blood, then I personally welcome it.”

.....The words “the Church is making its move” is a phrase that I can’t just overlook.

They are words that Gustave often warned me about, and the forces of the Church include this country as well as the surrounding countries, so they are extraordinarily strong.

“Eliott-sama..... That really is worrying.”

“Yeah, I’ll try asking someone about it.”

While I am a bumpkin, I was originally in the service business.

I’m experienced if it’s about having harmless and inoffensive conversations with travelers

and peddlers, and I bore in mind what a peddler might have an interest in talking about.

“Excuse me, may I ask you a question? I’ve just arrived in this city not too long ago, but are you having a somewhat dangerous conversation?”

“Oh, what is it, Nii-san?”

“No, well, I overheard you talking about a topic like a war would be happening..... As a novice peddler, that kind of topic worries me.”

“What’s this, Nii-san, you’re away from home even though you’re so young..... Moreover, to be travelling together with such a pretty Nee-chan, I’m so jealous.”

“No no, she is just someone that I just coincidentally ended up coming here together with. I am unfamiliar with this area, and am having her help me out. Are you all people of this town?”

By the way, Astarte is actually unable to initiate this sort of colloquial conversation, and this comes as a huge surprise to me. She just might have been a noble before she was turned into a Demon.

In exchange for treating them to a drink, I was able to hear some fairly good information from them.

About how Gustave's mercenary group was recruited to a skirmish that broke out at the border with the neighboring country and was currently absent.

About how Count Abram, who was the governor of Watergate City Abram, was of old age, and that his biological children generally died young.

About how his few remaining blood relatives just aren't popular with the common people.

About how his niece that was entrusted to the large city's temple was called back a few years ago, and that she was assisting in the Count's government affairs.

About how that girl was like the common people, how she would go into the city sometimes and do administrative work, and that she seemed to be popular with the common people.

.....Though, since I understood that they favored this niece, I should listen to them while taking their story with a grain of salt.

About how that niece officially received an investiture from a chivalric order that was affiliated with the temple, and was a Temple Knight.

And then, what was most important was, about how my dungeon was designated as dangerous by the Church and seemed to be officially targeted for subjugation, and..... About how the Temple Knight that was Count Abram's niece was chosen to be the commander of those troops.

CHAPTER 30

WATERGATE CITY ABRAM: AT THE TOWN'S INN

“.....And so, this is all the more reason why we need to decide on the place to escape to.”

Maybe because there was a gentle stream of air coming from the gaps of the window, the small flame of the candle swayed. In the room that we reserved inside of the inn, I finished explaining the situation to Astarte while I lied down on the bed that I rented for several days.

After that, Astarte was requested by some guys at the bar to sing and perform musical performance, so we ended up staying at the bar later than expected.

Surprisingly..... or rather, this might only be natural but, Astarte was very skillful at singing and playing instruments.

In addition to all of that, she was originally a Succubus that excelled at seducing men.

Looking at the bar, it became a full house. And men that invited Astarte continually recommended some alcohol, be made to drink alcohol, and then collapse one after the other.

Even with the business-oriented negotiations of a different kind that had no place being here and had wedged themselves in that she was bad at, it seemed that she was solidly able to use her art of conversation to get into the mood, make the men that approached her have misunderstandings, and make them get into the mood.

Also, I learned that she was quite the drinker and that she was stronger with liquor than she looked.

Maybe because the place was flourishing enough to reduce the store's alcohol cask down to half, we received extraordinary gratitude from the barkeep, and had the

unexpected fortune of having the cost of the meals, including my portion, all be the shop's treat.

“Nn. Lesh's shee, tha Church ish, ash expected, goin' ta be a problemm~”

Nn?

Astarte is acting odd.

Looking at her, her eyes are getting wet, and after looking even closer, the color of her eyes that should be camouflaged sometimes return to their original color.

Moreover, even though her manner of walking is steady, her articulation is clearly not functioning well.

.....In fact, she is completely drunk.

“Oi oi, are you alright?”

While pouring water from a pitcher into a wooden bowl, I made Astarte sit on the bed.

“Li'm completely phine, li'm not drunk at all, ya know?”

Ah, it's no good.

Let's put her to sleep before something like her transformation becomes undone.

Putting our normal residence aside, this place was inside of the town.

When I think about the unlikely event that our true identities get exposed, I feel uneasy.

Since the light was already coming from only the small flame of a candle, it shouldn't be that easy to find the faults but.....

“Eliott-sama, yhou've bin pretty cold to me recently, haven't you~”

She's in a somewhat bad mood.

“I mean, sure, there shertainly is a mountain of things ta do in order ta live~, wiv you being occupied by Dahlia~, Shiro~, and Sara, but aren’t you neglectin’ me~”

.....She has clearly lost all restraint.

Or rather, was Astarte the type of girl to say such child-like things?

“Even though we’re phinally alone together, ya don’t lay a hand on me at all, and ya don’t attack any travelers or villages..... Are you shaying that my training was of no use?”

She’s..... a troublsome drunk.

Astarte hasn’t become this drunk, even when she drinks with Gustave.

Although he is from the same generation as my mother, since her body pretty much doesn’t change from the time she turned into a demon, she looks like she’s only a few years older than me.

It’s just, at the top of my consciousness for her, there’s the fact that she’s the person in charge of my education, the fact that she was a friend of my mother, and then the fact that she was a mistress of my father whose face I’ve never seen is at the end of that consciousness, so I might have been taking some distance from her in some regards.

But, this Astarte that was severely drunk, pouting, and finding faults with me seemed somewhat like a child..... Seeing her like this was refreshing.

Seeing as how she usually takes the initiative to do things, it’s also thanks to her that the current me is surviving.

I am thankful to her for that, but it might be good to try doing as I like with Astarte on my own once in a while.

“Well then, Astarte, what do you want me to do?”

Sitting down on the same bed as Astarte, I suddenly brought my face close to her and asked her that.

Maybe because she didn't think that I would be the one to make a move, for an instant, Astarte took some distance while looking surprised, but then she immediately brought her face closer.

.....Astarte's breath, while it did have a sweet scent, it still reeked of alcohol.

"I mean, even though I taught you wiv all of my effort so that chu would become great in tha Demon World, chu don't try to increase your shlaves or domination area at all, and you're alwaysh occupied wiv Shiro and Sara....."

Looking at Astarte as she muttered idle complaints with a rare downcast look, something inside of me was decided.

Strongly pushing Astarte's shoulders, I pushed her down on the bed so that she was lying face up.

"Eh?"

"Hey, Astarte, what you're saying is nonsensical, you know? I made Sara and Shiro into my slaves, didn't I? Saying that I should increase them more, saying complaints when I do increase them, just what is it that you want me to do?"

"That's..... Nn"

As she tried to say something, I put two fingers in Astarte's lips and interrupted her words.

When I touched around her tongue and oral cavity with my two fingers, Astarte immediately started to caress my fingertips with her tongue.

"It's true. I certainly didn't lay a hand on you during this trip. I mean, these are all firsts for me since I was born. From having gone out this far, even making a camp. I'm not so bold as to suddenly embrace a woman while attacking a coward outdoors right then and there."

In Astarte's eyes, a flirting light gradually started to grow.

She might not really be listening to me, but I didn't mind it and continued.

With my other left over hand, I slowly started to strip off Astarte's clothes.

Astarte bent her body and cooperated so that it would be easier for me to undress her, but once half of it had been taken off, I got irritated and stopped,

"That's why, you're not the only one that is pent up..... But, I won't give it to you right away."

With those words, Astarte made a distraught, sad-looking face.

I wonder why Astarte shows this childlike expression only when there aren't any other women around.

"Astarte, comfort yourself on your own while we're still in this position. You don't need to mind me. Since I'm tired from the long trip, if I see you get into a sexy mood, I might get in the mood as well."

In actual fact, that is just a huge lie.

My penis is very much full of vigor, and I'm sure that Astarte knows that fact.

But, I commanded her despite knowing that fact, and made her obey me.

This was a tactic to make us both get aroused.

Besides..... It could also be said to be preparations for the upcoming days.

"Puhaa..... Eliott-sama, please, I'm begging you..... I'll masturbate so, I'll show you so, at the very least, please let Astarte lick Eliott-sama's dick."

"That's, if it's after you cum once in front of me, then I'll allow it. Now then, what will you do? If you won't do anything, I will go to sleep in the other bed. Tomorrow will probably be busy as well after all."

Astarte's face was slightly warped with disgrace.

The partner that she had seized the initiative of up until now had done the reverse and taken the initiative on her.

Well, I think she was probably vexed, but she said it with her own mouth when she pledged her allegiance to me.

If she couldn't endure that much, it would eventually become no good.

"Come now, what's your answer?"

".....I under, stand. I understand! It's fine if I do it, right? It's fine as long as I masturbate, and go mad as I cum, right!? Look, please look! At Astarte's masturbation, look to your heart's content....."

Part of this was probably out of her drunken vigor. She probably also had some shyness.

That shout, when done unskillfully, was loud enough to be heard in other rooms, and there was no hesitation in it.

Bearing in mind her duty as a retainer that she had up until now, or maybe about how it was also different from my conversations with her as the educator with some distance between us, it felt as if I was able to see Astarte's natural face for the first time.

Astarte lied down on the bed at a right angle, and as she grabbed her breast with her left hand and fondled her crotch with her right hand, she closed her eyes and started to pleasure herself.

With a rhythm that slid her body, her head reached the edge of the bed, and she had a figure where half of it was floating in the air.

Astarte was in a state where her face was right in a spot that was close to my knees as I sat there.

"Ah..... Ahh, ahn..... It feels good, it feels good but....."

She continued the masturbation that she wasn't used to for several minutes, but it seemed that it was just not good enough.

Raising my waist up from the bed, I thought of something good while Astarte's eyes were closed and decided to do a bit of teasing.

Grabbing her hand that was attacking her breast, I brought it to her crotch.

“Listen while keeping your eyes closed, okay? While you are fondling your crotch on your own, tell me where and how you are currently touching yourself, got it?”

Seeming to have been surprised by what I said, Astarte was at a loss for words for a moment while expressing a surprised look.

Why didn't she open her eyes, was that because she was trying to obey my words despite her surprise?

“Um..... Right now, while I am fondling the outer edge part of my pussy, I am putting my fingers deeply inside. Since it will end immediately if I touch my clitoris, I am slowly loosening the inside and..... Hyah!?”

The reason for the high-pitched voice, was because I extended my hand and slightly strongly pinched her clitoris.

Her fingers that were going in and out of her vagina, seemed surprised and she grabbed my hand that was attacking her clitoris,

“Ahh, it was true. You immediately became sensitive.”

When I whispered that in a teasing way, her face went red.

“Come on, your fingers have stopped, you know? Continue.”

When I urged her on, the indecent show restarted once again.

It was about time that I started to become unable to endure it anymore.

“.....Astarte, open your eyes.”

What was in front of Astarte's now open eyes, was my penis that was taken out of my pants and thrust at her.

I fear that it's likely that it smelled, and she probably anticipated that something was already there.

Astarte started to entwine her tongue around it without any hesitation.

Controlling the angle of her body on her own, she moved her body so that her head would stick out from the bed.

Seeming like she already forgotten about hiding her outward appearance, her deep red hair hung down like a curtain.

“Your hands have stopped. Continue.”

Because she had become face up, to help Astarte who couldn't hold my penis in her mouth all that well, I lowered the angle of my penis, lowered my waist, and had Astarte hold it in her mouth.

Since I understood that it was the right angle after doing it for a little while, I held Astarte's head with both hands.

Her soft hair coiled about my fingers, and while I gently caressed her earlobes with my thumbs, I took my swelling penis in and out of Astarte's lips, in and out of her throat.

Treating Astarte's head as if it were a tool, a somewhat corrupt feeling and the pleasant feeling of domination intermingled.

“Ppu, pufuaah..... npuh... puah... nmu.....”

I unconsciously felt like my waist would start swimming from the pleasant feeling of my penis rubbing against the inside of her throat.

Since the top and bottom of her head were usually reversed, the parts that received stimulation were also different.

Astarte would sometimes fondle her crotch as if she had just remembered, but her fingers had already stopped moving.

Maybe because the pleasant feelings had caused an overload, her long and slender stretched out legs would sometimes twitch and tremble.

“Astarte, attack your clitoris yourself, and then cum all at once!”

Astarte answered with something, but since she was holding my penis in her mouth, only a small breath leaked out.

But even so, her fingers, as if they were a separate creature, strongly attacked her own clitoris.

Both of her softly opened legs stretched out as far as they could, and together with a convulsion, her love juices flew out with a *pushuu* sound.

“Ugh..... Here I cum, Astarte, I’m going to let it out inside your throat!

Although I tried to ejaculate at the deepest part of her throat, I made a mistake in the timing and started ejaculating inside of her mouth.

My penis, as if it were bouncing, flew out from Astarte’s lips, and hot semen scattered all over on the tip of her nose, on her chin, on her throat, and on her breasts.

“.....aAAAAHH!”

Because her throat that had been plugged up until now had been opened up, Astarte raised a loud voice along with her climax.

No, she had been shouting until now, but I guess it just didn’t make a sound.

Although I myself didn’t have much fatigue, my waist was about to give out due to the pleasant feeling.

So this is the power of a Succubus..... is what I thought, but then I suddenly noticed.

.....Astarte had lost consciousness.

Squeezing out the remaining semen, when I wiped it off as if trying to insert it in Astarte’s soft hair, Astarte finally regained consciousness.

On the floor of the other side of the bed, her love juices created a large stain and steam was rising from it.

“.....Ahh, aahh..... Eliott..... samaa.....”

It seemed that she lost consciousness for only a short time.

Her limbs that had lost their strength slowly regained their strength, and she got up.

“Astarte, although it seems you haven’t sobered up yet..... You still, haven’t had enough, right?”

Although I had already released quite the huge load, it still wasn’t enough.

And, I already knew that Astarte wasn’t a partner that would be satisfied with only having it released in her mouth.

“.....Yes, my fire has been lit.”

While licking up the remaining semen on her lips, she bewitchingly smiled.

It was already late into the night, and the moon had passed its zenith.

Although the seasons had passed winter, for a body that was covered in sweat, the air was still cold.

If we were to open a window, we would probably freeze.

“That being said, if we stay like this after having finished, it feels like we’ll catch a cold.”

I piled up kindling in the fireplace that this room was equipped with, and using tongs, I threw in charcoal that was placed in some thick ceramics.

Because it had been left alone for a while, the charcoal that the innkeeper had tactfully gone out of their way to heat up beforehand had almost let the fire go out.

However, the fire had not completely gone out yet, and it had somehow ignited the kindling and accomplished its duty.

The flames of the fireplace illuminated the inside of the room, and decorated the approaching Astarte’s naked body with shadows.

“Eliott-sama..... Instead of looking after the fire, please look after me.”

Her supple fingers twined around my head.

Embracing me from my back, she sweetly bit at my earlobe.

It seemed that she either sobered up, or her sexual desires surpassed it.

There was no mistake that Astarte's screams were heard by close to half of the inn's residents.

In the end, we took quite a bit of time after that, and I poured semen inside of Astarte at least twice.

After that, maybe because the two of us used up all our strength, without wiping off the semen or fixing up our clothes, we slept like logs while still naked.

CHAPTER 31

WATERGATE CITY ABRAM: THE NOON OF THE PARADE

“Elliott-sama, my head hurts.....”

“Well, if you drink that much, of course you’ll get a hangover..... Moreover, after making that much of a clamor.....”

“Ah, um, I am sorry about that..... It was because boisterous merrymaking was the usual on the other side.”

Astarte was being unusually embarrassed, but since it’s been awhile since I got the upper hand so it felt a bit good. At the time we left the inn, the owner loudly raised their voice to say “Looks like you had fun last night” and other unneeded things while making a wry smile. Even I was embarrassed by this, but, well, since they say that you should scrape away the embarrassments of a journey, I decided to not worry about it.

Nevertheless, I wonder just what kind of lifestyle the Demon World lifestyle is. It feels like it’s really decadent, but I can’t reach the judgement if that was just because of my father’s lineage, or if the entire Demon World was like that. I don’t know what kind of social position Astarte had, or what kind of person my father was..... But worrying about that is just a luxurious story. First off, let’s think about our future course.

“.....Elliott-sama, it would seem that there is a crowd in front of us.”

Certainly, on the road that headed towards Abram’s central plaza, a great number of people was crowded together. What could also be heard was the sound of trumpets and the neighs of horses. Was there a parade or something? When we tried to get closer, we came across soldiers that were assembled in their ranks and about to march towards the castle. Since the head of that group had just passed right in front of us, what was held up high was Count Abram’s family crest and the Church’s holy symbol. It was there that I was able to understand. This was an army to be dispatched in order to subjugate me.

“.....!”

I was somehow able to subdue the scream that I felt like I was going to let out. Even though I could understand with my reasoning that it would be of no use to make any needless suspicions here, my heart was pounding, and I couldn't gather my thoughts. The difference in our numbers was overwhelming. Both the mercenaries that attacked the mining village and the Red Crows, they were groups that were on a scale of 10 people at most. However, this time was different. As military force, they might not be on a large scale. But even so, they are a number close to ten times bigger than what we've encountered until now. This wasn't my first time experiencing everything before my eyes going dark, but it isn't something I want to get used to. I was grateful that Astarte, who was beside me, gently supported my back.

“This is..... an incredible number.”

“.....I didn't think that they would make their move this fast, but the movements of troops are actually pretty slow. If we hurry and return now, we'll be able to gain a few days of time, you know?”

Although she was holding her head from the hangover that had yet to leave her, I was finally able to regain my composure from Astarte's voice, who was much calmer than I currently was.

“.....True, it will take some time for a large number of people just to move about, so that just might be the case.”

Think, think. If I lose my composure, it will make surviving more difficult. For me who is unable to fight by myself, thinking is the only way that will become profitable.

“.....Looking at them, I don't believe that it will be all of them going. This is surely nothing more than an event to make an appeal for a departure to the frontlines to people of the town.”

Astarte saw that I was brooding over things, and added on information that I probably didn't know. I was thankful for that. Thinking while talking about things made it easier for my thoughts to gather. Since the surroundings were noisy, there was probably no problem with being heard by someone if we're just having a conversation in the middle of the crowd.

“What is your reason for thinking that?”

“First, I cannot see the figures of a unit that would perform the transportation of goods among them. Unlike mercenaries and Adventurers that walk while carrying several days’ worth of provisions individually, armies are generally accompanied by units that specialize in supplies.”

True... I only have a smattering degree of knowledge on strategy and tactics, since I am a person of business, I was able to understand the things about logistics.

“I see. Certainly, that is probably the reason why they are headed to the plaza in front of the castle. Going by this trend, the destination of this parade is the audience plaza at the city’s center. I suppose it is something like a ceremony to receive the command once again from Margrave Abram.”

“That is most likely the case. It’s just past noon right now, so the army’s marching speed isn’t that fast. To begin with, since the main fighting power is the infantrymen, you should anticipate they will be moving on foot.”

“So the cavalrymen..... there are around ten of them. Do they serve as messengers?”

“They are probably the commanding officer’s guard. The person wearing the feathered helmet at the center is probably the commanding officer.”

“That is probably Count Abram’s niece that we heard about yesterday. She has a holy symbol hanging on her, and she matches the Temple Knight description.”

The commanding officer was a petite, armored personage. I couldn’t confirm her face and figure with the helmet, but I would certainly be able to agree if I were told that she was a woman. She had a practical chainmail and a metal chest plate that had little decorations. On the flashy deep crimson surcoat that she wore on top of all that, the Church’s holy symbol was embroidered with golden thread. I do not know what kind of person she is, but reactions of the people of Abram was by no means bad. It would seem that it was true that she was popular with the common people. At the commanding officer’s side, there was a female officer of arms that was probably following as the adjutant. On the other side, there was a middle aged man that looked like a Cleric. There were four suit mail armored cavalrymen that seemed to be Abram knights and looked like they were more experienced with fighting than the

commanding officer. The remaining cavalrymen wore lightweight leather armor and possessed small sized horseback bows and trumpets. It seemed that these were the messenger soldiers.

I desperately tried to remember from the smattering knowledge that I got from Gustave and the mercenaries in the past and from the second-hand knowledge on anything related to the army. There was a little more than ten cavalrymen, with only a portion wearing metal armor, and there were about twenty regular infantrymen equipped with ceremonial swords and shields. There were twenty soldiers who, although their outfits were sporadic, had fairly substantial equipment..... these were probably a group of mercenaries that were hired as one. The rest was made up of infantrymen that wore supplied uniform leather armor that clearly didn't match their bodies and carried spears.

An army of close to 100 would perform a one way, one-week march. In other words, at the very least, there was a need to transport fourteen days' worth of food for 100 people for a round trip as well as camping tools and bedding. Most likely, around ten wagons would be prepared. In that case, at least ten pack horses would be needed, and fodder and water for those horses would need to be transported. Both maintaining and making use of an army have enormous costs. The knights and mercenaries probably take care of their horses and equipment out of their own expenses, but the regular infantrymen are either ones that the knights hired to be their subordinates or Count Abram's subordinates. Most likely, the equipment of the infantrymen that were probably recruited from the neighboring villages were provided by Count Abram, and a considerable amount of money must have disappeared from just their food expenses and such. Even the mercenaries' hiring expense was considerably high.

"Could it be that they are making the numbers balance by making the mercenaries and regular infantrymen the main battle force while making the other infantrymen be the guards for the pack horses and do things that aren't all that difficult?"

"Just from looking at their current equipment, that's what it looks like. Since it looks like there are few longbow soldiers, things will be relatively better."

I had no objections with Astarte's comment, projectile weapons are bad news in general.

“They do say that considerable strength is needed to use a longbow, so aren’t they just finding it difficult to gather enough of them..... After all, from what I’ve heard from Gustave, it’s said that research is being conducted on a weapon that will pull a bow’s string with a mechanism that uses springs and pulleys. It looks like it’s already completed on the technical level, though it’s now a question of whether it can be mass produced or not..... In all likelihood, wouldn’t it work just like a poison needle trap?”

“.....That must be a disgrace for the knights.”

While we were talking about such things, my shaken up spirit calmed down by a certain extent, and although the militiamen were the greater part of the army, there was close to forty regular soldiers and mercenaries. Since the knights will most likely be the commanding officer’s guard, even if I were to leave them aside, it’s at the very least a fighting force that is four times bigger compared to the Red Crows that came half a year earlier. Moreover, maybe because of the commanding officer’s popularity, the support of the people of the town is also cheerful, and from what I could see, the army’s morale was high.

In any case, the one thing I understood is that there is no hope of winning against them by clashing with them from the front.

CHAPTER 32

WATERGATE CITY ABRAM: THE KNIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE PLAZA

As if being pushed by the flow of people, we arrived at the plaza. Well, even if we were to hurry and leave the town now, it wouldn't make much of a difference so I don't really mind, and we'll profit if we can understand their marching plans from the speech. The plaza was already crowded with residents and travellers with burning curiosities, and the outer circumference was overflowing with people. Isn't that about ten percent of the town's population present?

Watergate City Abram has a fixed population of several tens of thousands of people, and is the largest city in this region. So in other words, since it's probably about the same number as the flowing population of peddlers and travelers, there's probably an estimation of fifty thousand humans that exists throughout the entire city. The city's central plaza has a large river that flowed through the city at its back, and was in front of the Margrave's castle. According to Gustave, it's supposedly a modest castle despite it belonging to the Margrave, but it looks colossal to me. The reason why it was in front of the river was probably due to being used to fight against the savage tribes that once lived in the remote regions. Today, a rampart was created on the other side of the river as well, and an area called the new urban area now existed, but I can somewhat understand how this castle also acted as a wall to protect the citizens from the savage tribes that were once on the other side of the river.

The plaza was wide enough to make me think that another castle could fit inside it, and that it would take several minutes to walk from one bridge to another. As expected, even though it is an army of 100 people, within this plaza, it doesn't look all that big. At the center of the plaza, there was a slightly elevated area which was probably the stage that Shiro and Sara had mentioned before. There were stories of how troupes and master musicians would climb up and hold events there on festival days..... In the village, the village mayor would just bring a stepladder out to the plaza and climb on top of that. That's what I remembered of the past.

As I thought about such things, cryers wearing flashy decorative hats ran about, proclaiming that the ceremony for dispatching troops was about to start now. To begin with, human voices are weak except for cases of resounding voices that permeate well even in discord like Gustave's voice, a human's voice doesn't reach all that far. And with these many people making a clamor, there was probably no way a conversation being exchanged at the middle of the plaza could be heard. Since I finally installed some fixed type message relaying magic tools in my dungeon, I've been able to hear the sounds of other rooms while staying in my own room, but well, that sort of thing can't be done normally.

Also, the percentage of humans that are able to read isn't that high. Since mercenaries are involved with the calculation of their pay, they are able to read almost all the numerical characters, but the ones that are able to read letters are around ten percent. On the other hand, peddlers have a need to look at contracts, so almost all of them can read letters. Depending on the situation, there are also cases where they are able to understand multiple languages. As the language and letters used in this country is generally shared with the neighboring countries, there isn't too much trouble, but it seems that there are many hardships in communicating when deals are being made with distant countries.

In a farming village, the percentage of people that can read letters is even lower, and it's probably commonplace for only the priest of the local Church to be able to read letters. With the gift of having my mother's education, it was considerably fortunate that I was able to read letters ever since I was small. Incidentally, among the current members of my dungeon, Astarte, Sara, and I are able to read letters, and although Dahlia is unable to read letters, I am teaching her how to read and write as necessary. Due to the nature of Shiro's job of thief, she is able to read letters if it's just at the level of words, but it seems that she's bad at reading long sentences, but ultimately, the literacy rate was high.

Thus, even if a proclamation is issued and made into a notice at the plaza, a majority of the people are unable to read it. The cryers are lower grade government officials that tell those people what has been decided and what they should do..... or that is how it is supposed to be. After all, even if I know about it through my knowledge, this is my first time seeing the real thing, so I would like to be forgiven for that.

“This is an announcement to the people of Abram! Margrave Abram, together with the Church, has come to a single decision. About half a year earlier, the village that was about seven days away from Abram and had once conducted mining operations, Grandol, was overthrown by fearsome demons!”

Grandol. The village that I was born and raised in had that sort of name. If one didn't leave the village, there wouldn't be any need to know its name. Also, if one didn't converse with mercenaries and peddlers, there was no reason for its residents to know the name. Though, it had become a village that has no residents.

“It is said that the demons have built a nest there, and plunge the travelers that pass through the vicinity into fear!”

In several places around the plaza, numerous cryers spoke the same content. Other than a few of the residents of the neighboring villages near my mining village, it is probable that the residents of Abram had no knowledge about the existence of such a village, or that demons now resided in it.

The people began to chatter and sounded worried..... Well, being a week's journey away is a distance that they normally wouldn't go through, but as a real feeling, it was “a distance that they could understand that they existed”. Demons were at that place..... even if they didn't actually have a significant fighting power..... once it was known that they were present, well, of course the people would become worried.

“Count Abram was saddened, had an investigation performed, and made it so that the demons do not come to our vicinity!”

Well now, I don't think that anything like that was done though.....? Maybe because of my puzzled expression that had frankly floated up onto my face, Astarte supplemented the contents of the cryer's speech.

“That's just him saying whatever he likes since nothing has happened until now. But even so, since nothing hasn't really happened, and it calms the people's worries, it's probably a fairly effective measure.”

Hearing her say that, I started thinking. Up until now, the people had no information about this..... Ahh, I see.

“If they have information, it will make them feel like a decision can be made, it’s that sort of thing, right?”

“Politics can’t be done with only information that provoke fear..... Besides, the words that continue after this will.....”

The cryer loudly raised his voice.

“However, there has been news that the demon forces are growing larger by the day, so Count Abram has already made a decision! For the sake of Abram’s, as well as the surrounding villages and towns’ safety, there has been a decision to dispatch Abram’s army for the subjugation of the demons!”

I see, they spread terror, and then talk about something that will make the people feel relieved afterwards. That was the reason for the dispatchment of the troops this time..... it is likely the solution that they decided to take. It seems that the guy that wrote this scenario properly did the calculations.

“The one that will be taking command this time is Count Abram’s niece of a distant relative and a Holy Knight that have received the title of Temple Knight from the great temple of the western large city of Palmira, the astute Princess Olivia! In addition, Abram’s knights are.....”

Olivia. It isn’t a name that was all that rare, but suddenly, I remembered something from the past. A friend from when I was young that had the exact name, I wonder if she was doing well somewhere?

“Eliott-sama, it has started. The elder that climbed on stage is probably the current Count Abram. In addition, there’s the military service priest, the commanding officer, and the one on the side is the officer of arms.....?”

Maybe because she wasn’t sure of who was what, Astarte looked a bit puzzled. However, my eyes were already glued to the stage.

The female commanding officer had undone her decorated helmet and held it under her arm. It was rare in this region, but she had somewhat short black hair that looked faintly green when light shone on it. Readjusting a decoration made out of glass that the intelligentsia would sometimes wear called glasses (to be accurate, it was a tool

that aided eyesight), the one that accepted the holy symbol from the priest and the scepter decorated with jewels from the count..... looked really similar to that particular girl that I hadn't met since over ten years ago.

"Everyone of Abram as well as the knights and soldiers that have gathered for the sake of protecting Abram and the surrounding villages. I give my thanks to you all, and, may you all have God's and the Church's blessing."

Even though we were separated by over 100 meters, Commanding Officer Olivia's voice permeated very well. And then, although that voice was naturally a bit different from the past, it was really similar to that girl's voice.

"At this time, I have taken command of the unit that will subjugate the demons that have nested in Grandol. I am Count Abram's distant relative, and the one appointed Temple Knight by the Palmira Great Temple, Olivia. That village is a place where my late mother's relative had once lived in, as well as a profoundly memorable place that I spent my summers in as a child. Therefore, I am very saddened by the tragedy that had befallen it..... I feel angry against those evil demons and their ruler."

Voices of surprise and sympathy leaked out from the people due to that unexpected confession. She was a Princess of tragedy – her hometown which was her treasured place was overrun by demons. It sounded too good to be true, but there was no mistake that the masses liked these sorts of tales. Olivia..... in the past, I called that girl Olivie.....

Her declaration had absolutely no grandiose gestures mixed in, nor anything that sounded like she was trying to draw in sympathy, rather, she had a detached voice. But, it felt like there was a bit of loneliness in that voice of hers..... Then again, that just might be me wanting to be under that impression.

"However, this battle is not something that I can fight with just because of my own personal vendetta. Most importantly, any potential damage to the surrounding villages must be prevented. In addition, if there are demons that appears too close to the national border, this also becomes a national problem."

I see, so there is that point of view as well. I had been doing things so that we wouldn't be an influence on the surroundings as much as possible, but now that she mentions

it, since we are taking in accomplices of smuggling across the national border, I can't refute the possibility of that becoming a problem.

"Therefore, I shall make an oath right here to the River Goddess and the Gods of Light. We shall defeat the evil demons and regain peace!"

I had heard that in the Temple Chivalric Orders of the Palmira Great Temple, there were three chivalric orders that received the names of three pillar Gods, which were the River Goddess, the Flame War God, and the Large Tree Virtuous Elder, but seemed like Olivia belonged to the chivalric order of the River Goddess just because she is a woman. With all due respect, I would like to think that the chivalric order of the Flame War God is organized for substantial military affairs while the other two are for support military power but..... I still don't know about their abilities.

Nonetheless, my doubts have been settled with this. That commanding officer is; the enemy presently that is attacking my dungeon is... The girl that was my only friend when I was a human.

CHAPTER 33

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: SHADOW OF AN ASSASSIN

Early next morning, we left Abram at around daybreak. There were several things that I wanted to set before the army leaves the town. It would take a normal traveler one week to reach the mining village from Abram. As for the march of an army that is bringing wagons, when thinking about it, would it take them roughly two more days to get there? Since there is a somewhat large town en route, I could predict that they would stay one more day there. Taking those things into consideration, we could probably return to the dungeon about two days faster without having to do anything. The feeling of wanting to make practical use of that time to do something might be me being a coward.

Around the time we advanced half a day away from Abram, we started setting up. In the middle of the highway that the army would probably travel along, I searched for a spot in the forest where I could look down on the highway, while being hard to detect. If I could create a hiding spot within there, the preparations would be complete. And then, on the side of the highway, I had a small group of Skeletons that I had somehow been able to call out be on standby. Of course, I gave them as much camouflage as possible by covering them with the branches of trees so that they wouldn't immediately be discovered.

I don't have a single reason to believe that I will be able to win with these soldiers numbering less than ten. As for what the purpose this all served, it was because I wanted to know about the opposing group's fighting power and tactics. If I were to speak honestly, I would like to shave off a bit of their fighting force, but this is probably nothing but avarice.

"It will probably be about ten more minutes until the army's advance team passes through. What shall we do?"

“Since it would be of no use to meaninglessly kill the reconnaissance soldiers, we’ll leave them alone if we discover them. Once the main force passes, we’ll have them make a surprise attack from the flank.”

While we were attentively watching the situation from a distance, , Astarte whispered to me with a low voice, maybe because she noticed something.

“Even deeper than the spot where the Skeletons are, someone is there..... Could it be..... a scout?”

“Eh? That means that there’s someone else around here, right?..... Do you think we’ve been discovered?”

“No, it would seem that came here just now. It looks like they haven’t noticed us yet but..... they might be noticed by the Skeletons. Nevertheless, it is strange.”

After doing a bit of thinking, I immediately thought of the reason Astarte was doubtful.

“True, if they were scouts of the Abram army, they came from the opposite direction.”

“Eliott-sama, does anything come to mind? From the story you told me yesterday, you and that commanding officer were friends from when you were small.”

The tone of her voice was a little intense. Last night, I explained to her that Olivia was an acquaintance from the past, but from the fact that Astarte’s mood has subtly not been good since that time, could it be that she’s jealous?

“There are several possibilities. One, they are from a neighboring village and on a pleasure trip. But, if that were the case, they would be closer to the highway and should be going to a place where they can see better. Another one would be the possibility that they came to exterminate the Skeletons that I summoned. Someone being made to guard the expeditionary force from the shadows..... if it were something like that, it might be a possible story. However, in that case, the possibility that we were noticed is also high, but there are no signs of anyone standing watch of us as of now..... right?”

If that’s the case, the one with the highest possibility is.....

“Could it be that they intend to meddle with the expeditionary force for a different objective than us?”

“That possibility does seem high..... There is the possibility that unbeknownst to us, someone chose to make an ambush at the same spot by coincidence. After all, the world of nobles doesn’t just end with everything being clean.”

Bothered with that phraseology, I asked about it.

“.....I’m not good with roundabout ways of speaking. If you were able to make some kind of conjecture, could you tell me about it?”

After making a small pause, Astarte answered me.

“For a dangerous expedition like this even if there was an unfortunate accident, no one would question it. After all, this expeditionary force is going to fight against dangerous demons.”

“.....I see. In this case, Olivia the noble, who has value in being targeted, has the highest possibility of being the target. But, why?”

This is what I didn’t really understand. Why would someone do an act that would be profitable to me?

“The townspeople were gossiping about it even in Abram. That this time, there might be some political background in how that commanding officer with no military service records was chosen. That’s right, the army moved, and exterminated the demons. This would be a fully-fledged military gain, and something honorable. Most likely, this is just to officially recognize that commanding officer, who is a woman, is being ushered in to be Margrave Abram’s successor as an adopted child.”

Astarte’s words were too indifferent that I couldn’t see any emotion behind them. However, if the contents of what she was saying matched with that aim, the situation would even seem cruel.

“.....In order to steal the inheritance rights, they’ll assassinate her, is that what it means?”

“Count Abram’s biological children have all died, haven’t they? I wouldn’t say all of them, but most likely several of them were assassinated. That’s just how nobles are. Whether they are human or whatever, that will never change.”

I was finally able to see some emotion in Astarte’s words, but they were cold enough for me to get a faint chill..... Or maybe she just looked sad.

“Wait. I want a bit of time to think. There isn’t enough evidence to judge what kind of profit there is for this.....”

“Eliott-sama, unfortunately, there isn’t any time..... They’ve come.”



Speaking from the conclusion, Olivia’s commanding ability was not a bluff nor was it a decoration. Her own fighting ability didn’t seem all that high, but thanks to her ability to make instant judgements, she was able to grasp the troops movements and the opponent’s fighting force. Even how she walked around the surroundings in order to uplift the morale, everything she performed was done at an above average level. Since I was only able to see her in action once, it was too early to make a judgement on everything with just that, but the small group of Skeletons that succeeded in their surprise attack from the flank were only able to make a few injuries to the enemy infantrymen that clashed with them head on, and were crushed without being able to inflict much damage. Olivia was the owner of a commanding ability that would choose victory on top of doing the utmost to avoid injuries to the soldiers.

The hidden third force seemed to have aimed for Olivia just as Astarte pointed out. Since their movements stopped when the Skeletons made their attack, it seems that they didn’t notice the existence of the Skeletons.

However, their movements after that were fast. Seeing the melee that had started, they changed their location under the cover of it all and conducted some sniping from the inside of the forest with a small sized bow. That fired shot that was probably aimed at Olivia ended in a misfire thanks to an elderly knight waiting nearby to protect her, and it all ended with only that one knight getting light injuries. Since they immediately made their escape once the fired shot ended, those were probably the movements of someone familiar with this sort of job.

.....There were several pieces of information that I got from here:

That the third force..... That the assassin was an individual, or even if they weren't, only had a few cooperative workers. That since the direction they were headed to was in the direction of my dungeon, so there was the possibility that I would eventually come in contact with them. That they most likely did not notice our presence. Even with only obtaining this information, the situation has become quite profitable for me. Once I return to the dungeon, if there was anyone that would come to contact me..... There's probably no mistake that I would be seeing the comrades of this assassin first.

That being said, only this amount of information isn't enough. Also, my desire to talk with my former friend was unusually strong. Though that might be considered naive. Though she might have already forgotten about me. Though she might become allied with enemies the next time we meet..... As the expeditionary force adjusted their ranks and started to move, we also departed from that site.



In a place that was only four more days between Abram and my dungeon, there was a town with a population of about 500 people. It was the only town that I had once gone to together with my mother other than my hometown, but compared to Abram, it was too small..... Well, it was wrong to compare it to Abram which has the leading population count within the country in the first place.

It was just past noon of the second day of our stay here when the expeditionary force arrived at this village. Since this was made known to the village beforehand, a campground for the expeditionary force to use was created in the plaza on the outskirts of the town. Even that vast site where people gathered for a summer festival got filled in no time when the 100 troops put up their tents.

Fortunately, since I did not have any acquaintances in this town, I got a lodging while passing myself off as a travelling merchant. When I listened to some stories, it was said that the commanding officer of the expeditionary force and the knights would be lodging at the town headman's house. Well, since they are entertaining nobles, it's probably an honor for them as the town headman, so in a certain way, that's probably only natural.

My plan to meet face-to-face with Olivia was stopped by Astarte. However, although this is due to my selfishness, it was also needed for the meaning of obtaining information. After coming to the conclusion that the risks were low, since my identity hadn't been exposed, I ended up pushing my will through.

Visiting the town headman's house, when I sought a face-to-face meeting at the entrance, the young soldier that received me at the beginning made a dubious face. Well, that's reasonable. The middle aged knight and the young woman (though I say that, she's probably a bit older than me) officer-of -arms made even more dubious faces. I honestly told them that I was from the mining village, and that although Olivia might not remember, I was a former acquaintance of hers. And then, though it was a bit inaccurate, I told them that I ran away from the village on the very day that the incident happened, and conveyed that I would be able to provide information on the town even if it was only a little.

The officerofarms woman made a blatantly troubled-looking face, but the knight showed an interest in getting the information on the geography. Furthermore, maybe because they showed an interest in my words of being an acquaintance of the past, but for now I would like for them to not have any expectations, so I tried asking just for the sake of trying.

"Well then, could you tell Olivia..... -sama this. That, the son of the inn that always wore a hat has come to visit."

When the knight went back inside of the house, the officer-of-arms breathed a sigh and glared at me.

"You may be a friend of hers from the past, but that is something from more than ten years ago. Olivia-sama is already living her life as a noble. I would like for you to avoid anything that would disturb that person's livelihood but....."

She wasn't impolite, but she didn't hold back either. She was the type that would say, "since your social statuses are different, bear that in mind".

Well, she was probably raised to the noble's lady-in-waiting. Since it was only natural for her to hate it when a strange bug arrives if she were Olivia's attendant and lady-in-waiting, I didn't mind it too much. Of course I had feelings of missing her and wanted

to meet with her, but more than that, I also had the objective of obtaining information on the expeditionary force.

At that time, a voice called out saying

“Eliott-dono, were you granted a face-to-face meeting with the commanding officer-dono?”

From behind me. Astarte in the nun outfit that I saw her in when I first met her was there.

“Ara, Nun-sama, what sort of relationship might you have with this merchant-dono?”

The officer-of-arms made a face that said that things had become more troublesome, but even so, she made an inquiry to Astarte with a voice that saved only respect towards staff of the temple.

“You must be from the expeditionary force, may the Gods’ blessing reach you all..... I have come from the northern frontier, and have come here only recently. The mother, this Eliott-sama’s mother had helped me greatly in the past. As his mother had passed away, I thought to pay my respects and travelled to this region but..... Although I was fortunate to be granted a meeting with her son by chance in this town, I did not think that his village would be attacked by demons, so I was thinking about what I should do.”

.....Well, if I were to plunge in with deep questions, holes in her story would appear, but Astarte was covering me in her own way. Once we seized information from the third force, the authenticity would increase..... Though there was no guarantee that that third force weren’t accomplices.

The officer of arms stared at me and Astarte with eyes that seemed to be evaluating us. There was no warmth in those eyes. And it felt as if a coldheartedness, like she were looking at merchandise or prey, resided within them. If this officer of arms was also a noble, then the world of nobles must be frightening. As I was absentmindedly thinking that, the middle aged knight from a short while ago came back accompanied by a young man that looked like an attendant.

CHAPTER 34

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:

CONVERSATION WITH THE COMMANDING OFFICER

“Ooi, you said that you were called Eliott-dono, right? It looks like Olivia-sama will meet with you. After all, it seems that you’re a close friend of her’s from the past, aren’t ya! To be able to meet with a survivor of the village with this kind of timing, how auspicious. Since you can’t take too much time visiting, by all means, put some pep in your step.”

.....Rather, I’m surprised. By the fact that Olivia remembered me, but also by the defenselessness of this knight. Since they were attacked and nearly assassinated just a few days ago, I thought that they should have more of an air of tension.

The Officer of Arms glared my way, but I pretended to not notice that and passed by her.

Astarte, having nothing to do here, returned to the inn. The attendant held my luggage, and then the middle-aged knight, the attendant and I preceded inside the house.

“.....Now then, I don’t know what it you were thinking when you came here.”

The middle-aged knight looked back and addressed me. In an instant, I was pinned down by his strong gaze, and stood up straight. We were in the middle of the short passageway, the window frame was small, and the attendant was at my back. Naturally, I was weaponless. If something were to happen, there was no escape..... I guess that was a bit careless.

“That being said, your movements, no matter how I look at them, I don’t see you being an assassin.”

The knight softened his expression, and started talking.

“After all, if you were an assassin or a mercenary, your body would have probably moved from my bloodlust just now.”

“.....I was harshly criticized for not having that sense by a mercenary captain that I got to know at the inn.”

“Ha ha ha, that’s exactly right. But, thanks to that, my doubts were lessened considerably. We don’t want any assassins getting close to our princess after all..... Come to think of it, what you said earlier, that wearing a hat and so on, what kind of spell was that? The moment she heard that, the young lady remembered your name before I could even say it you know?”

.....He really got me. It seems that the title of knight isn’t just for show. Probably, if this knight were to actually fight, he would probably be considerable strong. If he were to clash with the Orc Leader, I don’t know if we could win or not..... In addition, his manner of speech might not be very good, but this knight is probably a good person.

I wasn’t too happy that the opponent I would be fighting against from here on was a virtuous person. That’s why, since it was something that Olivia knew anyway, I just went and said this upfront.

“.....I have a bit of Demon blood flowing in me, and I have small horns growing on my head. Because of that, I was chastised in the village when I was a child. Only Olivie..... Ah, no, Olivia-sama, who occasionally came to play, could be said to be my only friend..... Well, it’s a pretty lame story.”

Saying that, I took my hat off. They weren’t big but I made it so that my small horns protruded out from my hair and could be seen. The knight opened his eyes wide, and I could tell that the attendant behind me had stiffened up.

“.....I see, so our princess has some pretty unusual friends. But, I don’t hate that about you. Despite not having much physical strength, strangely enough, you have guts. After all, even after being together with that Officer of Arms-dono with a terrible personality, you’ve got a composed face.”

When he said that, the knight guffawed. It looks like that Officer of Arms and this person don’t get along very well.....

“Well, seeing as how I’m a merchant, I’ve become quite thick skinned.”

Becoming somewhat congenial, we arrived at Olivia's office. The one that was there was, that girl, who hadn't changed from that time.



"Eliott, so you were safe! I was really surprised when I heard about you earlier!"



The one that rushed over was a girl that had grown taller from back then, and had become much more beautiful from back then too. Her black hair was cut short above her shoulders, and she wore smallish glasses. Maybe because her fatigue was building, there was a bit of shade underneath her eyes, but other than that, she seemed to be healthy..... She had taken her armor off since it was a peaceful time, and although she was wearing thick clothes that had a bit of an effect as a guard, it instead made her body line more prominent. She had a childish body that matched her age at that time, and since we were both very young, there were times where we played in the water completely naked, but when I started thinking from there, and how she turned out to get a really feminine figure, I truly felt the flow of what was close to ten years.

“Even though our heights were practically the same in the past, as expected, it’s a bit frustrating that you overtook me by near half a head.....”

As she kept on talking, she took my hand and tried to pull me along.

“Wait, wait a minute, Olivie! You have something called your position, right? You’ve made me waste my nervousness!”

I ended up scolding her on reflex, but with this, there wasn’t any romantic or charming words in our ten year long reunion.

“.....Wait, even though we’ve finally reunited, why do I have to give you a scolding.”

From these words, the knight burst into laughter. The attendant young man was flabbergasted. Most likely, this young man had only known Olivia as she was as a noble and as the commanding officer. After looking slightly embarrassed, Olivia started over and offered me a seat.

“Ahaha, I’m sorry. I thought that I would never meet you again at that time after all..... And when something like that happened to the village, I even thought that it was already hopeless. But, after suddenly learning that I would meet you here, I.....”

For her to be that worried about me, to be honest, I was happy. I was able to stay a precious friend for Olivia as well.

“I need to be thankful God. It’s been nothing but sad things for me, this is the first time in a while that something cheerful has happened.”

“.....Is that so? From my point of view that knows nothing of your circumstances, you’ve become a noble of Abram, and you’ve become the commanding officer of an army. Since you’re getting ahead in life, it doesn’t look like it’s been nothing but bad things to me..... Well, since I don’t know about your circumstances, there are probably things that I don’t see as well.”

“Well..... There are various things. While I do think that you’ve had some terrible things happen as well, I’m also going through some hardships as well.”

“I was surprised when I heard that you were a Temple Knight of the River Goddess. That tomboy Olivie is?..... That’s what I thought.”

“Hold on, don’t start talking about the past! Besides, the one that taught me nothing but how to play by running around the hills and fields was you.”

For a while, things really bloomed into a talk about foolish past stories. Right now, I wasn’t a Dungeon Master, and right now, she wasn’t the commanding officer of the expeditionary force. Truly..... I truly laughing from the bottom of my heart for the first time in a while. That being said, neither of us could stay as children.

“.....Now then, the reason why I came looking for you this time wasn’t to make talk about the past. By some chance, I came here with information that might be of use to you. At the very least, there is a person here that knows about the terrain of the village and information on the buildings from before the incident happened one year ago.”

Around the time that the attendant poured a second helping of tea, I switched topics. Olivia also switched expressions, and it now became the expression of the commanding officer of the expeditionary force. The middle-aged knight that was watching over the two of us while smiling up until now (though I say that, since he was armed and always kept his hand on his sword, he was probably being cautious of me and the surroundings) also leaned his body forward and turned his attention to what I had to say.

What I told them, although it wasn’t everything, was the cause of what destroyed the village and my current state. About how mercenaries were called in order to exterminate some demons and wild animals, but had instead burned the village down the night they came. About how I managed to escape all that since my own house was

outside of the village. About my lifestyle of barely scraping by and peddling magic tools with connections like the mercenary captain Gustave.

Once I sketched out a map of the village and created a simple drawing as far as the mine, Olivia and the knight were greatly delighted. As expected, they seemed to understand just how much strategic value this map possessed. Also, when I showed them several magic tools that I brought along in addition to that, since it seemed that not just Olivia but also the knight showed interest, they bought several tools..... Things like daggers with long flying distances and gloves that make it hard for water to pass through them, they were small tools that I originally thought I would sell off to Gustave.

“.....By the way, Elliott-dono. Would you have any antidotes?”

When it was close to the end of visiting hours, the middle-aged knight, who introduced himself as Gaspar, asked me that. Unfortunately, medicinal goods weren't my forte.

I might be able to obtain some if I asked Astarte or Sara, but I currently did not carry any with me. When I told that to him, the knight nodded looking a bit disappointed.

The knight opened the door, and together with the attendant, he announced the guest's leaving and stepped outside. When I tried to leave the room, Olivia grabbed my hand from behind. Since I didn't have eyes at the back of my head, I didn't see her face.

That hand of hers trembled a bit.

“Eliott..... I, am glad that I met with you. Although we might not be able to meet with you, again..... don't forget about me.”

That, timid voice was. It was clearly a voice that had a premonition about something.

“.....Olivie. Before you head to the dungeon, I want you to stop by my house. The loft that we always played in, on the second floor. In there, if it's still safe, there is a small pendant, with a glass bead fitted into it. It's something I produced, and if it still remains there, by all means, I want you to attach it to the back of your armor or something. Although it's only a bit, it has magical power confined in it..... It will at least become a protective charm.”

By going on ahead, I could set something up. From the words the knight said earlier. The perpetrator of the attack that used a small size bow, and the elderly knight that I was unable to meet with here. Putting together the unspoken information with the information I knew, I could see a single picture.

“.....Olivie. Is the life of a noble, painful for you?”

“.....If I were to run away, my father’s position would be gone. The development of that village’s mine, is closely related to Abram’s development..... The fact that demons have settled down there, it threatens Count Abram’s political life.”

My breathing stopped from those words. So Olivia was suffering just because I was alive.

“But, in truth, that is a false accusation, and there are only people that want the rights to Abram. If I fail this time, the responsibility will fall on Count Abram, and his head will be replaced. Even if I succeed, some noble will just make me his wife and try to snatch Abram away..... If only, I were born as a boy..... That’s what I’ve often thought. If only, I weren’t the illegitimate child of a noble, that’s what I’ve often thought.”

I see, so it wasn’t just because I was here. Even how the mercenaries attacked the village, wouldn’t one of the causes of that be from this. Couldn’t the incident such a small village in a remote region be connected to a place like this..... One desire was born. If there is a guy that created this situation and was pulling the strings somewhere. I want to destroy that aim entirely.

“Olivie, I’m glad that we met.”

.....The knight and the attendant still hadn’t come back. Maybe because I was one of the few people that Olivie let her guard down around, or maybe they considered something more than that, they might be giving us a small bit of time alone.

I turned around, took her hands, and gazed at her face. On the other side of the lens of her glasses, I saw her eyes that were wet with tears.

“Eh.....”

Being a bit forceful, I pulled her hands and hugged her close. I stole her lips, and put my tongue in a bit. It was a light kiss that lasted only a few seconds. I immediately separated from her and turned around.

Although I had done such inhumane actions, raped Sara and Shiro, and live days of indulgence with Dahlia and Astarte..... To be completely honest, I was embarrassed and was unable to look at Olivie's face directly.

"Let's meet again. Surely, in the not so distant future."

Saying only that, I faced the door and started walking. Right then, I heard the attendant's voice call out to me.

CHAPTER 35

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: THE OFFICER OF ARMS' TRAP

"Wait right there."

When I took my leave from the house, I was immediately called out to once I got outside. When I looked over, that Officer of Arms came coming.

"I acknowledge that you are an old friend of Olivia-sama's. But even so, you and Olivia-sama are already people of different worlds. I sincerely ask that you do not forget that fact."

As she said that, she handed over a small cloth bag.

"This is?"

".....If you are a merchant, you should be able to reach a guess. This should become some immediate support. Be grateful to Olivia-sama's kindness, got it?"

After saying only that, the Officer of Arms left. There was a glassy texture inside of the bag. When I looked in, there was an ornamented jewel within. Even with just a cursory glance, it probably had a value that easily surpassed 20 gold coins. Even if I estimated it cheaply, it would become a year's worth of living expenses. This was probably supposed to be settlement money.

.....Blood rushed to my head in anger, but it wouldn't turn into anything even if I returned it now. I thought about throwing it away, but if I were to throw it away here, there was a possibility that it would cause trouble to Olivia's side. While my shoulders trembled, I returned to the inn. I'm sorry for Astarte, but I'll probably be rough tonight.



“This jewel, there’s some kind of trick placed on it..... Moreover, it’s obviously some kind of magic.”

After returning to the inn, entering the room after finishing a light meal, and briefly explaining the situation. I embraced Astarte in order to dispel my anger. I thought that it was a bit wrong of me, but Astarte somewhat enjoyed it. It seems that there are some emotional subtleties that I don’t understand in regards to that area.

Before we went into the second round, right when I showed Astarte the jewel I received from that Officer of Arms, I got this response. With how things look, there is no way it was a normal jewel.

“Astarte, if you were in that Officer of Arms’ position, what would you do?”

“If it was to protect that noble daughter or whatever, it’s rubbish. Thugs are people that will take advantage of you if you show them weakness. Giving money, it will come back and have an opposite effect.”

That Officer of Arms didn’t look that stupid.

“Well then, there is probably some different intention. Just what kind of intention is that though?”

“If she wanted to make it so that an undesirable lover isn’t made, she could either warn the other knights as well, or hire some thugs to attack you. There is no reason to give you a jewel. What you gave to that Commanding Officer was, information on the geography and terrain, and short reminiscent talk..... Ah.”

“Did you come up with something?”

“Elliot-sama, looking from the Officer of Arms’ point of view, how do you look to her?”

The flames of passion disappeared from Astarte’s countenance, and became a face that looked like she was teaching a student.

“Let’s see. Some suspicious guy, a merchant, a money-grubber, Olivia’s past friend..... Ahh, could it be about that?”

There was one thing that came to mind.

If I were in that position, what would I hate? It would be a different acquaintance suddenly appearing among the Commanding Officer's allies. If I were to extort money from them with thugs, the allies would hate me. However, that didn't happen.

Being a friend from the past that I didn't know, it would mean that they would lend the Commanding Officer strength. If that friend were to lend their strength from the bottom of their heart, then that would be joyous. A reason to hate this would be, in the case that my own value would lower against that ally..... A case of jealousy. Going from what I've seen, I couldn't tell if she was that attached to Olivia. If that friend were an enemy spy or an assassin, I would want to quickly drive them away. This time, they would be no different from a thug, but since there was the possibility that allies were being deceived, it was troublesome. However, what about a case that didn't seem that risky?

The other possibility is..... The case where the Officer of Arms was a spy. An uncertain factor that might become an ally would, from the point of view of a spy, be nothing but a possibility for the enemies to increase. In that case, what would she do? She would obviously eliminate me somewhere else.

"Astarte, let's put this jewel in a sealable container and block it off. If I remember correctly, there was a water pouch prepared, right?"

Taking out an emptied water pouch from the luggage and opening the lid, we threw the jewel into the pouch. Taking into account the possibility that gas will spew out, we poured water from a pitcher in, covered the mouth with a leather cloth, tied it with a cord, and closed it with the lid. Being thorough this time, we went further by melting the wax of a candle and sealed the gaps with it. It was just before the end of the day, but we took the water pouch with the jewel outside and hid it within the forest at the outskirts of town. With this, even if something were to happen, I probably wouldn't get caught up in it. Finishing up the task, Astarte and I returned to the inn.

Speaking of only the conclusion, nothing happened the next day. On the early dawn of the following day, gas leaked out from the jewel. When we went to look at the water pouch in the distant location when it became morning, a hole had opened up on the leather water pouch, and several wild bird had died in the surroundings..... It seemed

that it was thorough and had not only spewed out a volatile gas but also spewed out a small quantity of acid or something together with it. Even with it being sealed in a water pouch, if I were inside the same room as this, I would have died. For the time being, there was something that was confirmed with this.

That Officer of Arms, she isn't Olivia's ally or anything. Most likely, the guidance of the assassin from that time was probably the Officer of Arms' deed, and the objective is..... to feign an accident and assassinate Olivia. There has already been one knight that has fallen victim.

There is one thing that the assassins don't know. The fact that the ruler of the Man-Eating Dungeon was unexpectedly Olivia's friend, I don't think that any normal human could think of that.

Therefore, a chance can be born from that. I cannot allow myself to miss that opportunity.

With a quick pace, Astarte and I returned to the dungeon that was our home.

The time until things commence, at most, I estimate two days. I needed to make all of the preparations by then.

CHAPTER 36

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION

What greeted me as I returned to the dungeon was Shiro's passionate caressing and Sara's abusive tongue. Commanding Dahlia to make various preparations, I considered asking the two about the underworld of Abram but..... it seemed that two weeks of abstinence was quite severe for these two. She didn't say any complaints, but even Dahlia was probably sexually frustrated. I'll need to make Dahlia pleased as well afterwards.

"You, turning a person into demon..... training me to have this kind of body, and then neglecting me, unbelievable....."

"Yo'r sho tewible..... Masta's dick, ih's been two hol' weeks."

As I sat down on the couch, Sara and Shiro sat down to my left and right respectively. Now, similar to Dahlia, they were wearing allotted servant outfits that could be called maid outfits, but in regards to Shiro who had a small build and a large chest, her outfit was a bit largish and her tail protruded out from her skirt. Making it so that she placed her chest on my thighs, she buried her face between my legs, and lovingly licked and sucked my penis. And although Sara was salty from the tedium of these past two weeks and complaining, she was cling onto me from the side, and play-biting my ear. Pulling Sara's waist closer to me with my left hand, I stole her lips. And with my right hand, I dishevelled and caressed Shiro's hair, and sometimes caressed her throat.

"Sara, I told you to call me by Goshujin-sama, didn't I?"

After separating from her lips, I made a small scolding to the slightly dazed Sara.

"I, I mean, you are....."

"Do not back talk. Sara, what are you to me? Have you forgotten?"

Occasionally, if I don't make her aware of it like this, the original Sara comes out. The controlling power towards her, it was made with the minimum amount of binding at the moment she was made into a demon. But even so, making her hold respect for me and making her hold loyalty to me are a bit different. For example, seeking loyalty from the Orcs was completely pointless. And for Dahlia and Sara, maybe because it was from their original nature, or maybe because it was a demon trait from when they became demons, their loyalty towards me was high. It could even be said that they were dependent on me. However, Sara's independent spirit was strong, and she would occasionally be disobedient even though I dominated her. Well, although that part of her is also enjoyable, since we can expect that some guests will most likely be coming, I will need her to be able to act maid-like to a certain extent or else her appearance won't match.

"Kuh....."

Making her face go bright red, Sara faltered.

"I see, Sara, could it be that you've lost your loyalty towards me? Shiro, it should be around the time that you're wanting it. Besides, if you do any more than that, I'll let it out in your mouth."

Ignoring Sara, I called out to Shiro who was engrossed in getting my semen out through her fellatio.

Instead of replying with words, she swung her tail remarkably strong, put my penis deep in her throat, and generally rubbed her tongue on it as if to twine around it. After stroking Shiro's ears, I lifted her head up a bit. Looking reluctant to part with it, Shiro separated her mouth from it, and my penis that had hot steam rising from it shook.

When I stood up from the couch, I turned around to look at the two of them, grabbed their heads, and pulled them to my waist.

"Hey.....!"

"Uwah♪"

Being a bit forceful, I stuck my penis in between the two's faces. My penis that was wet and sticky from Shiro's saliva wet Sara's face.

Shiro was delighted, and crept her lips along my penis's shaft as if playing a harmonica. After a while of looking a bit agonized, Sara flutteringly crept the tip of her tongue along the glans of my penis.

"Ugh..... Here I come!"

From the start, I was brought to the limit by Shiro's lips. The reason why I held back was to release it all at once while aiming at their faces and ejaculate. Since we hurriedly returned from that inn, about five days worth of semen flew out. Making a *dopuh* sound, the high viscosity, white liquid scattered about.

"Ah..... Aah, AaAah..... Hot..... the semen, so hot....."

"Ahaha, it's so delicious. Goshujin-sama's semen, it's delicious....."

Shiro, just as usual, licked off the semen that scattered onto Sara's face and started grooming her. Normally, I would gaze at her appearance that looked like a puppy messing around, but today, for the sake of Sara's training, let's change the plan a bit.

Pulling Shiro's arm, I drew her closer to me.

"Sara, stay like that. You aren't allowed to wipe off the semen that's on your face, got it?"

"EH, you, what're you....."

While she was saying that, I made Shiro stand with her back facing me, and spread both of her legs open. Both of Shiro's hands were put on Sara's shoulders, who was still sitting on the couch. Through Sara's eyes, in front of her was Shiro's semen-covered face. Behind that, she saw her back, butt, and tail twitchingly move, and then she saw me standing further behind all of that. Even if my stamina diminished somewhat, there was no way five days worth of sexual desire would be settled with just one ejaculation.

After making it so that my excitedly standing penis could be seen by Sara, I grabbed Shiro's butt cheeks with both hands, and made a declaration.

"Shiro, from here on, I am going to ravish you doggy-style. Which one should I do? Where do you want me to let it out?"

During the past half year, I have been training Sara and Shiro so that they could use their anus as sex organs just like Dahlia. Shiro enjoyed both ways. As for Sara, she might not feel it all that much in the meaning of a pleasant feeling, but she ended up becoming extraordinarily aroused from having her anus raped.

“Todayy..... since it’s been so long, first, I want it in my pussy!”

“.....Roger that.”

Sliding down her wet panties, I obediently thrust my penis into her pussy. As if she had already prepared for it, together with a slippery sensation, my penis was swallowed up by her warm vagina. Shiro’s back sprang up, and when I stopped moving, she slowly lost strength. When I slowly pulled my penis out, a small amount of drool and some heavy breathing leaked out from Shiro’s mouth.

“Aa~, Aa, ah, ah, ao~~, kuun.”

With two, three times of slowly going in and out, her physique stabilized. Freeing up both of my hands that were groping her butt cheeks, I moved a leg forward a bit and grabbed Shiro’s chest. Going on her back as if to cover it, I lightly bit on her fluffy dog ear, and blew into it.

“Fyan! Aah, ah, iyaa, kuan, kuun”

Matching the rhythm that I was inserting my penis with, Shiro’s voice leaped out.

“Shiro..... You, is it that, good? Is Elliott’s cock, that good?”

Having been made to wait, it must have been unbearable for Sara as she was shown the melting Shiro’s face right in front of her. Her breathing had become rough, and when I became aware of it, Sara was licking off the semen that remained on Shiro’s face.



“Nchu..... Puhaa, it smells..... Why, does such smelly semen.....”

“Saraa..... Kiss, kiss mee..... Goshujin-sama’s semen, give it to Shiro tooo.....”

“Shiroo.....”

The second ejaculation was gradually getting closer. This time, there was no need to endure it.

“Shiro, cling onto Sara.”

Shiro had no hesitation in following my words. I freed her upper body, and she clung onto Sara as if she had crumbled down. Both of their lips and tongues stayed intertwined. Holding Shiro’s lower half that now looked like it would crumble in my arms, I fired my cum into the deepest part of her piping hot vagina. *Bikun, doku doku!* (Twitch, gush gush!)

Her waist jumped two, three times, and Shiro’s upper half shook intensely. Her tail jumped straight up, and after a few seconds, it slowly lost strength and crumbled down.

Nevertheless, Shiro, with her lips still on top of Sara’s lips, was lead to climax and fainted.

“Aa, Shiro..... Shi-roo..... That’s no good, you can’t..... make such a slovenly face.....”

Laying Shiro’s body, who had lost all of her strength, down on the bed, Sara started to slurp up the cum that was leaking out from between Shiro’s thighs. The appearance of the former Magician stick her face in between Shiro’s thighs, who only had her panties taken off as far as her knees, and muttering while playing around with her own crotch was cute to the point of being ridiculous.

“Sara, do you think you could tell me what it is you’re doing right now?”

Of course, I could tell just by looking.

“Since your semen was flowing out..... from Shiro’s pussy..... Wait, just what are you making me say ah.”

Before she could finish speaking, my fingers caressed the defenseless Sara's butt, and in order to put my fingers into her vagina, I ended up interrupting Sara's explanation.

"Sara, what would you like me to do?"

".....Fuu, fuu....."

Stuck between bashfulness and sexual desire, Sara's breath became rough. Even after being raped and defiled over the past half year, Sara hadn't discarded this shyness of hers. Even after I fucked Dahlia in front of her eyes while she was being gang raped by the Orcs all night long, Sara's shyness didn't break.

It was for this reason that I would sometimes want to stimulate her shyness like this and enjoy it. Though, the times when I rape her from behind when she's in the middle of compounding medicines (though, as expected, there were times where I wouldn't do it since I knew when it was a truly dangerous time), she would raise a scream loud enough that Shiro would burst in mistaking it for an enemy attack.....

Even while Sara was being conflicted, seeing Sara like that, my penis slowly regained its vitality. As if she was hypnotised, Sara's hand stretched out, her slender fingers grabbed my penis, she brought her face close to it, and her lips..... Just as she was about to do that, I restrained Sara's head.

"Eh, aah..... Nn, why.....?"

"Sara, why do you want it? I won't understand if you don't put it into words, you know?"

Sara's face went one step redder and she glared at me.

"U, um..... Penis..... Dick, cock..... I want to lick it, please..... let me suck on it."

She was probably becoming mismatched with her own words, but, just a bit more.

"Who are you begging to? Sara, what are you to me? Do you not know?"

Once again, Sara made a face that looked like she was about to cry.

“Um..... Sara is, this indecent Sara is, Eliott-sama’s..... Goshujin-sama’s, perverted maid. Your slave.”

She wasn’t troubled on which word was correct. Most likely, Sara was searching for the word to use that would make her the most aroused.

“That’s right. The bitch Sara is Goshujin-sama’s slave.”

When she made her choice, she herself would deny it without fail afterwards, but right now, she made a very delighted face.

“So, what does the bitch and slave Sara want to do?”

“Please..... let me suck on your cock. I also, want to lick it like Shiro did.”

“And after that? Are you fine with just licking it?”

“Ah..... Um, rape..... Please rape me! Whether it’s my pussy or my asshole! A lot, I want to be pounded hard and fast by Goshujin-sama a lot!”

Alright, this much should be fine.

“Then, lay face up on the couch. Open your legs on your own.....”

She probably couldn’t endure it anymore. When Sara laid immediately face up, she spread her long, small legs as if she were holding them up and displayed her crotch. Her thin haired vulva was already kept in suspense, and her panties were already flooded.

Raising her panties up as far as her knees, I placed my penis on her crotch, and rubbed it on her clitoris area several times. Appearing impatient, she raised her butt up and tried to somehow catch my penis. Matching the timing, the moment that Sara raised her butt to my waist with all her might, it penetrated to her deepest part.

“Agah..... Ah, haa..... Ah, aaah.....”

Jyuwa At the same time I felt some warmth, Sara had involuntarily urinated. Below the couch, her piss had dripped down and created a puddle.

“You peed yourself again? Sara, it looks like you need some punishment.....”

She raised a sweet scream. Around the time of my third ejaculation, Sara reached her climax about three times.

CHAPTER 37

THE SPY'S VISIT:

THE VISITOR THERESE

"Abram's Assassin's Guild..... ish it?"

After placing a towel on Sara who had fainted, Shiro, who had regained consciousness, answered my question while cleaning up after our liaison.

"Nn— Although I haven't made direct contact with them, apart from the union of thieves, including the ones that are Adventurers, I have heard that there is a group that specializes in fight scenes. They weren't in Abram since long ago, and seems to have been made only several years ago. If I remember correctly, they would sell illegal drugs..... Things like opium and aphrodisiacs, though a portion of that was handled by the thieves union..... or mediate for unlicensed prostitutes, but it's said that that is all a front. It was rumored that they would be connected to a portion of nobles through their entanglement with prostitution, and that they dyed their hands in assassination around there as well, but I don't know how they actually are."

Although she doesn't know the details, it looks like there's no mistake that she saw that the entity is there.

".....Can you make contact with them?"

"I think that'll be difficult....."

Well, I thought that would be the case. They're probably also aware that having their information being unknown is important. In regards to that, after having continued business with criminals and unlawful peddlers for close to a year, even if they were screened to a certain extent via Gustave, it might be best to think that my dungeon has had more than a certain amount of its information be made known..... Isn't there also the possibility that they will make contact with me?

Calling Astarte and Dahlia, I confirmed the state of progress for the preparations for our moving..... or rather, our skipping out by night, as well as the preparations for the

sake of splitting up and confining Abram's expeditionary force. In regards to the skipping out by night, there was only the preliminary arrangements that took half a year to make, and as long as I resolved to discard the workshop, there were no problems. In regards to the splitting and confinement, it wasn't going all that well. Even if there was a map of the mine's interior, we would have to hire mining engineers. I had Shiro make confinement traps, and there were Golem parts that were set beforehand, but when it came to large-scale things that made use of the tunnels, as expected, it was a lot to bear.

Saying pretty words like "I want to lessen the casualties and injured people", it wasn't a plan that seemed like it would win. Even if we did something like cause a cave-in at the tunnels, unless we were at least able to divide and confine them, they would probably trample down everything inside the tunnels from the front and that would be the end. I, the leader that should be protected, don't have any decent battle abilities. Even if I got lucky and more than half of them became lost, if 25% of the regular soldiers were to reach where I was, most likely, even if Astarte were there, they would probably kill me with a couple of hits.

If it was just running away, it would be fine if I just instructed the monsters to stall for time and then immediately leave. However, I couldn't do that. No, I wouldn't do that.

I met with Olivia, and talked with her. It was because I myself understood the desire that I had within myself. I had made my decision. The only friend that I had when I was a Human. The Olivia who had her life targetted, was tossed around by the malice of the aristocratic world and waves of conspiracy, and was unable to run away nor cry. I will save her, make her fall, and make her mine.



After half a day, the anticipated visitor came. Carrying Gustave's letter of introduction, she was a travelling female merchant. What she mainly handled was precious metals and a bit of illegal medicines. The letter of introduction was genuine. But the name on the letter was most likely someone else's. The short haired, intelligent-looking female merchant requested one night's safety at the inn, and made an offer asking if I wanted to buy information on the expeditionary force.

The female merchant that named herself as Therese was exaggeratedly surprised from the fact that the Dungeon Master was a young man whose youth wasn't all that different from her own, and asked about the authenticity of various pieces of gossip without being rude. I took the sheltering fee at market price, and even in regards to the expeditionary force, I said "I thought they would come here eventually, but it was faster than I expected" as my response.

I wasn't all that good at acting, but even if it was exposed that I was lying, I would be fortunate if she instead thought "You're hiding that you didn't know". Now then, how will she come at me.....?

"Dungeon Master-dono..... No, may I call you Eliott-san?..... I had heard about you from rumors, but after meeting with you in person, you're a bit scary."

Therese's voice, it more or less had some nervousness in it, but it was cheerful. She might be making it cheerful on purpose. There was a reason for her to call me scary. This time, when I met with this guest, I had a bit of makeup applied on. Using colored powder to change the color of my skin, the color of the skin on my face and arms were made to be bluish. I put a bit of shading underneath my eyes, and by putting on hair ornaments, I made it so that the number of horns I have couldn't be told. Since I was a novice in regards to makeup, I entrusted it all to Astarte and the other women. Because of that, I actually haven't seen what kind of appearance I have yet. If Gustave saw me, he would probably point and laugh at me, but, well, that can't be helped. Even if she saw through my makeup, it would be fine as long my undisguised face wasn't exposed. This was a caution prepared for the worst case of where this guest had heard of my outward appearance from the Officer of Arms.

"Ahh, Eliott is fine. Though I have this appearance, I am not very good with such formality..... Therese-san, was it? What sort of information do you have on that expeditionary force?"

Confirming the other party's hand is one of the basics of negotiating. It's also one of the basics to bluff somewhat..... is what I've also heard from mercenaries. Being honest was my motto in business, but right now, it wasn't the time for that.

“The information on the expeditionary force itself, although I can make conjectures on what it might be, I’d be grateful for it. I was thinking of evacuating since it would be a pain, so I intend on paying a good amount of money for good information, you know?”

Going by my and Astarte’s judgement, the expeditionary force that departed eight days ago, after thinking about their marching speed, they will probably arrive at this mining village by around just past noon tomorrow. We anticipated that they would build their encampment on the outskirts of the village so we thought that their actual capturing of the dungeon would happen the day after that. Now then, what kind of information is this girl trying to pour on us?

“.....The expeditionary force departed Abram seven days ago. They number at around 100 people, but since they have a supply unit, their actual fighting power is half that. Even within that portion, knights, mercenaries, and regular soldiers are only half of that, I suppose that’s how it is? Most likely, their arrival in front of this dungeon will probably be around tomorrow evening. While I can’t imagine how terrifying the demons of this place are, wouldn’t it be dangerous to clash against them from the front?”

.....She did say any lies, but she wasn’t accurate. Therese’s information was only a day late on the expeditionary force’s departure date. Moreover, her estimation of their fighting power was also subtly lower. It was hard to say that she was mistaken. In other words.....

“For you, would it be favorable if they and I were to clash with each other?”

Therese’s gaze stopped for an instant from those words. It was incredible how her facial expression didn’t pretty much didn’t change, but even so, I could tell that her eyes were swimming for an instant.

“.....Let’s see. It would be fortunate if you could halt the expeditionary force until I could safely escape. However, even if you were to fight with his..... since the commanding officer is a woman, would it be proper if I say her?..... with her forces, there wouldn’t be any particular profit that a mere peddler could make.”

It looked like she was strong at ad-libbing as well. It seemed that she wasn’t some mere underling, but someone that possessed the authority to make some considerable

decisions. Even in the conversation just now, if I hadn't known about the information beforehand, I wouldn't feel any particular need to doubt her.

"Well, their total is big, but their actual fighting power is lower than half of that. Most likely, another half of that are at the level of lookouts that were drafted from the peasants, or something around that. Although it's not that you can't win, it'll be hard to get out of it unscathed..... Well, I don't feel that there is a need for you to force yourself to fight. That being said, I would rather not be chased after by those guys. How does making preparations to run away until tomorrow night and then stall for time after that using this dungeon sound?"

Since their invasion would attack two days later anyhow, it'll be fine as long as we move by tomorrow night, is what I added. Therese's eyes slyly slanted just a bit. Were those the eyes of someone looking at their caught prey? The battle has already started within this conversation. What was the move that my opponent made aiming for? At that time, Shiro and Sara, who were in their maid uniforms, came into the room carrying meals. With things not calming down congenially, this conversation of deceiving each other continued even in the middle of the meal.

CHAPTER 38

THE SPY'S VISIT:

THE MIDNIGHT INVESTIGATION

“According to Shiro, she was holding back but those were most likely the movements of a thief..... or so she says. She is probably a spy. If we were to search her luggage, various tools would probably come out. Could the small-type bow sniper that attacked the expeditionary force have been Therese?”

While whispering to Dahlia who was in my arms, I peered into the water basin that was installed in the living room and used for surveillance.

When it became midnight, Therese slipped out of the room I gave her, left the area she was guided to, snuck into several rooms including the mine tunnels and workshop, and installed things in the rooms in ways that would hide them. She wasn't working to steal things. There was a possibility that she was making a map, but Therese shouldn't have a need to begin an attack on us right now. After all, she estimated the expeditionary force's fighting power to be lower than it is, and told me that their arrival time would be half a day later than it would be. Moreover, this was after I said “I guess we could also just run away”. Ten to one, her aim is probably to have us and the expeditionary force clash. She was probably intending to use us as fighting power..... or maybe as a diversion. If that is the case, she would probably contact the betrayer that was in the expeditionary force..... most likely the Officer of Arms..... with some sort of means, and accelerate their march. In other words, there was the possibility that, at the shortest, the expeditionary force would come and attack midday tomorrow. I think that won't happen, but we should probably move under the assumption of the worst case happening.

“Master..... That.”

Dahlia whispered. Looking, in the reflection that came from the “eye” that was installed at the entrance of dungeon, something was happening at the large jewel that Dahlia placed in the ground. Opening a voice pipe, I tried testing it to see if it could pick up sounds.

“.....Yes,..... has little intent to fight.....”

“He is a young man..... fact that he has blue skin, and if you exclude that he has several horns, he is too.....”

“Yes, his confinement until tomorrow evening is.....”

“The dungeon’s interior..... so you can tell.....”

“Escape until then is.....”

I wasn’t able to hear everything. But even so, I could tell that she was conversing with someone by using that jewel. Most likely, it was that Officer of Arms. I am really glad that I changed my outward appearance. That jewel is probably much stronger and can reach a much further distance than the verbal message device that I used when I degraded Sara. There’s no mistake that the Assassin’s Guild is either quite rich, or a rich person is the client. Another possibility could be that they have hired a Magician or a Magic Tool Craftsman..... At the very least, the Assassin’s Guild might be surpassing the current me in terms of funds and tools. To be honest, I don’t want to make enemies of them though.

It seemed that Therese’s report had ended. She silently returned to the guest room that I had allocated her. Closing the voice pipe, I whispered to Dahlia while the spy who named herself Therese was still reflected in the water basin.

“Once it’s just before dawn, could you bring me one of those things that that girl hid?”

Since Dahlia had a constitution that made it difficult for poison to work on her, there were a lot of things that I requested of her with those hands.

“.....I understand, Master.”

When she said those words, Dahlia stood up and started putting on her clothes. When she wiped up the cum that leaked out from her crotch with her hand, she licked it off while looking reluctant to part with it.

“If it is for Master’s sake, I am even fine with being destroyed.....”

“Oi oi, please don’t go saying such ominous things so freely. Did something happen while I wasn’t around?”

On her face that scarcely had expressions, Dahlia showed a bit of sorrow, and said this with a small voice.

“Master is, thinking of saving the expeditionary force’s commanding officer, and take care of her..... I start to wonder if you won’t need me anymore once that happens.”

Ahh, so that’s it. As a demon, Dahlia shouldn’t have most of her memories of the past.

It seems that fragmentary memories and emotions return to her sometimes like flashbacks, but because of the special trait of her race of Golem, they seldom show on her face. But even so, at the beginning of the life of the demon called Dahlia that I brought forth, and at the end of the life of the village girl called Dahlia that was once a person, she was in contact with a person that was me, and even if it were a fabrication, she had memories that I treated her kindly. For this girl, there wasn’t anyone other than me that she could target her dependence on. Putting aside Astarte who was together with us since the time she was born as a demon, every time a woman appeared around me that I showed the same affection as I did with her if not more, Dahlia probably became afraid that her own worth would disappear.

Normally, she would give up her own share, and probably made it so that it didn’t show up on her face. Even the village girl Dahlia lived while keeping the sad and painful things deep inside. As I thought, even after becoming a demon, that nature of hers hadn’t changed.

Pulling Dahlia’s arm, I pulled her down onto the bed one more time.

“Ah..... Master?”

Dahlia showed a faint amount of fear. She was probably thinking that it was because she said something that she shouldn’t have.

“Dahlia, who do you belong to?”

This was a reconfirmation of her slave brand. Sometimes there was a need to make Sara remember that she was under my control, but it looked like I needed to make Dahlia reconfirm that she was mine in a different meaning.

That time that I decided to become a Dungeon Master, and when I changed Dahlia into a demon. It was something that was done after a moment of thinking, though the possibility of a future where I might have been able to live together with Dahlia was already gone. Even if there was hesitation in our intents for each other, it ended with me changing a person that might have loved me even for an instant and making her into my property. It was either Dahlia would be destroyed, be broken..... or become my property until the day I died.

“Dahlia, answer me. Who do you belong to, and for whose sake do you exist for?”

“I, am Master’s..... Eliott-sama’s property. I, exist for Eliott-sama’s sake. Therefore, please use me more. Even if I break, even if I am broken, I won’t mind!”

When I pressed her with those questions with a strong tone, Dahlia was timid, however, she answered carrying a clear will.

“That’s no good. You don’t understand.”

Dahlia’s countenance froze from my words of denial. Using that chance, I spit out these words all at once.

“It’s fine that you are mine. It’s also natural that you exist for my sake. However, Dahlia, the one that decides when I will use you is me, not you. And I won’t allow you to break as you please. I never had any intention of giving you freedom. Do you understand?”

If I have driven another person’s life to madness, let’s control them to the very end. I am plenty aware of the point that have driven them mad. But even so, I believe that is something needed for me..... I might have already changed into a demon.

“.....Yes. Dahlia is, yours, Master. I won’t, break without Master’s permission either. So please, use me forever..... Master.”

When Dahlia once again swore her obedience to me, very faintly, she smiled looking delighted.



“Cooperate with Astarte, and be sure to burn that incense while Therese is sleeping. Once it becomes morning, call her and guide her to the hall. Although I don’t think that she will ring the bell and call for you before the morning sun rises, if something happens, be sure to deal with it immediately.”

After that, I ended up ravishing Dahlia again, and wrinkles were made on her maid clothes. Well, since this isn’t a noble’s house, there isn’t a need to mind if there a couple of wrinkles or not, but the smell of cum being on her might be a bit unpleasant..... Well, since I am the evil ruler of a dungeon, there is no need to worry about appearances in regards to that.

Sending Dahlia out from the room, I once again faced the diagram of the mine. There was a few hours left until dawn. Only the setting up of traps had finished, but there still might be things that can be done. Since Therese will probably take her leave around the time she finished her morning meal, I should probably capture her by then. In case she has good intuition, there is the possibility that she will escape the moment it’s daybreak, but since it would cause us to carry some sort of suspicion if she were to do that, Therese will most likely be unable to run away until her morning meal and greetings were finished. I didn’t know just how much she knew, but with the fact that the months and years since the Assassin’s Guild appeared in Abram is still short, it also meant that there weren’t many members that could be trusted. Seeing as how she was entrusted with negotiations while being solo, she must be seen as possessing a certain amount of authority. In that case, she had value as a source of information.

Since she was handling poison, the possibility that she possessed resistance against common poisons was high. Because there was the possibility that average poisons and medicines would be unable to compete with her, I should probably first use a hand that is scarcely known even if it was valuable. In that case.....

Adjusting the medicines, modifying the demons’ stations, re-examining the traps, verifying the operation of the mechanisms. While I was finishing all of this, it had most likely become the time for the night to end. In the end, it turned out to be an all night job, but I finished up as much as I could. I suppose I should leave the rest to Astarte and take a nap until breakfast time.....

At that time, the alarm device that was setup in the room made a small flash. That was a sign that the pendant that was installed at the inn was picked up by someone. The person that knew about that place, was none other than Olivia.

.....That's fast. It wasn't Therese's errored information. They were just half a day faster than the estimate that we had hypothesized. To begin with, I had never heard of an armed force that marched before dawn. Also, being able to arrive yesterday, that was unbelievable in terms of their marching speed. In that case, there was one answer. Their base camp was in the vicinity, and she probably came with a small number of people in the early morning to do some reconnaissance. In other words, the main force was in a place that wouldn't even take one hour with the cavalry's mobility. There was no mistake that the expeditionary force's capturing of the dungeon would start at midday today.

CHAPTER 39

THE SPY'S VISIT:

CAPTURE COMMENCE

“.....Now then, these are the detail from when you woke up this morning until the time you were seized by me.”

The spy who named herself Therese had already tumbled down from the chair. Unless there were fixed handles on the chair, she would probably tumble down without a doubt. All of her clothes that were on her lower half were torn off, and although her appearance of having soiled herself with piss and love juices was somewhat pitiful, unfortunately, there wouldn't be a single good thing for me if I were to show her mercy here. After all, even though I went and used the valuable Stunner poison that I thought she wouldn't be able to remove first, but she did escape once. Honestly, I thought she was a considerable opponent.

“Help me..... Help me, hel”

As she was losing consciousness, I lightly slapped Therese's cheeks. The focus of her dimmed eyes returned, and she gazed at me. Earlier, her eyes had a look of caution and hatred. But now, panic and fear were pronounced and reflected in them.

“Therese. No, I don't know what your real name is, so young lady of the Assassin's Guild. You swore something to me earlier, didn't you? That you would betray the Assassin's Guild, and that you would become a demon that serves me. That you would quit being Human and become mine. Therefore, I have two commands for you who became my slave. If you are able to loyally perform these commands, you will surely be saved.”

From morning until now, it took a fair amount of time until I could make this spy submit. What interfered with her degeneration was a control through fear. The Assassin's Guild conducted control through force by several chiefs, and even this girl whose high position was one of the lower grade executive staff was restrained through fear towards the chiefs.

“Oh, that’s right. That jewel that was inside of your luggage was washed away by the river..... With this, most likely, your comrades will probably conclude that you are no longer here.”

However, that fear was overturned by an even bigger fear that was right in front of her eyes. And then, by giving her the whip at the same time as the candy, the effect increased.

“After all, it was monitoring your whereabouts, right? With this, they will probably not know about your whereabouts for about half a day..... While it is only slightly, how does it feel to escape from the Assassin’s Guild’s control?”

I’m more skilled than the other party, I needed to make her feel that. Putting aside whether that was true or not, it would be fine as long as she believed that.

“Command..... Command, yes, I’ll listen, I’ll listen!”

While shedding tears, the spy girl waited for my words. Although she’s swearing her allegiance to me right now, if I were to free her even once, she’ll probably go back to how she was before. It was easy to imagine that she wouldn’t take much time to be restrained by her fear towards her chiefs once again and return to how she was.

In that case, it didn’t matter if it was through shock therapy or whatever, if I could replace the target of that loyalty that came from that fear with me..... This girl would probably become my loyal servant.

“First, you are to tell me everything about the Assassin’s Guild personnel that got into the expeditionary force. And then, you are to tell me in detail as much as you know about how they plan on assassinating the commanding officer. If you fail in doing this, I will have no choice but to kill you.”

“No..... I don’t want to die..... I don’t want to be eaten like that child.....”

“Eaten?”

I reflexively asked for an explanation in response to that dangerous word that I didn’t remember hearing before.

“T, traitors will..... be eaten, alive..... by those, chiefs.....!”

Just what did she mean by that? I thought that traitors would be eaten by pigs or something in order to serve as a warning, but it was much worse.

“Do the chiefs of the Assassin’s Guild, eat the traitors?”

“.....Yes, that’s right. That’s what they do. Before coming to Abram, when he was usurped by the current chiefs, the previous chief was..... while still alive, he was restrained, and had his bones broken..... Those guys are monsters! It’s impossible, there’s no winning against themm!”

Maybe because her string of tension snapped, the spy girl once again started crying. While Shiro was keeping a lookout on the spy girl so that she would get violent, I asked a question to Astarte who was waiting at the side.

“Is it possible for demons to push themselves into human society?”

.....Well, I do think that it’s a possible story. Astarte and I are examples of that.

“Yes, though there aren’t many precedents. If it’s a demon with high intelligence, it isn’t impossible for them to spread their roots within human society. Nevertheless, I didn’t think that demons would make their nest in Abram..... But, I can consent to her words.”

Astarte understood something.

“What is it? Could I have you explain it to me in a way that I could understand?”

“That jewel..... It isn’t something that an average human can create. Most likely, a demon that possesses the magic tool manufacturing power just like you, Eliott-sama, is involved. And then, that prospect is..... probably that Officer of Arms. Since she had some kind of, unpleasant smell.”

“Ah, ahhh..... Arachne-sama, forgive me!”

The spy girl raised a frightened voice. Her fear towards the Assassin’s Guild was still strong. Arachne..... If I remember correctly, that was the name of the spider Mazoku that is in the folklore of the north.

“Arachne, is it..... That’s an unpleasant opponent.”

“Arachne..... That’s the spider Mazoku, wasn’t it? Although I don’t know the details, they’re a formidable enemy..... aren’t they. Hey, you. Was that Arachne the one that you were reporting the situation to last night?”

While talking to Astarte, I slapped the spy girl’s cheeks. Making a light smack sound, the spy girl’s cheeks were dyed light red. My face was still smiling. In order to give off an intimidating air, it was better to be mysterious. This was a result of Astarte’s training but..... to be honest, hitting a frightened girl didn’t agree with me.

I talked to the still petrified spy girl with a soft voice. I immediately gave the candy after the whip. The expeditionary force’s invasion was steadily advancing, but now was the time to be getting information.

“If you tell me, it will end without you meeting with anything painful or scary, you know?”

“Y, yes..... She changed places with the Officer of Arms that should have come from the capital. She is one of the two chiefs of our Guild.....”

“Will the other one, be coming?”

“No, the other one is remaining in Abram.....”

I see. The chance might not be zero. Playing the role, I made speech to the spy girl with a cheerful voice.

“In that case, you are lucky. This will probably end without you dying.”

“Eh.....?”

It was important to give her a bit of hope after making her despair. Since this spy girl is an intelligent girl, unless I make her panic as well, she’ll be able to level headedly calculate things. I need to make her think that my side was advantageous to a certain extent, and give her the impression that I can win. And then, if I can get through with that, if she is a smart girl, she should be able to think of what she should do for the sake of her own survival all on her own.

“The Officer of Arms-dono will die from an unfortunate accident, you see. She came to subjugate the dangerous demons that live in the Man-Eating Dungeon, so the danger

of encountering an unfortunate accident could happen to anyone, right? That's why..... I'll be needing your cooperation."

"Mine.....?"

Signalling with my gaze, I had a collar that I had Dahlia prepare yesterday brought over. At the same time, I unfastened the binds that restrained both of the spy girl's hands. Astarte went around to the spy girl's back, as it was only natural to stand on guard to make sure that she didn't make any strange movements.

"From here on, you will once again declare that you will become mine, and put that collar on yourself. Although I won't explain what it is, just think of it as a symbol that you are my slave. It will be fine if you consider it as being on the level of it might being able to do something the moment you betray me."

As a matter of fact, it didn't have such a convenient function. At most, it makes it so that I can tell her location. Even so, well, there isn't any proof that would let this girl conclude that what I said was a lie. Inducing her to put the collar on herself was, well, something of a ceremony. By making her body feel that she betrayed her previous owners by her own will, I wanted to lower the possibility of betrayal once again even by a little.

The spy girl tightly grasped the collar with both hands, and brooded over it looking frightened. Various thoughts were probably rushing about inside her head. This was proof that she had yet to fall completely. As I thought, as long as I don't show definitive proof before her eyes, this girl probably won't break from the bottom of her heart. In that case, I should plan with that as the prerequisite.

"You said that your previous chief was eaten, didn't you. That Officer of Arms..... Was he done in by that Arachne?"

I changed the topic for a bit.

"Including me, in front my comrades eyes, as an example..... while still alive, he was spun and wrapped up by Arachne's thread, and had his lifeblood sucked out. He had all of his bones broken by the other chief, and swallowed whole..... That person, while he was screaming....."

The light of her will vanished from her eyes. The fear was probably etched too deeply into her, and it seemed that her ability to think fell again. It seemed that the spy girl leaked piss once more. Well, although it couldn't be helped since she couldn't control herself due to the medicines, if done poorly, the fear that made this girl, who possesses much more courage than someone like me, piss herself would..... I don't want to think about it too much.

I sent a signal to Dahlia with my gaze. Dahlia approached the spy girl from behind, and hugged her.

"It's alright. If you leave it to Master, everything will be alright."

When she blandly said that, the caressing that stopped before restarted. Since Sara and Shiro, who had been constantly teasing the spy girl up until earlier, were currently back inside the dungeon, I ended up entrusting things to Dahlia.

"AH..... Ahh, ah....."

She raised a scream just now and climaxed. She probably found it difficult to even hold it in anymore. The spy girl raised her voice once again and started writhing about..... Dahlia's caressing, maybe because they were the same gender, was merciless.

"Now then, swear your allegiance to me once again. Although your loyalty isn't something that I can expect much from. Because of that, you do understand that you have no choice but to be liked by me if you want to survive, right?"

"Master will keep his promise without fail. I was also saved by him."

This was also one of those so-called carrot and stick things.

"What I desire from you is, information. An expectation of what kind of plan the Officer of Arms..... the Arachne is going to use to perform the assassination, what kind of ability that she possesses, and, if possible, what kind of weaknesses she has. The more that I know, the more your value is raised, and the more the possibility of us winning increases..... In short, the likelihood you'll survive also increases. Now then, Therese..... No, what is your true name?"

Even while she had a hand thrust into her crotch and was raising her waist and sometimes twitching from the relentless caressing, the spy girl answered.

“I..... will..... obey..... you. To your great self..... I, Diana, swear my allegiance to you. So, save me..... please, save me.....”

Saying that alone, the young girl that revealed herself as Diana personally put the collar on, and fastened the metal fittings with trembling hands. After that, she faced my way, and smiled with eyes filled with a mix of tears and sexual desire..... The slave turned towards the master, and drew near with a gaze containing flirtation. I was somehow able to bring her this far.

Giving an order to Dahlia, I had her stop caressing her. After repeatedly making her climax several times until she was half-dead for several hours, she was probably quite exhausted. While cleaning her body with a towel, I gave her a small bit of wine in place of a tonic.

“Diana. You are my servant from now on. However, naturally, as long as Arachne is here, your loyalty probably won’t be stable. That is why..... Why don’t we first start off with crushing Arachne.”

Normally, I should make love to Diana, whose body is complete with sexual excitement, make her submit, turn her into a demon, and the control her but..... In the current state where there is no telling when the expeditionary force would be coming, the timing was regrettably too poor.

“Goshujin-sama, what would you like for me to talk about first.....”

With a face that was still a bit absent-minded, Diana asked that question.

“First, give me the details on as much as you know about Arachne’s abilities and her assassination strategy. I suppose I would like to hear about what those jewels that you planted during the night will be used for as well..... Actually, except for the ones planted in the dungeon, most of the ones planted in the neighborhood had their locations changed.”

When she heard those words, it seemed that Diana finally accepted something within her. It looked like she was able to grasp that I was definitely skilled at one or two things. Now then, from here on, it's my turn in this game...

The expeditionary force, the assassin, and then us. There were three forces on this life-risking game board

We can't afford to lose against the expeditionary force. The assassin needs to assassinate the expeditionary force. The expeditionary force intends to kill us, but if left as is, they will get assassinated. And then, for us to win, we need to crush both of the expeditionary force's and the assassin's victory conditions.

The areas that we have the advantage in are that the stage of the game is our dungeon, and that we were able to know about the assassin's hand to a certain extent. The areas where we have the disadvantage in are that the expeditionary force's commanding officer Olivia, who is the target I am going to save and degenerate, is capable, and that we would be defeated if we let our guard down. I understood the situation. I also decided on what was possible. All that was left was to move with the flow. The chances of success, were there.

【 ARC 4 】

CHAPTER 40

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: TACTICS COMMANDER

“First unit, three wounded, and among them, one severely wounded.”

“Switch all of them out! The wounded are to be brought outside and return to the medical group. Mercenary unit, please hold down the left passage!”

Even if it was called a tunnel, it was too narrow for armed Humans to invade all at once. In addition to that, there were also differences in height. Naturally, the ones that were able to put up the battle front was limited to two people at a time. It would be different if they came out to a spacious room, but advancing inside a slender tunnel, there wasn't much difference between using a large number of people or a small number of people.

Temple Knight Olivia was a commanding officer that particularly excelled in her ability to grasp the surrounding situation. The tactics that she took were simple and clear. While switching out the few members essential for the capturing of the dungeon before they accumulated fatigue, she steadily increased their area of control. Splitting the regular infantrymen and the mercenaries into four groups, two of the groups were put at the frontline, and the other groups were resting at the back and flanks while keeping watch on the surroundings. The militiamen acted as the defense for the areas that they had finished gaining control of, and focused on aiding the wounded. The Officer of Arms quickly summarized the information, and performed things like making the arrangements to bring the wounded back. Because this was not a war against a foreign country, there were not knights or any opponents that carried family crests of some house that came out. For that reason, the existence of an Officer of Arms in a conquest such as this was nothing more than a formality, and would generally be treated as a secretary to save a battle record..... Despite being an imposter, her performance wasn't bad.

If a large opponent were to appear, the frontline would be made to slowly retreat and bring the opponent into a wide area where archers lied in wait. After bringing it in,

damage would be given with arrows, and after that, they would encircle and annihilate it. The textbook tactics were steadily performed without being misled by the changes in the progress of the battle. Her hearing was probably good and could catch the various shouts. She was quick to grasp the situation, and quick to make decisions. She most likely placed priority on preventing the loss of soldier, but there was no hesitation in her decisions..... Was this really commanding ability of a Human going out to battlefield for the first time?

“Inside the right tunnel, there is a trap!”

One of the mercenaries fell into a small sized pit that was set in the floor right behind a door. Working together with the trap, a small group of skeletons attacked him, but a shieldbearer immediately followed up, and while he bought some time, the mercenary’s rescue was performed. The expeditionary force’s dungeon capturing speed was slow but their loss of soldiers was considerably small. It seemed that wounded people were appearing due to the traps and surprise attacks, but most likely, immediate casualties weren’t appearing in battle.

It wasn’t as if the traps and the designs of the monster positioning were seen through. In addition to that, by choosing methods that wouldn’t decrease the soldier, they were slowly closing in. By some chance, this might be due to Olivia’s cowardly nature..... That girl, when we were small, she was more of a tomboy than a coward though.

However, my current self didn’t have the time to confirm that trait, nor the time to create a situation that could make use of that trait as a fact. Lookout soldiers were deployed in areas that they finished capturing, traps were filled and marked with chalk or cloth, and the areas they controlled slowly increased. As an opponent in a home base capturing game, Temple Knight Olivia was unpleasantly straightforward and efficient. By some chance, could it be that she doesn’t intend to capture the dungeon in one day, but plans to slowly control the mine entirely over several days.....?



“She got me. Olivia is much more difficult than I expected.”

In a room deep in the dungeon, I muttered that while confirming the progress of battle using the water basin and voice pipe. The only thing that fell below our expectations was their capturing speed after entering the mine. And even that wasn't all that slow.

“Ah, I recognize that mercenary group's crest. If I remember correctly, they are a group of hoplites that the mercenaries that drifted in from the north had created, and they take high payments but never run away..... That's type those guys are. Moreover, there are several Rangers mixed in. The lightweight equipment wearing guys that occasionally go up front in order to check for traps whenever they go into a new room are the Rangers.”

“Hey, Elio..... I mean, Goshujin-sama. That Temple Knight girl, is she really a novice to battle?”

Shiro and Sara, who had gone out to set up other mechanisms inside of the dungeon, finally came back and were confirming the progress of the battle together with me. Both the swarm of Imps and the Stone Golem didn't become anything but a way to buy some time. I thought that I would only use them when we eventually had to run away, but after thinking about the amount of damages, I ended up wanting to hold my head.

Behind us, there was the figures of a completely exhausted Diana, and Astarte who was playing around with Diana. Since I still couldn't fully trust Diana, I had her played around with by Astarte so that she wouldn't become calm and so that she would be preserved in a state of halfway sexual excitement. Well, since it would probably cause her to consume an extraordinary amount of stamina, it also had the significance of eliminating her means to escape. As far as Diana knew, this was how the Assassin's Guild strategy would play out. The jewels that Diana planted inside of the dungeon..... in actual fact, there were two varieties that would either explosive or gave a poisonous vapor..... were there. Similar to the collar that I had attached to Diana, those jewels probably had a function that would allow the Officer of Arms to know their general location. Those would act as a map, as well as traps. By making it explode in a convenient location after advancing further in, the expeditionary force would be split up. It was fine if Olivia died from the poisonous vapor, and if she didn't, the Officer of

Arms would do the deed directly..... It seemed to be that sort of plan. If gunpowder were to be used inside of a mine like this, the danger of a cave-in or a dust explosion was high. The Officer of Arms actually doing the deed, probably wouldn't happen..... But, from what I heard Diana say. And from what I remember from the few conversations I experienced with that Officer of Arms. I had a premonition that that Officer of Arms most likely wanted to kill Olivie with her own hands.

"Goshujin-samaaaa, just now, the Officer of Arms dropped something on the ground at the back."

When I peered into the water basin due to Shiro's words, the place that the "eye" could see could no longer be seen. As expected, I wasn't able to install several eyes in a single spot. If it weren't for the small gadget that was carried by Olivie, I probably wouldn't have been able to follow the expeditionary force's present location this smoothly.

With a rough sketch of the tunnels, I reconfirmed the layout of the Officer of Arm's rearranged jewels. Further down ahead, it turned into a three-forked road, and the narrow passages continued on for a while. The width of the tunnels changed to the point of where only two armed soldiers could line up side-by-side, and where only one soldier could wield their weapon. Olivie put a shieldbearer and a regular infantryman together into a two-man cell and had them slowly advance. The suppression of almost everything other than the frontline was finished, and she was even managing the soldiers that were drinking water from their canteens. Unlike a battle that would be finished in an hour even at most, this method of capturing had the state of tension continue throughout the long period of time. Their fatigue wouldn't become ridiculously high from that but..... Since it was a dungeon where it would be hard for interference from the outside, as long as the area that they suppressed kept a lookout on the unknown area, they were able to rest like this. To be honest, I didn't notice that they could handle the situation like this.

If the Assassin's Guild weren't here, we probably wouldn't have any other choice but to scramble and run away from the dungeon. A weak point really is a weak point. They were coming from the front, and I understood the fact that we couldn't win against them in terms of fighting power and against their overwhelming legitimate method of fighting..... However, the world won't end with just that. Perhaps, I might have to be grateful to the Assassin's Guild.

“Considering the location, it’s probably around the time for the Officer of Arms to play her hand. With this location..... Carry the water basin to the third secret room. Shiro and Dahlia, make it so that the soldiers don’t die pointlessly. And depending on what is needed, I don’t mind if you open the hidden passage. Either way, in this situation, even if they have a place to escape to, it won’t turn into anything but a prison with no exit after all.”

“Understood, Master”

“Roger that!”

“Astarte, Sara. Follow me. Since we’ll probably be joining the battle against the Arachne, bring the Orc Leader that is on standby along as well..... If they’re unwilling, I’ll probably be killed after all.”

“.....Grouping together with the demon that was once Legda, I have some mixed feelings about it.”

“Eliott-sama, are you fine about leaving that girl?”

Astarte asked me that question. She was probably talking about Diana.

“For now, put her in hand restraints only once more, and then set her free after that. If she’s able to escape with this, that in itself displays her talent.”

I said it so that Diana could hear me. Whether she takes it as me having that sort of leeway, or as me having that little resources depends on Diana. However, it’s hard to believe that she’ll change to the Assassin’s Guild side as she is now..... Though, the possibility that she’ll be turned into a demon by the Arachne and dominated isn’t zero.

“.....Astarte. The Arachnes, are they able to turn others into demons just like me?”

I secretly asked her that.

“.....It would have been better if you asked about that earlier. They probably can’t. Arachne are Mazoku that possess the form and abilities of a spider, and they are said to originally be children born from a high-ranking Mazoku called the spider archduke. As for their position as a Mazoku..... or rather, as demons, they are designated as a middle level Mazoku. To begin with, high-rank Mazoku are the ones that possess

exceptional abilities from among the upper and middle level Mazokus and are called with individual names, and it is simply a way of calling them in order to differentiate them from low-rank races such as Orcs and Lizardmen.”

Well, the lecture about this sort of matter is something that I wanted to ask about in the future though.

“Arachnes strongly possess the dispositions of spiders. Therefore, there are many personal differences but as for the features that are often seen, many of them have multiple legs, release thread, and form nests. Doing things like slowly eating their prey after capturing them, many of them are owners of sadistic tastes, but when increasing their comrades, most of them do it mainly through giving birth..... or rather through egg-laying. There are also ones that lay their eggs in their prey though.”

Astarte’s expression suddenly became somewhat overcast. Something might have happened in the past when she degenerated into a Mazoku in the Demon World.

“In that case, there is one thing that I’ve learned. That Officer of Arms, with a high probability..... wants to slowly kill Olivie with her own hands.”

“In the end, what kind of result will that turn into?”

While chasing after us, Sara came asking that question.

“It means that if we chase after Olivie, we will automatically come across the Officer of Arms. Moreover, we’ll be treated as colluders with the master of this dungeon via Diana. On top of that, since she’ll probably be careless in using us, so she won’t kill Olivie immediately and enjoy things for a bit. And that’s where the chance will be.”

We came in together in the hidden room that was in the area that would probably become the scene of the event, and started preparing the water basin. At that time, screams were raised on the other side of the wall.

It seemed that it had started.

CHAPTER 41

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: WITHIN THE SMOKE AND DARKNESS

What sprung out at first was a black smoke that had an irritative in it. That smoke that leaked out from the crevices of the wall was discovered when a defense militiaman that was close to it got a sore throat.

“It, it’s gas!”

The militiaman that shouted that spat up blood from his throat, crumbled to the floor, and started coughing violently. Unrest spread out like a wave in the remaining soldiers that surrounded him.

The main force had already passed through the area where the gas sprung out and were in the middle of capturing the next passage, but the possibility that this situation would divide them up was also high. After a young messenger soldier, who was a low class noble, confirmed that the gases spewing point was only in one spot and had the soldiers evacuate from there, he started to jog to report it to Olivia, who was the commanding officer. The gap between the front line force and the rear guard force was a distance of about 30 meters. It wasn’t that great of a distance, but their figures couldn’t be seen within the narrow tunnels, and voices didn’t reverberate so it didn’t really get through. It was for this reason that the messenger soldier’s job didn’t disappear.

“Officer of Arms-dono, a black smoke has sprung forth in the back, and it seems to be toxic! It will be dangerous at this rate. Since I will be reporting to Olivia-sama now, please fall back together with the injured soldiers for the moment!”

After making a hasty report to the Officer of Arms who was waiting in the vicinity of the tunnel entrance, the messenger soldier started to run towards to the frontline..... But feeling an extreme pain in his side, unable to endure the intense pain, he collapsed onto the floor of the tunnel.

“.....!?”

Even though his mouth was opening and closing, his voice wasn't coming out.

".....There is no problem."

The voice of the slowly approaching Officer of Arms was cold. When he finally raised his head, maybe it was his imagination but, the figure of the Officer of Arms, which was illuminated from the back by the torchlight that was installed on the wall, swayed, and it looked as if she had several arms. Among those arms, one of them had a rapier that was thin like a needle at the ready. Was he attacked by someone? By who? For what reason?

"Your voice won't come out, right? Aah, that is such a nice face you're making."

What was hidden in that voice was unmistakably sexual desire.

"Truthfully, I would kill children like you after raping them over several days, slurping their blood, licking off their tears, and crushing all of their pride but..... I don't have the time right now. At the very least, I'll have you suffer from suffocation and poison then die."

A highly adhesive object that was either thread or a cloth was abruptly stuck onto the messenger soldier's face. With his nose and mouth plugged up, he was unable to breathe, and he couldn't freely move his body. While looking down on the messenger soldier that was twisting his body like caterpillar due to his fear of suffocating, the Office of Arms stepped on the messenger soldier's crotch with her boot.

"Ara ara, how vulgar. Even though you're in the middle of going to report something important to the commanding officer-sama, why is your cock so erect?"

Even though he was a low class noble, he wasn't affluent enough to employ his own exclusive blacksmith. That went even more so for anyone that wasn't the eldest child. In addition, the messenger soldier's equipment was generally made of leather to stress ease of movement. With the minimal amount of pride, he wore a breastplate made of metal, but most of his lower half was covered by highly flexible leather. When the Officer of Arms skillfully lifted up the part that protected his crotch with one foot, she softly stepped on the messenger soldier's penis, which was erect from the fear of death, through his pants.

“You fell in love with Olivia-sama, didn’t you. You used her as fap material over and over again, didn’t you. I’ll tell you something good. That girl, she is definitely a virgin. If she had sold her body to the nobles of an influential town and negotiated, you wouldn’t have had to come here in the first place..... You wouldn’t have been dispatched with a unit with such a seedy-looking fighting force, and you wouldn’t have been made a sacrificial pawn. It’s alright, after I’ve made that girl my plaything, I’ll kill her just like you. Although she’ll become my used goods, you can also rape her after death..... ‘It’s your fault that I died’ is what you can say to her.”

While expressing a sadistic smile, the Officer of Arms stimulated the penis of the messenger soldier that was about to die with her foot. Raising a voiceless scream, and releasing his final ejaculation in his life, the messenger soldier’s life came to an end. Together with the ejaculation, the Officer of Arms crushed the messenger soldier’s crotch. Blood and semen leaked out and dirtied her boot.

“Now then, let us begin the dance, Ojou-san..... After slowly defiling you, raping you, and plucking your arms and legs..... I’ll kill you while gazing at your crying and screaming face. It’s alright, since that boy that was your childhood friend is surely waiting for you in the beyond, you won’t be lonely.”

After she licked her lips looking like she couldn’t endure it any longer, the Officer of Arms returned to the frontline looking as if nothing had happened.



“A cave-in!”

“Fall back! Before rescuing the injured, get yourselves to safety first!”

An earth tremor occurred, and screams were raised. It was a big deal even if the panic didn’t occur. That was most likely blasting powder being used in order to split this passage from the wide area at their back. Was that the effect of the jewel that the Officer of Arms hid earlier?

The Officer of Arms’ traps that remained in the passage were two explosives, and two poisons. To be more precise, they were things that Diana had laid out, that we had left remaining. If we were to remove all of the traps in the passage, the Officer of Arms

would have sensed something, and we didn't have enough time to go that far. With the fact that she received Diana's report, I predicted that she couldn't tell where these jewels were unless she was near them. Of the several areas that she would possibly force them into from the passages, there were locations that I intentionally removed the jewels from, but I didn't know if she noticed that or not.

Considering their layout, the Officer of Arms could partition the main force into the front, middle, and back, and then invite Olivie, who was probably in the center of it all, somewhere..... Or maybe she would divide the passage into parts and turn it into a small room. If I were to go out now and warn her, Olivie might be saved. However, in that case, she would cross-examine me wondering why I was there, and in reality, I would become unable to drive the expeditionary force away. Because of that, I need to wait. To wait for the timing after the Officer of Arms makes her move and disperses the expeditionary force's fighting power but before Olivie has her life stolen by the Officer of Arms. I am bitter about how there is only one of the passage's "eyes". The fact that it took up time and needed to be tuned after installing it was this eye's weakness. It would be the best if I could make it so that it could see even beyond where it was brought to, but I would probably have to raise my own skill for that. I am able to grasp only Olivie's location, but I can't read the situation other than that. The sound of an explosion echoed once again, and screams were raised. The control of the expeditionary force finally crumbled. The Officer of Arms played her second hand.



"Uuu..... Everyone, are you all alright!?"

Olivia felt that even she herself couldn't hear her own voice all that well. Her sense of hearing had probably gone temporarily numb from the explosion just now..... That, wasn't a cave-in at all. It would be great if the following unit would come to rescue them, but she feared that there was a high possibility that the following unit was caught in some trap similar to them. They were advancing favorably up until now, but the situation instantly changed.

.....She might have taken the Man Eating Dungeon too lightly. By no means did she let her guard down, but Olivia desperately gained control of herself as she felt like she would succumb to feelings of self-reproach. She was still within a dangerous dungeon. Checking the surroundings, if there were any companions that she could rescue, she

needed to rescue them. She tightly grasped the pendant that had a pretty glass ball inserted in it that she found in the loft of her memories where she once played together and read books together with a boy in the past. The friend that she thought that she would never be able to meet with again had turned into a splendid young man. She wanted to meet with him again. Just by thinking that, a small bit of strength welled up inside her.

There wasn't a response, but her hearing ability returned. The sounds of groans and rocks crumbling were continuously heard. She thought that her eyes had become unable to see, but it seemed that the lights had simply gone out. After calming down a bit, she was vaguely able to see a few people within the darkness.

A taciturn but good-natured mercenary that was made into her guard, and a still young messenger soldier. The mercenary was buried underneath the wall, and wasn't moving even an inch. The messenger soldier had his left ankle twisted in a strange direction, but there weren't any external wounds that stood out other than that. The knight that she entrusted the frontline to, Gaspar, seemed to be in a different area, so she couldn't see his figure. She checked the state of her own body. It seemed that she twisted her right ankle, and her other joints were in pain. However, it didn't look like she had any injuries such as hitting her head or getting any gashes. She might have seen that she had a great amount of internal bleeding and bruises if she took off her armor, but she was grateful to the River Goddess that there weren't any injuries that stood out.

The time that she was unconscious should have been a fairly short time. She focused her mind while overcoming the pain. She chanted scripture as she was sitting down on the floor of the tunnel.

"O sacred, gently flowing River Goddess. Grant me light to illuminate this darkness."

After a short while passed, an area of soft light was produced before Olivia's eyes. It was a cold, bluish, soft light that was clearly different from the fire of a torch.

It was God's divine protection was bestowed to a portion of Temple Knights, those with deep piety. Among the divine protections, the light that illuminates the darkness, Glowlight, is the divine protection that is most frequently used, but it's said that the

ones able to make this even possible is three out of ten people even if they are monks or priests.

So as to shake off the faint fatigue that came after focusing her mind, she used the situation as support and stood up. Looking at the state of the surroundings, since it seemed that they had set off some sort of trap and turned the situation into something close to a cave-in as a result, the part that was once a passage inside of the tunnel just a little while ago had now turned into a small, narrow room with a length of about 5 meters.

“Aara, you’ve had a quick awakening, haven’t you, Olivia-sama..... I thought you would’ve had a much longer sleep.”

Seemingly out of nowhere, the Officer of Arms’ voice was heard.

“Officer of Arms-dono, so you were safe! Where are you right now? Do you have any injuries?”

Even after surveying the surroundings, the Officer of Arms’ figure could not be found. Since the light was quite weak, could she be deeper inside?

“Ahh, I am over here. Ojou-sama that knows absolutely nothing. I have eyes that work much better than yours in the dark, you see.....”

Olivia felt something ominous for an instant from the change in the Officer of Arms’ tone. However, the other party was the Officer of Arms that came from the capital in order to validate the military achievements. No matter what her position was in the expeditionary force was, she was a party that she needed to pay respect to. When she turned her face to where the voice came from, she saw the Officer of Arms’ white face within the darkness.

“.....Officer of Arms-dono, what happened to your armor, to your clothes?”

Why, wasn’t the Officer of Arms wearing her helmet?

Why, did it look like the Officer of Arms’ upper body was stripped to the waist?

And then.....

“Officer of Arms-dono..... Who, are you.....?”

Why, was the Officer of Arms’ face turned upside down?

At that time, the swaying light of the Glowlight faintly illuminated the direction that the Officer of Arms was at.

“.....!”

What she saw there was the person she called the Officer of Arms, hanging from the ceiling with an atypical lower body that possessed four legs. It was the figure of an Arachne, an intermediate level Mazoku.

CHAPTER 42

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: THE POISONOUS SPIDER'S FALL

“Ah— ha ha! You really are a noble-sama. Going by that look of yours, you’ve never been embraced by a man, or killed another person, have you?”

“Wh..... what’s wrong with that!”

The battle was overwhelming. Even Olivia, who was able to display that talent of hers if she were in a position of commanding an army, probably accumulated the minimum amount of training as a knight. She might be much better than me, but there was only dim lighting, the footing was bad, and on top of that, her opponent was a demon that attacked her with movements that weren’t Human. Unable to exchange even three blows, Olivie’s sword was knocked down from her hand.

Both of her legs were tied up by the string the Arachne spit out, and she was in a state that looked like she were half sewn alongside the wall. Even her dominant hand that remained had her weapon blown away just now. Coming down from the ceiling, the Arachne slowly approached Olivia.

“Ahh, how could you be so pitiful. You’re going to be killed by a demon inside such a gloomy mine like this, without even knowing the touch of a man. Even Count Abram must be disappointed about having just a useless niece, don’t you think?..... Ahh, what is it? Is it true that you’re Cout Abram’s illegitimate child? In that case, he might be a little sad, won’t he? The influential looking guys of his lineage were generally killed while they were young after all. Ahh, some of those times were me pulling the strings, weren’t they. Ahahahaha!”

I couldn’t see the Arachne’s face, but it was probably warped with sadistic delight. She probably didn’t plan on killing Olivie just yet, but there was no telling when she would change her mind. I could somehow tell that I was in a hurry. ‘Be calm’ is what I repeated in my mind several times.



On the other side of the wall, Olivie was held captive by the Officer of Arms..... by the Arachne, and was being tormented. Since the voice pipe was functioning, only their voices were transmitted, but the eye wasn't stationed at an angle that could display the wall side very well. Crowding mechanisms in areas with hidden passages was my own suggestion, and my aim was to be able to immediately break into the site at times like this. However, a portion of the wall slanted from the aftermath of the explosion, and the hidden passage door became unopenable.

"Goshujin-samaa..... It's no gooddd. This isn't on the level of a key or something, it's on the level of needing to call a carpenter!"

Shiro, who I called for, cried with a low voice. Ahh, there's no way around it. It's become impossible to continue on in secrecy, but we can't be any slower than this. I called out to Sara who was waiting behind me.

".....It's your turn."



"Officer of Arms-dono, could it be that you're.....!?"

"Ahh, do you still believe that even after seeing this appearance of mine? The real Officer of Arms was caught before he even entered Abram. Around this time, he's squealing like a pig somewhere in Abram's outskirts. Well, by some chance, he might be dead though."

".....Y, you.....!?"

With that timing, the Arachne got close to Olivia all at once, and unfastened the clasp of her breastplate. The metal breastplate dropped down, and her chainmail figure was displayed.

"I can tell even from looking on top of your underarmor, but you've got a fairly grown up body, don't you. Why didn't you use this and shake your ass to the nobles and flirt with them? What, did you fall in love with that male childhood friend that you met at that village?"

With that nostalgic name pulled out, her body responded with a start for only an instant.

“Ahahahahahaha! What’s this, was that the bull’s eye? Man, sorry about that. With a stupid reason like that, to think that you don’t know the touch of a man even with such a great body. What, you can be relieved. Although you’ll be dying here, I’ll slowly kill you after teaching you about a woman’s pleasures. Then after you die, you can swing your hips at that man. Since he’ll probably be waiting for you there!”

“.....What did you do to that person! To Elliott!?”

Looking down on Olivia who raised a frenzied voice, the Arachne cheerfully whispered to her.

“Ooh, so scary, so scary. This is why innocent women are so slow. That man, about this time, he’s probably turned into a corpse in the middle of some forest, and being pecked at by crows or something. He was already dead on the second night after meeting you. He’s probably already become nothing but bones..... The jewel that I handed over to him calling it settlement money from you was made so that it blew out poison after the second day after all!”

While listening to the Officer of Arms’ loud, offensive laughter, Olivia’s facial expression froze over. Strength left her body, and her gaze fell as if all of her willpower had been consumed. Unable to no longer bear the tears that she had continued to endure this whole time, *porori, porori*, they came pouring out.

“Ahh..... Good, that’s a good face you have, Olivia-oujou-san. Not making it in time, unable to do anything, regretting various things..... that’s the face of a dejected loser. It’s very..... good. Ahh, I can’t get enough of it, I’m getting wet. The Dungeon Master of this place has probably fled long ago. You will die here, and some other force that isn’t Count Abram will probably obtain this now uninhabited mine. You dying had entered the plans long ago. That’s why, at the very least, I’ll teach you about the thing called a woman’s pleasures so..... Die after you’ve let me have my fun, okay..... Hn?”

“Monster! Get away from Olivia-hime!”

The young messenger soldier that had lost consciousness up until a little while ago had made an assault from the Arachne’s back. Maybe because his right leg was broken,

his desperate attack didn't have any strength behind it. Just barely not hitting the Arachne's torso, it ended with him damaging her now hardened leg. A thick body fluid leaked out from her leg, and the Arachne's face warped into a face of bitterness and humiliation.

"This trash, made an injury on me!"

Her face filled with rage was already something that couldn't be called Human. That form of hers where she bared her fangs and had several eyes risen to the surface of her forehead, it was truly the atypical appearance of a spider. Freely manipulating two sets of arms and two sets of legs, she jumped at him. The messenger soldier raise his voice in fright, was soon caught, and hurled at the wall. The surface of the wall, which had become brittle from the impact of the explosion, crumbled, and the upper half of the messenger soldier's body was buried.

"Hmph, a nuisance got in the way..... Now then, it's just the two of us again, isn't it, Ojou-sama?"

At that moment, from the wall in front of Olivia and at the back of the Arachne, a low groan together with the sound of a wall being struck was heard. That voice of low intelligence and full of anger, it was something that Olivia didn't know the identity of, but was something that the Arachne was familiar with.

".....Ara, it looks like a survivor of the dungeon's monsters got sexually excited by your female scent and has come here. Have you ever seen an Orc? They're pig-humans that love to kill and rape women. Shall we give your first time to the Orc? Or would you like to have it ripped apart by my foreleg?"

The cheerfully speaking Arachne noticed one thing that was strange after she finished talking. It wasn't the reaction of the crying Olivia. It was that the Orc's groaning and the sound of wall being hit had vanished. In its place, although it was small, a clear voice could faintly be heard. That was.....



“Fulfill thy contract, come forth from the staff of stars, stalwart Salamandra!”

Together with that yell, a ball of fire that was a size bigger than the last time I saw it flew towards the wall. Together with the explosion, the hidden door was blown away.

“Yosha! I’m feeling great!”

“Yosh, that was excellent, Sara!”

After patting and crumpling Sara’s hair, I instructed the Orc Leader that was on standby, and had him rush inside. As if being hidden by that huge build of his, me, Sara, Astarte, and Shiro barged into the passage.

“What!?”

A sudden explosion from an area that the spider Mazoku, the Arachne, didn’t know about and didn’t have any jewels installed in. And then, since the Orc that barged in attacked her, the Arachne was considerably shaken up. The Orc Leader’s attack made a direct hit on the Arachne’s arm. The Arachne made a small shriek, but skillfully clung onto the ceiling just like that and moved about. This definitely was an opponent that was hard to fight..... That’s right, if it were a fight using a close range weapon.

“Sharpshootingg!”

Shiro readied a small type bow, and fired a shot at the Arachne that clung to the ceiling. I didn’t know if it would have any effect or not, but it was the poisoned bow and arrow that Diana possessed. Unfortunately, the arrow was repelled by one of her hardened forelegs, but we were able to buy some time.

“Fulfill thy contract, come forth from the staff of stars, stalwart Salamandra!”

Consecutive use of magic was greatly limited. Not only was movement limited in the middle of spell chanting, the mental fatigue was also large and the chanting time wasn’t short. If Sara was alone, the Arachne would have probably gotten close to her and tear her to pieces. It was for this reason that the Orc Leader and Shiro were buying time. Maybe because the upper limit of her internal magical power was increased from

being turned into a Mazoku, Sara's magic had much more power than before, and it made a direct hit on the Arachne.



Raising a scream, the Arachne came falling down. The Orc Leader struck her many times, and instantly drove her into a corner. Taking that chance, Shiro and I split up the work and installed mechanisms in several places..... Although I say installed, it was just throwing containers filled with some fluids. While breathing rough breathes, Sara went into her third chant. The Arachne still wasn't defeated.

Thread was sprayed onto the Orc Leader's face, and using the opening from him being distracted, the Arachne jumped and gained some distance.

"You bastards, are you the Dungeon Master's things.....!?"

Immediately after she turned around to look at us, the Arachne's complexion changed. The passage that we came in from was lit up, and she probably had eyes that worked in the dark to begin with..... Seeing my face, she stiffened up for only a moment. This was our reunion after several days, if she didn't get surprised, there would have been no meaning in me showing my face.

"Eli..... ott.....?"

Olivie, who was affixed to the wall, muttered that with a voice that sounded as if she had seen a ghost or something. The hidden Astarte was cutting up the threads that restrained Olivie, and would probably free her soon.

"Y..... You bastard, why!?"

The Arachne asked that question. Despite counting the time in my mind, I did my best to show that I had leeway and produced a smiling face.

"Don't you think that coming help when a childhood friend is in a pinch is like a fairy tale and a bit cool?"

I intentionally threw the situation into chaos. If she noticed my aim, the chance would be crushed. Guide her thoughts. Don't let her notice. Don't let her see the surroundings.

"You declared that it was settlement money, but in actual fact, it was a trap. For simply driving away an undesirable lover that was getting close to Olivie, I thought that you went too far."

“Bastard..... To be able to notice that trap, what a nuisance..... Nevertheless, why..... Could it be, you.”

It seemed that the Arachne noticed that the premises of her own plan was errored..... Yosh. I wanted to guide her thoughts “there”.

“Ahh, Diana told me all about your plan. She’s a good girl, isn’t she. It’s pitiable that you abuse her.”

“You, you’re telling me that you’re this place’s Dungeon Master!?”

That’s right. There wasn’t really any problems with her becoming aware of that.

What I didn’t want her to notice was the existence of the volatile oil that Shiro and I scattered a bit earlier and.....

“Sara.”

“.....Come forth, stalwart Salamandra!”

The existence of Sara who continued to chant her spell behind me.

Flames spread out in an instant, and engulfed the Arachne’s body. Her scream was drowned out, and the inside of the dark cavern became bright as if it were the daytime for only an instant.

The volatile oil immediately went out. The wounds from the flames, honestly speaking, it probably wouldn’t result in taking her life. My aim was on something else. One was the impact, and then the other was..... her breathing. The air inside caves immediately became thin, and that was why charcoal miners needed to rest frequently. When fire burned inside a glass jar, the air inside seemed to decrease, and it showed movements as if the surrounding air was being sucked in. It didn’t go all that well but there was a time when I made bottled preserved food and tried to see if I could make it airtight with this method.

Even if she was a demon, she still needed to breath. If we were able to take away the surrounding air all at once..... A large sound was made, and the Arachne crumbled down. She twitched and trembled, but she showed no signs of starting to move.....

“Phew!”

Taking a deep breath, I squated down on the ground. It seemed that I won the gamble..... I didn't know if we would have won or not if we didn't make a surprise attack. The Arachne's body suddenly became smaller, and returned to the appearance of an injured Officer of Arms..... The Arachne had completely lost consciousness.



“Eliott!”

Being freed by Astarte, Olivie rushed over to me while looking like she was about to cry.

“You're living! You're alive!..... Thank goodness, thank goodnessss.....”

After that, it didn't turn into words. She was saying something mixed in with her sobbing, but I couldn't really understand her. Thanks to her jumping at me while I was squatting down, I flashily fell down, and my clothes became covered in soot, but for now, one danger has passed.

However, things still haven't ended. Olivie had come to know various things. And then, my objective wasn't to defeat the Arachne.

“.....Olivie, I have something I want to tell you.”

About me. And then, about how I will obtain you.

CHAPTER 43

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: WHAT IS HELD, WHAT ISN'T HELD

.....When she regained consciousness, She saw that she was laid down on a simple, wooden bed. Her armor was removed, but when she looked around, she saw that it was placed nearby. When she saw that a thin towel was placed on her, she realized that she was being treated politely.....

Thinking that far, the Temple Knight Olivia remembered the situation that she was now placed in. The Officer of Arms was replaced by a demon, and the one that saved her from a dangerous spot was.....

“Have you woken up?”

Being called out to from behind, she was surprised and turned her head around. A girl wearing a maid outfit entered the room holding a water jug. That’s right, it was a room. Most likely, it was a part of this mine.

“This place is..... And, you are?”

The young girl that looked like she was of the same generation as Olivia pondered for a bit and then answered Olivia’s question.

“This place is one of the rooms of this dungeon that Master rules over. You were saved by Master, and carried to this room.”

“By the Dungeon Master..... And, who is that Dungeon Master?”

“It is Eliott-sama..... I was told that you were an acquaintance.”

The maid girl’s response was polite but was also a bit thorny. She has had ill will and hostility turned towards her several times at the imperial court, but she had never received this sort of response from someone that she had just met.

“My subordinates..... The soldiers of the expeditionary force, are they safe?”

Entirety over personal. Feeling that she should have asked about this first, Olivia felt ashamed of herself.

“I am sure that there are some that died from the trap that Officer of Arms had set. The survivors have been locked up in the several dead ends of the tunnels. By Elliott-sama’s instructions, the voice pipes have been opened, so they will not suffocate..... A day has not yet passed since the explosion disturbance. I am sure there have not been any deaths due to starvation yet.”

Their food was only with the supply unit that was outside, but each person at least possessed a small sized water pouch. It wasn’t like the inside of the tunnel was intensely dry. They probably wouldn’t die if it was for just another day. In reality, this meant they were prisoners. She should probably think that it’s better that they still have their lives.

After thinking that far, Olivia observed the maid girl, and then arrived at the thought that she somehow recognized her looks. She had seen a girl in the past that looked really similar to this girl.

“You..... Could it be, aren’t you Dahlia? The girl that lived two houses down from the village mayor’s house.”

The maid girl made a response that looked like she was troubled.

“You..... Did you know of me when I was Human?”

This time Olivia was at a loss for words. What did this girl say just now?

“When you were Human..... Wait, you aren’t Human?”

After the maid girl pondered for a bit, she met eyes with Olivia for the first time and let out her words. Within those eyes, an artificial light that was clearly different from a Human, and a clearly Human-like look that she was worried about something could be seen.

“Just as you have said, I am called Dahlia. I lived in that village, and was a village girl. Was..... There is a reason for saying “was”. The memories of the Dahlia that was a village girl that are inside of me are unreliable and are sometimes remembered

intermittently. I was killed on the day that this village was ruined..... Because I was turned into a demon by Eliott-sama.”



“.....That is why, only intermittent memories of when I was a Human remain. Sometimes, I suddenly remember things, but that isn’t me, and is nothing more than the memories of the Human Dahlia.”

Most likely, that was only a summarized explanation. But even so, something deep and muddy accumulated inside of Olivia’s heart.

She felt grief over the fact that the old friend that she wanted to meet with so much, the one that she was happy to meet again with, was the Dungeon Master that she needed to defeat. She felt joy over the fact that that Eliott saved her despite knowing about her position. She felt righteous indignation for the situation where the young girl called Dahlia had lost her humanity and had no choice but to become a demon. And then..... she felt a bit of an inferiority complex towards the Dahlia in front of her that wholeheartedly thought of Eliott, and a small bit of jealousy over the fact this girl was embraced by Eliott and loved by him. And so, just as Dahlia had, she was convinced that she herself was feeling jealous.

“.....The truth is, I was scared of saving you.”

Dahlia made a small mutter that sounded like she was confessing.

“Olivia. Unlike all of the others, you know about Eliott-sama when he was Human. You know about Eliott-sama who even I didn’t know about when I was Human. You were deeply cared about by Eliott-sama when he was Human..... And even now, that person thinks about wanting to take care of you. Even though you possess the mission of defeating that person. What I am afraid of..... is you taking that person far away from me.”

Being a Golem, Dahlia’s face scarcely made expressions. But even so, eyes tinged with grief and tears accumulating a bit could be seen.

“Dahlia..... You, really do love Eliott, don’t you.”

She once again asked about something that didn't need to be confirmed.

Dahlia made a small nod without letting out her voice.

"But, I am unable to request such a thing from that person. I am Goshujin-sama's possession, and was made to be at Goshujin-sama's side. If I am able to someday die for Goshujin-sama's sake..... Then that would be fine. And above all, that is a desire that surpasses my standing....."

Taking the hand of Dahlia, whose eyes were cast down, Olivia called out to her.

"That's no good, being like that..... Ah, um. I, erm..... That kind of thing is, I haven't done it with anyone yet..... but. That feeling of loving Elliott, it isn't something anyone should stop."

Dahlia opened her eyes wide in surprise a bit. Noticing that, Olivia continued her words feeling a bit embarrassed.

"That is, erm..... I also, even I, yeah. I..... like that person. Yup. Learning that Elliott is the Dungeon Master, I'm surprised, and troubled by it. But, having met earlier, having stupid conversations like when we were kids, having him see me when I was crying,..... Having my life saved by him. I finally get it now. I, am also in love with Elliott."

Saying it with her own mouth, she once again become self-aware. And then, she became a bit troubled about the complicated circumstances that surrounded her and Elliott.

"That being said, I have no intention of hindering you, and you shouldn't feel like you should hold back..... Though, I'm still troubled over what I should do. But, while it's fine that my life was saved, the soldiers have been caught. What will happen to my life all depends on how Elliott feels. Whatever happens, depends on that person. At the very least, I would like to have the soldiers sent back alive though."

There was a bit of silence. After making a small nod, Dahlia stood up, and beckoned Olivia over.

“I shall guide you to where Eliott-sama is..... You have shown that you know what it is that you have to do, and I have received your words saying that it was no problem. Do you have the courage to know about what it is that Eliott-sama does after having the master of this dungeon?”

Olivia stood up at those words. She considered putting her equipment on for a instant, but she immediately gave up on that. The fact that they had placed her equipment there like that was a declaration that they had no intent of treating her roughly. Or maybe, it was a declaration that said that they were strong enough that it wasn't a problem even if she were armed.

“Yes. Even if Eliott were to serve me poison, as I currently am, I would have no other choice but to drink it. What is Eliott doing right now?”

Dahlia answered in a flash.

“He is, raping women.”



“HaaaAHHHHHH! It's in, it's coming in! So good, more, more. Goshujin-sama, more, feel good, using, Diana, please!”

Actually, me raping Diana is something that happened no more than half a day after capturing her. Capturing her during breakfast, the expeditionary force's attack starting just after noon, and from there until we defeated the Officer of Arms, this was all after making her go half-dead for several hours. She stuck her butt out while standing, and opened her butt cheeks on her own. Maybe because she didn't have any strength in them, her knees were slightly trembling. When I slowly pushed aside her pleats and inserted my penis so as to tease her, maybe because she couldn't endure it any more, thin colored urine came spouting out from her urethra. As if to say that she was impatiently waiting for it, Diana's vagina wriggled, doing a peristalsis, and tempted my penis to go deeper. The pride of the spy that resisted me so much that morning, finally completely melted from the sexual desire that tormented her for half a day, from the fear of the Assassin's Guild's retribution, and from the fact that the chief who was a symbol of fear for her, the Arachne, was captured.

Her eyes were cloudy with sexual desire, and her intellectual face was melted with pleasure. That appearance where she is unable to hold back her tears and drool, it was both unsightly and bewitching, and it also felt a bit cute. Although it was managed by Astarte and Sara, who were strong with pharmaceuticals, an amount of aphrodisiacs where it wouldn't be strange if she broke if she were a normal woman was administered, and on top of that, she was in a half-dead state for half a day. Even just from what I saw, she had gotten off more than ten times. No matter how much of an assassin that excelled in drugs and sexual wiles she was, the human mind and body have their limits. Her sense of reason was on the brink of breaking. Since I had planned on bringing her to the brink of breaking, changing her into a demon after completely snapping her spirit, and dominating her, there was a need to bring her right to the edge.

And then, there was one more.

“Fuu—! Fuguh, guh!”

Even if she tried to struggle, both of her feet were restrained by metal chains that were attached to the ground by a wedge that was hammered into the floor. Even if she tried to escape, all four of her arms were restrained by the chains that hung down from the ceiling. The spider Mazoku, Arachne, was seized in a state where her body stationary, and being raped.

CHAPTER 44

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: UNRAVELING THE SPIDER THREAD

When she was transformed into her spider-man form, Arachne's arms and legs had both increased, but right now, the lower half of her body had returned to being that of a human's. Since I had observed her during the fight, I was able to predict where her additional legs would sprout out from. I had placed additional restraints in that area as well so that she wouldn't be able to make any strange movements.

I also made her bite onto a gag so that she wouldn't bite at me with her fangs or scatter her thread about. There was a need to get some information out of her afterwards, but right now, taking away her willpower and snapping her spirit took first priority. It was for this reason that she was similarly administered a large amount of aphrodisiac, and was raped by several Orcs while being shown the foolishness of her subordinate right in front of her.

Even the Orcs that were created from the members of the Red Crow had been reduced to close to half their original number during this fight with the expeditionary force. Since I had decided to abandon this dungeon, I might have needed to reduce their numbers in the end, but losing pieces under my control was something rather lonesome. In addition, the Orcs were angry from losing their comrades and needed something to vent their anger on. Since there was also that, I gave the Orcs permission to rape the Arachne. There wasn't a single ounce of feelings to make it feel pleasurable for the partner in the Orcs' rough and intense hip-use. Even if she was an Arachne, her current body was something based on the human female. To the Orcs, the number of her arms wasn't any sort of problem.

Sometimes, a resounding moan would be raised, and an Orc would ejaculate inside the Arachne's vagina. Yellow cum would thickly ooze out onto the Arachne's legs that were restrained by chains. Raising her flushed face, Arachne glared at my direction..... It seemed that she still hasn't had enough.

“AAAAAAAAAaaAaAaAahh, Chiefff, I’m so sorryyyyy. I’m, done forrr. I’m becoming Goshujin-sama’s slaveee. I won’t be returning to the Guild anymoreee. No, I don’t want to be killeddd, it’s fine, being embraced feels really gooddd.”

Although she had bound Diana to her by fear, I wonder just how much the Arachne’s pride and sense of reason will break from the betrayal and foolishness of the subordinate that she trusted enough to leave any negotiations up to her to do alone.

Since I was still in the middle of thinking about the timing to make her into a demon, I still haven’t turned Diana into a demon. It’s not like she would definitely turn into a demon if I released my essence in her vagina, but I simply didn’t have the time or flexibility to allow that. She had been in this situation since half a day ago, and on top of that, in order to not make Diana, who was a Human, push her body too far, I would sometimes make her take a rest but, maybe because her sexual desire had already broken through the threshold of her sense of reasoning, other than the times she was dozing off, she was either being ravished or would start masturbating on her own. If this continued for another half a day, she will most likely be broken to the point where it will be impossible for her to return to her original state. It wasn’t that I didn’t feel a bit of pity for her, but I couldn’t expose my own life to any danger. Diana was a dangerous existence on a level that I needed to make powerless with any sort of method..... And then, in addition to that, she was capable to a level that I wanted to make her degenerate and add her to my ranks.

During those breaks, I would gaze at the Arachne that was being raped by the Orcs, call out to her, and use various hands in order to crush her pride. Things close to torture that were accompanied by pain, maybe because she herself had performed such things or maybe because she possessed a resistance to it, didn’t have much of an effect. Times where liquid enemas were used and criticized her and times where she was made to throw out all of the stuff that was inside her belly, those had large responses. Since it seemed that she had high pride as a woman, I understood that this sort of attacking worked on her, so this sort of torment continued. And then.....

“Ahh, the Chief’s insides, its undulating. So good, I’m making the Chief cry using a dildo! This is the first time.....!”

Using a phallic-like item that used an animal’s horn, wood, and metal, she called it a dildo. It was a so-called variety of sex toy, and it’s said that if it were a rich noble using

it, they would apply various ornaments on the dildo. One of the shady merchants that used this dungeon as an inn was a trader that dealt in these sorts of toys. What we bought from that female trader in the past after an on-site test was a slippery double-headed dildo for female use that was made from a bull horn.

Since I had no plans nor a chance to use it, it was mainly only used when Shiro would torment Sara, but after remembering its existence, I had the dildo equipped on to Diana and had her rape the Arachne. It seemed that being raped by the subordinate that she once controlled made a big wound on the Arachne's pride. Her already flushed face became even redder, and her facial expression of anger gradually changed into one of humiliation and pleasure. Is it nearing a good time?

It seemed that Diana was used as Arachne's sex toy in the past. She would accurately attack the spots that seemed to be the Arachne's erogenous zones, lick her, slurp up the love juices and cum that came oozing out of her, and lovingly caress her restrained limbs. Her fingers would dance about in her vagina, and sometimes, she would thrust her fingers into her anus, and she would make them wriggle and dance. Most likely, she was probably returning the favor on things that were done to herself. Diana's bewitched face would sometimes become gloomy, and at other times would be full of sadistic joy.

"Ahh..... How lovely. The Chief's pussy and anus, both of them are so sloppy. You know that don't you. It is about you after all. You would, always, play with us, though it was good, if that thread, was there..... OOoh. So good, the Chief's pussy, so wonderfulll..... Aha, since I don't have any right now, we'll use your hair as a substitute, okay?"

After pulling several strands of Arachne's hair, Diana wrapped them around Arachne's nipples, and tied them up like ribbons. Maybe because a subtle stimulus went in, Arachne's nipples that were halfway standing and halfway calmed had now perked up and tensed up.

Around the time that Diana once again held Arachne's ass, and started to swing her hips. Confirming that drool that couldn't be held back by the gag that was stuffed in Arachne's mouth was trickling out, I finally gave an Orc the instruction to remove Arachne's gag.



“Fuah, aAaAAA. Puhaa, haa, haa..... Ah, Ahn.”

I approached the roughly breathing Arachne while hiding my right hand at my back.

“Officer of Arms-dono. No, Chief of the Assassin’s Guild-san. While it is a bit late to be asking this, how do you feel?”

Arachne glared my way while keeping a red face, and talked with abusive language.

“Dammit, I’ll kill y..... agah!?”

To tell the truth, I also had the objective of making her open her mouth in the event that she still hadn’t been bewitched. Thrusting my hand into her mouth, I pricked her tongue with a special needle that I stole from Diana’s luggage. There was a fine slit cut into the needle’s surface, and it was a dart with an overall length of about 5 cm that would mainly have poison inserted in it. Although this time I used it with my hand.

“Bastard, what did you do!?”

“Don’t worry, it isn’t poison. It’s merely, a drug that will make you feel even better. It’s the same thing that was used on Diana..... Since it’s an undiluted solution, it’s several times the amount used on Diana, I guess?”

To tell the truth, I lied a bit. In regards to Arachne, I even thought that it didn’t matter if she were to break. Besides, there is even the possibility that I’ll be killed if she recovers. Therefore, there was poison inserted together with the aphrodisiac in this needle..... Only the amount of aphrodisiac was accurately reported though.

“.....!?”

Arachne’s face clouded over. Maybe because she couldn’t control it, a portion of her face transformed, and small cracks..... no, eyes emerged on her temporal regions and forehead.

“It looks like you’ve become unable to maintain your transformation. Since we were both lying about our social positions before, we weren’t able to have anything but stiff greetings but..... Right now, our secrets have been exposed to each other. It’s fine if you cum without reserve, you know?”

Arachne's face scowled from these provocative words, and as she was about to use abusive language, Diana made a remarkably large stroke with the timing of when she opened her mouth.

".....Bastaaaardddd..... aahn?"

This was my first time hearing this woman's voice filled with sexual passion. Noticing the coquettish voice that she herself had raised, although she tried to cover up her mouth, all of her arms had been restrained. Although she struggled and tried to tear the chains off several times, the wedges that were deeply hammered in and the chains remained unyielding.

"What, this is a long-awaited chance for you to warm up your old friendship with your former subordinate that you abandoned. I won't do something so boorish as getting in your way. Don't mind me, and cum like mad to your heart's content."

To break her pride, I had to make her think that she can't win. First, as long as Arachne's spirit wasn't completely broken, it would be difficult to reach the negotiation table. It was possible to take her life, but if possible, I want to procure information from her before that. If it's possible, I also want to put Arachne under my control. It's unknown just how far we can go, but let's do as much as we can.

"Sara, Shiro. You girls watch over the climax of our guest as well."

I called out to the two that had gone in and out of the room several times during the event and had now returned and were now in waiting. Being bored and having sex flaunted in front of them as if to insinuate them, I understood that the two of them had become frustrated. Or rather, maybe because I had a mental link with the demons that were under my control, I could read that to a certain extent.

That being said, it's not like my body had several penises. Since I could only have the two of them endure it for today, this was a way to have them help out here, and let them enjoy themselves at the same time.

"Onee-san, you're a spider demon, aren't you. They're a bit scary, but your glossy legs are pretty..... Your pussy, and the place that you pee from aren't different from that of a Human, right?"

With a gaze that was innocent, yet overflowing with lust, Shiro asked that question.

“How unsightly, after being made to cum over and over, that well-featured face of yours has been unshapely warped..... Fufufu, it looks like it feels really good, doesn’t it? Hey, how does it feel? Losing everything and being raped from behind by your former comrade, how does it feel?”

Sara said that sounding as if she were looking down on her. It was a manner of speaking meant to make cuts on the other party’s pride, but she might be stacking up her former self on top of that appearance.

“Just once is fine, I’ve wanted to try messing you uppp! My pussy, and my asshole, they were always raped by the Chief..... Just once is fine, I wanted to ride on top and get sloppyyy! I’m sorry, raping the Chief, it feels so good that I can’t stoppp!”

Diana is already half-crazed. All of the restraints that she suppressed until now have probably all been undone. The spy that was used as the Arachne’s sex slave now turned her twisted lust towards her former master.

Biting her lips and closing her eyes, she endured, and endured. Nevertheless, a voice of humiliation and pleasure leaked out, and her eyes opened. Aphrodisiacs were amply applied to the dildo in place of lubricant. In this room where the sound of their hips and the dildo banging rhythmically resounded, becoming unable to hold it in anymore, the Arachne’s coquettish voice leaked out.

“Bastard..... Ah, AaAAH, I’ll kill y..... Ee, EEE, ya..... Yaaaaaa..... Aah, ah, AHHHHHH!”

With fangs still growing out on both sides of her lips, she shed tears, and being unable to wipe off her drool, Arachne raised her voice, and swung her hips.

“I’m raping her! The Chief! The spider that raped me over and over! Aah, Aah, AAHH —!”

Being driven to climax over and over again up until now, maybe because she finally reached the limit of her stamina, after Diana struck a remarkably large stroke on Arachne’s rump, she crumbled down from the knees.

CHAPTER 45

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT:

THE SPIDER THREAD ENTANGLEMENT

Diana magnificently reached her climax, and although her consciousness remained, she was exhausted to the point of being unable to move properly. Giving instructions to Shiro and Sara, I had them give Diana medicine and spiced mulled wine. After making her rest for a bit, there was one more job that I needed her to do.

On the other hand, the Arachne, who was still restrained and had her raised up body suddenly abandoned, wriggled her hips looking miserable. Right when she was about to be pushed into her climax with just a bit more, Diana, who was playing the male role, had disappeared. Her halfway raised sexual desire, coupled together with the effect of the aphrodisiac that was administered in large amounts, she was probably in an extraordinarily irritated state.

After grabbing a vial, I then grabbed Arachne's chin. Her resistance was weak. Strongly grabbing her, I opened her mouth, and poured in the fluid that was inside the vial.

"Drink it."

So as to not show emotions as much as possible, I made a short order. Arachne show signs of hesitating a bit, but maybe because she gave up, she swallowed the medicine.

"Although this might be used in you guys' place, but it's a type that will make you want cum more and more to the point that it's unbearable. Of course, since it's the same type as the one applied to the dildo earlier, try and feel its effect directly in your stomach. Well, since I didn't know if it would work on a demon, I tried testing it out with a bit larger portion."

More than half of this was also a lie. Wanting semen more and more..... I don't know if such a convenient aphrodisiac even exists or not. Since it's a medicine that simply makes her muscles relax and oversensitized her sexual feelings, it wasn't any different from the type that is generally circulated around. Besides, there was no guarantee that ointment and oral medicine are the same..... Well, the aphrodisiac this time is

something good if smeared on mucous membrane, I've heard that it's fine when used either way.

"Although I don't like schemes that entrap people and make use of diversions..... It's not like we want to fight with the Assassin's Guild. It's just, I have a bit of an interest in what kind of guy you guys' client is, you see? The choices you have from now on increasing is a good thing. The chance of being able to make deals is important to a businessman."

Although I have no intention of that whatsoever, bluffs are also needed in negotiations. Now then, how will Arachne come out?

".....Did you think, that I would spit that out, boy?"

She was making a complicated facial expression where her pride of not wanting to lose and her yearning for the desires that accumulated in her body to be reduced had mixed in, but Arachne still refused to submit with the strength of her will. Since she's a demon, the effectiveness of the medicine might be different from when used on a human, but I couldn't let such a thing be said.

"I think that losing trust is much better than losing your life though? In that case, how about we try negotiating so that we hire the Assassin's Guild to go against Count Abram's side?"

Well, the Count most likely also knows that several of his relatives were killed by this Assassin's Guild, and it would cause a huge dispute if Count Abram were to learn who the sponsor of the Assassin's Guild was.

".....!"

Arachne kept silent. She was doing calculations in her heart of hearts..... In other words, she still had enough sense of reason remaining to be able to do something on the level of composed calculations. There was only one thing that this meant. It was still too early to start negotiations.

Giving instructions to an Orc, I had him bring over a metal table. Undoing the restraining chains on her arms one at a time, I had them changed to being fastened to the table's pedestal. Made to go face up, Arachne was once again restrained with a

form where her abdomen drew a gentle curve facing the ceiling. Excluding her fingertips, backs of her hands, and a portion of her forehead hardening and the number of eyes on her forehead and temporal region increasing, it was the body of a slightly large built and voluptuous woman. Since things like the poison that was stocked in the tips of her nails would be unbearable, mitten-type gauntlets were placed on her. It was different from their original utility, but, well, it's just right for now.

Even during the time her restraints were being exchanged, Arachne's abdomen twitched and convulsed, making movements that wouldn't calm down. It seemed that the fires of arousal and sexual desire were still lit. I needed to maintain things so that this fire wouldn't be extinguished.

Putting the table at the center, I approached the table while being cautious so as to not ruin the formation that was drawn on the floor.

".....It looks like you still haven't been satisfied. Since it's not like we're mutual enemies right now, how about we discuss things "down there" for a bit?"

I could tell that Arachne's facial expression slackened a little. That's right, become careless. Mistake me for an idiot that only enjoys raping women. I pasted on a smile so that such thoughts wouldn't show on my face. An insincere smile is a basic skill of a merchant. I was used to glossing over my facial expression. It was fine if the insincerity was exposed, so long as the thoughts behind it aren't read.

Although the Orcs look like they haven't ejaculated enough yet, if I were to make them rape Arachne here with this timing, they would make the sexually excited Arachne climax, and there would be a high possibility of her becoming satisfied. If she were to reach her climax and cum just once, there were a lot of states where she would become unable to converse with me such as fainting or getting tired that she could go into. Besides, her becoming composed would be the biggest bother. Since there was a need to keep her in this state of sexual excitement where her sexual desire was just barely left unsatisfied, I was unable to use the Orcs. And from the start, there was a huge risk in me raping this spider-woman myself. It was for this reason that I had her raped first by the Orcs to check to see if she had any unusual hidden items or not, but this was not the proper timing for that..... The chance of risk going to zero would never happen no matter what I do though.

I had laid out two or three measures in order to improve the safety. I had administered antidotes to myself beforehand so that poisons that existing spiders possess or some other poison wouldn't show any effect. I had several preparations other than that as well, but it would be best if this all finished without having to use them.

Pulling up Diana who had regained consciousness, I laid her down on top of Arachne so as to cover her with her. When Diana understood the situation that she had been placed in, she stole Arachne's lips without saying a word, and massaged her breasts. Diana and Arachne raised each other up while rubbing their breasts and crotches up against each other.

"Arachne. Diana. The two of you, won't you become mine? Diana, you said that you would become mine, didn't you?"

Placing my hand in between Arachne's thighs, I slowly massaged them while lightly looking at her reaction.

".....That also, might..... be, good..... Ahh, aah, Diana, so good."

While getting several of Diana's kiss marks etched onto the nape of her neck, Arachne answered me.

"Goshujin-sama's things..... Me, and the Chief."

Diana was already unable to understand all of my words. Swinging her hips looking impatient, she attacked Arachne's erogenous zones, and she would sometimes sink her gaze into me, and communicate her lust. Well, certainly, I myself have ejaculated inside of Diana only once, and since I have only focused on making her aroused after that, my penis was also now erect to the point of hurting. I could see Shiro and Sara's greedy gazes, but unfortunately, this was not a time to enjoy myself and embrace those women..... It's a common saying that Dungeon Masters indulge themselves in doing bad things, but that really is a downright lie.

"Now then, I'm also feeling like I can't endure it anymore. Can I insert it?"

While muttering that in a way that I could be heard, I leaned over, and observed their genital areas as they coiled about each other. Diana's genital area that was now on top had her pubic hair trimmed into a small triangle, and was currently sticky with love

juices. It seemed to have originally been on the smaller side, and her pleats would normally be closed, but when pressed against Arachne, it was opened up a bit, and her nectar came dripping out. Arachne's genital area that was now at the bottom, maybe because she didn't really groom it, had hard pubic hair spread out. Her own secreted love juices overflowed together with Diana's love juices that were dripping out from above, and her her spread out pubic hair shinily glistened as if it were wet with morning dew..... Of course, unlike morning dew, it possessed heat that caused steam to rise up though.

Holding the dildo from before in my hand, I made it so that the two of them couldn't see it, and inserted it into Diana. Just in case, I made it so that it looked like I inserted my penis into Diana.

"Haaaa..... Nnu, it's hereee, it's hereee....."

The muscles along her back bending backwards, Diana raised a coquettish voice from the insertion that she was eagerly waiting for. Making a few shallow strokes, I slowly pulled it out.

"AH..... AaAaAah, nooo, I don't want you to pull out....."

Becoming teary eyed, Diana made a petition. She's become docile in just a single day. I slowly inserted the dildo that had been warmed up by Diana's love juices into Arachne..... Although I don't think it will happen, but if the dildo were to be crushed with this, I would no longer have any ways to degenerate her.

"Ah..... Aah, UAaaaAaaaAaaAh"

Arachne's waist jumped up with a start, and Diana's lower half was raised up for an instant. Yosh, her abdominal muscles are amazing, but it seems like there aren't any traps inside of Arachne's vagina. After pulling the dildo out all at once, I inserted my own penis into Arachne's vagina. It's hot. The clamping wasn't strong, but a heat that felt like it would melt me enveloped my penis. Her soft flesh gently wrapped around it.

"UAH!? U, UAaAa!?"

It seemed that she realized the difference. The way her eyes opened became a bit bigger.

“Aah! That’s so nice, getting the real cock is so nice! Goshujin-sama, me too, me too, I want the real thing!”

It seems that Diana guess the situation from Arachne’s reaction. Grandly swinging her hips, she made an appeal to me. At that time, a signal was given from a place that the two of them couldn’t see..... It seemed that Olivia was coming over here.

My chest hurt for only an instant, but I concentrated on what was in front of me in order to shake it off..... What “perfect” timing. I guess it’s about time for the trap.

Pulling my penis out, I lightly poked at their entrances, and asked them a question while putting the tip in and out.

“Arachne, Diana. There’s something I want to ask you. If you obediently tell me, I’ll let out a lot inside of your vagina.”

Clouded up by sexual desire, Arachne’s facial expression was absentminded. I couldn’t see Diana’s facial expression since I was doing her doggy style, but I could make a guess.

“Who was the one that made the commission to make the expedition fail and to assassinate Temple Knight Olivia? If you know what their objective was or what their background is, I’d like for you to tell me.”

Arachne was about to open her mouth, but it seemed that her senses returned a bit at that moment. Her face warped, and she closed her mouth. It’s unfortunate, but I had anticipated this. However, Diana opened her mouth. This was my second aim.

“The client isss..... A town noble, the servant of a town nobleee! They tried to conceal their social status butttt, the family crest that could be seen a bit underneath their overcoat..... Their crest of a Gryphon and a tower isss.....”

“Diana. Be silent!”

Arachne bared her fangs and shouted. Diana's body recalled the fear that was etched into her, and she stiffened up in an instant..... As I thought, her sense of reason still remained.

Now then, just as I was thinking about what I should do, a voice called out from the side.

“What..... what do you mean by that!? The crest of a gryphon and a tower, it's from the Baron Lanvelt House who is also Count Abram's son-in-law.....!”

Arachne, Diana, and I turned our gazes. In front of me as I was raping two women, a door that was alongside the wall was opened, and the one that was brought along by the maid-clothed Dahlia and had appeared was..... the Temple Knight, Olivia.

CHAPTER 46

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: RITUAL OF SACRIFICE

“KIAAah!”

Arachne’s response was fast. She probably mustered up the last of her strength that remained. The ends of her legs hardened, and an atypical appearance of a spider suddenly became visible on the upper half of her face. Flipping up her waist, she bent her neck with all her might, and in the middle of her upside down field of vision, she perceived Olivia from the front. From her mouth, a needle..... No, a hardened thread that was twisted into the shape of a spear was shot, and pierced through Olivia’s body..... or that’s how it should have been.

With a thud, a semi-transparent felt cloth vanished, and a large hole opened up. Seeing it from Arachne’s eyes, the thread pierced through the surface of a wall where there was “nothing” in front of her, and *jyuu*, an unpleasant sound was made. I had expected it, but it was probably some kind of contact poison.

“!?”

Arachne opened up all eight of her eyes in surprise.

“Astarte!”

I gave instructions to Astarte who was always in the spider-woman’s blind spot ever since the torture started. At almost the same time, Astarte started to take action on her own. Her nails that were like long extended blades pierced Arachne’s throat.

“Hii!?”

Diana finally understood the situation, and raised a scream. At that moment, I once again inserted my penis into Arachne, and roughly pushed her up.

“Ah, gah, gah, hah.....!?”

Even though she opened her mouth, air leaked out, blood flowed out, and Arachne's remark didn't turn into words. Sensing the danger to her life, she started to strongly vermiculate as if to suck up life from my penis. Both of Arachne's legs banded and jumped, and they had trouble maintaining order.

Holding down the frightened Diana's body, I took her right hand. And in my right hand, I clutched a dagger that hung on my waist.

"Diana, I shall keep my promise to you. You and I will sever the fear that ties you down. And then, you will once again take an oath. You will live your life from now on as my slave. You will live for my sake, and become my tool. If you do that..... I shall bestow you a new life, and pleasure."

Astarte had already started the ritual. I took Diana's hand, and made her hold the dagger with that hand. While my penis was thrust into Arachne's wet genital area, I put the dagger's tip in between the two hills on Arachne's chest..... ran it along the seam of her rib, and put some strength into it.

".....!.....!"

Fear, malediction, regret, and then pleasure. Those various emotions rose up on Arachne's face, and she glared past Diana and straight at me. Ahh, curse me all you want. The one killing you is me.

"Diana. Sever..... your fear."

Gently biting Diana's earlobe, I whispered that as if pouring poison into her. My chest and Diana's back were glued together, and Diana's throbbing that was like an alarm bell was communicated to me.

".....I will, Diana will, become Goshujin-sama's..... Eliott-sama's tool! I will abandon the Assassin's Guild! Even if I have to kill my comrade, even if I have to lose everything! Make me yours, please make me your toollll!"

Just before those words ended, strength was put into Diana's hand, and she made the dagger's blade slide into Arachne's heart. Unable to cleanly thrust it into the gap, the unpleasant feeling of scraping the bone was transmitted through the blade. Arachne's

body jumped several times, and her vagina displayed intense peristalsis. Arachne was guided to climax right before her death.

Giving the order to Astarte, I had her cut off her head. With the lower half being that of a beautiful woman, and the upper half being changed to more than half of that of a spider, the head of the Mazoku Arachne fell, and rolled on the floor. I wonder if Arachne noticed it. The existence of the semi-transparent prismatic curtain that was stretched around the surrounding of the table that restrained her. And then, the magic formation of sacrifice that was drawn on the floor.

The body of the spider-woman that had lost its head was experiencing pleasure while still having been guided to the climax of death. I wonder if her body would still be alive for awhile even after having its head like a spider. Not having the free time to think about that, the ritual was nearing completion.

“Uu, Uoooooooooooooh.”

I noticed that the one raising a beast-like voice was me only after I had let my voice out. It was a bit faster than expected, but without holding it in, I vigorously ejaculated inside of Arachne’s vagina. *Dokuh, dokudokun!* My magical power was spit out into Arachne’s vagina..... And there, the ritual would be completed.

.....Up until now, the acceptance of magical power from the women by having sex happened many times. The stored amount of my own magical power wasn’t all that large, and at times where a demon was summoned for a short time or when performing a magical ritual, it could be said that a supply from an external source was essential. The deed that was performed just now was an extension of that.

Not only could I receive magical power via sex, I could obtain a large amount of magical power by forcibly sucking up life itself..... that was the ritual of sacrifice which sacrificed life. I had known about it as knowledge. I had also heard various stories about it from Astarte. But, I hadn’t attempted it even a single time up until now. It was because although the amount of obtainable magical power at once was large, the fact that it would end at just that meant that it wouldn’t pay off. Between obtaining 100 all at once then ending, and only getting 5 each time, in terms of being maintained over 30 days, the latter was more profitable. Moreover, I wasn’t able to predict that it would create such an enormous torrent of magical power.

“Iyaa, iyaaaaaa!?”

Diana’s raised scream

“Eliott-sama!?”

Was done in a voice similar to Dahlia’s scream.

My body was hot as if it were burning. With my penis as the center, magical power was sucked up, and I knew upon my knowledge that until it diffused throughout my entire body, the balance of magical power in my body would collapse. But, what in the world was this? Almost like the time when I nearly drowned in the river when I was a child, various scenes, experiences, memories, and knowledge streamed past me. Most of it was at a level of being able to faintly perceive something and not something that I could understand..... This just might be Arachne’s memories and experiences, maybe even her knowledge. Was eating up someone’s life something this terrifying.....!?

Most likely, it was something that happened in less than ten seconds in real time.

My experienced time felt like it was several tens of minutes, but the ritual ended. On top of the table, there was Diana who had wet herself in fear, and a faint amount of dust that was once Arachne. Leaving the cut off head, Arachne’s body was all changed into magical power, and was “eaten” by me. No, I should probably say that I killed her, and then ate her.

It felt as if my whole body was burning. It seemed like magical power was leaking out from the joints of my body. I felt bad as if it were the morning of a hangover, and in addition to that, my sexual desire felt as if I had abstained for several months.

“It would seem that the sucked up magical power has crossed over the maximum permissible level for Eliott-sama’s body.”

Astarte indifferently explained. Sara, Shiro, and Olivia, all of them were at a loss for words for the event that just happened.

My thoughts wouldn’t settle down. I need to spit this out, I need to spit this whirling something out somewhere. When I was thinking that, I noticed the frightened Diana who was still clinging onto me, and Dahlia who had nestled close to me.

“.....No, please, Goshujin-sama, I’m scared, don’t kill me, don’t kill me.....”

Dahlia fastened chains on both of Diana’s legs so that she wouldn’t run away. And then, she took off her own uniform.

“Master..... If it hurts, please use me, and this girl. We are, Master’s tools. Use us..... please.”

What I needed to do became clear with those words. Grabbing Diana’s chained legs, I pulled her towards me.

“Hii!?”

Holding down Diana who was trying to run away, I mercilessly drove my penis into her vagina. I thought that her sexual desire had vanished due to fear, but because she had leaked out urine, lubrication wasn’t a problem. When I inserted it all at once, her facial expression of fear disappeared, and she returned to her sexually excited state in the blink of an eye.

“Hot..... It’s hot, it’s so hot, Goshujin-samaa.....?”

Most likely, my overbearing conduct that probably would have caused pain if I did it during normal sex had turned into an intensely pleasant feeling for Diana who had continually been in sexual excitement for more than half a day.

“Diana. Up until now, what kind of things were done to you by Arachne? Come on and say it in front of everyone. You are..... No, you’re my tool. There is no need for you to feel ashamed, and there is no need for you to hold doubt for my orders.”

When I let my mind wander, what I fired in order to keep myself from moaning, were words meant to disgrace Diana, and to reconfirm my position to her..... I might actually be gradually getting an appropriate personality as a Mazoku. Not having the spare time to be immersed in that sentiment, just as the heat of my body commanded me to, I grabbed Diana’s butt, and ravished her.

“N, normally I would be put to work at a brothel..... Aah..... If there was an order, I would sleep..... Ah, with the assassination target, and I would kill them at the moment

I partnered with them..... All day long, I would be made to lick the Chief's pussy, or I would be made to pass the time with a dildo inserted in my butt the whole time....."

The moment I heard that, I took my penis out, lifted up her waist high, and inserted my penis in her anus.

"HlilililIN! YES, THAT! Even though I detest it, even though it's embarrassing, I can't get enough of it!"

Maybe because the surrounding gazes piercing her had changed into pleasure for her, Diana climaxed in no time as I raped her butt. After I had pulled my penis out, Dahlia snuggled up close and started to lick her making a lapping sound. Having both her butthole and her vagina attacked at the same time, Diana could only tremble and shake her hips in no time at all.

"AH, AaA, Aa, AAAA, I can't, I can't anymore, cumming, I'm cumming, Goshujin-samaa!"

"Not yet. Hold it in until I give you permission."

I think that it was a harsh order. But even so, at this stage, I want to make several layers of training. After about ten strokes, I pulled my penis out from Diana's anus.

Because she was toyed with for more than half a day, other than intestinal fluids, she didn't have much dirt on her. But even so, Dahlia wiped my penis with her apron, and insistently licked it clean with her own tongue. Once Dahlia was done with her cleaning, I once again inserted my penis into Diana's vagina.

"Diana, from here on, I am going to make you a demon. The Human Diana will disappear, and become my faithful demon..... Are you happy?"

"Y, yes..... I am happy! I, will stop being Human! I'll become a demon..... Become Goshujin-sama's tool, and I want to be used for more good feeling things!"

She probably no longer has the ability to properly think. But even so, her heart hasn't been completely broken. Her fear and her pleasure, everything that tied Diana's soul down underneath Arachne, it's finally become mine. I'm sure that this girl will become a good pawn.

"I'm cumming..... Here I cum! Diana, cum! Cum like mad!"

“I’m cumming, I’m going madd.....! Ah, Ah, AAaaAaAAAAAAAH.....!”

Gripping her butt remarkably strongly, I inserted my penis into her deepest area, and ejaculated with all my strength. Making a *dokudoku* sound, a large quantity of cum, the overflowing magical power poured into Diana.

“Hot, so hottt.....!?”

Making a *pusha* sound, Diana squirted out a vigorous stream of water from the vicinity of her urethra..... I guess this was the thing called squirting. Just like that, she once again urinated involuntarily, and created a warm puddle of water on the table. The faint traces of ash and dust that were once Arachne that were on top of the table were washed away just like that. Diana went white eyed and lost consciousness.



Losing consciousness, Diana’s back twitched and trembled. Several lines ran along it like tattoos, and drew patterns on her tight body line. The patterns were shaped like stars, and there were a total of four of them. Each of them were a vertex, and were laid out as if to draw a rectangle on her back. Two underneath her shoulders, and two on the sides of her hips. The star shaped patterns bulged, and just when I thought that they had swelled just like sarcomas, narrow organs that I couldn’t tell if they were arms or legs were suddenly produced from there. Those four organs that were covered in hardened skin weren’t organs from a Human body, but instead gave the impression of a spider’s legs.

“Fuaah..... What, did I.....?”

Looking closely, the tips of Diana’s fingers and toes had similarly hardened. Most likely, if she got used to her body, it would probably be possible for her to similarly hide them.

“Diana, good morning. How does it feel to turn into a demon? It would seem that you..... have been reborn as a kinsmen of the Arachne.”

That Officer of Arms’ actual name probably wasn’t Arachne. Since Arachne is given name to indicate the entirety of the spider Mazoku that are close to Human form, so it was most likely her nickname within the Assassin’s Guild. Diana had a slightly different way of increasing her limbs from the Officer of Arms. Maybe because it was

an influence of my magical power, rather than being creature-like, the hardened parts looked slightly metallic.

“Ah..... Aah, I’m, no longer Human. Just like her, I’ve obtained strength..... Aha, ahahahaha.”

After she laughed for a bit, she slowly raised her body up, and turned around towards me. She knelt down, and lowered her head. Her newly added limbs bent and curved as if to wrap around her body. I see, at the very least, it seems that she is able to control her increased arms and legs without a problem.

“Goshujin-sama. From hereon, I will become a spider for your sake. Whether it be assassination, or secret information gathering, I will do anything..... So, from hereon, um..... Please, make me feel good.”

With a cheerful face, with a facial expression that clearly had flirtation included in it, the spy with a short-cut hairstyle swore her allegiance to me.

“Yeah, I’ll be counting on you from now on, Diana..... Let’s see, there’s something I would like to consult with you later. But, rest for right now. You are very exhausted.”

After all, I did make her have half-dead sex without letting her eat for several hours. Even if she had become a demon, her body probably wouldn’t last without food or sleep.

“.....Th, thank you very much!”

Maybe because she was really happy, Diana was moved to tears. Did the Assassin’s Guild handle their people that badly? Astarte took Diana, and returned to the bedroom.

Now then. The moment I tried to stand up, I felt dizzy. When I noticed, my penis was still standing tall as if to say that it hadn’t rampaged enough, and my ability to think once again went hazy.

“Olivie.....”

Looking over, I saw that Olivie was stout-heartedly looking my way. I was a bit happy that she looked my way even though she had been shown such a cruel situation but.....

I want to ravish her. To take her by force, to tear off her clothes, to push her down..... Not good, my thoughts won't calm down. As I tried to extend my hand out, I stopped it, and when I was hesitant, my penis was wrapped up in a soft sensation.

“Master, it looks like your magical power is still overflowing. Even though you are going to negotiate with Olivia-san, this situation isn't good. Therefore..... please, use me.”

CHAPTER 47

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: A STRANGE CONVERSATION

“.....It’s kinda, turned into something quite strange, hasn’t it.”

My words went beyond being able to be called shameless, and were rather weak. To be honest, I’m a bit scared to meet eyes with Olivie.

“.....That’s, do you mean this situation? About how you kept the fact that you were the Dungeon Master a secret from me? Or could it be.....”

Even Olivie who was sitting opposite of me was unable to properly look this way.

“Ah..... Um, don’t mind me. G, go ahead and continue..... pleas..... Ah.”

Several minutes after that event. This was my room. The one sitting in my chair and fidgeting and rubbing her knees together was my childhood friend and currently a Temple Knight, Olivie. The one sitting on the bed, and sharing an awkward atmosphere together with Olivie was the Dungeon Master of this Man-Eating Dungeon, me. And then, the one that was straddling me, receiving my erected penis, and silently swinging her hips was Dahlia the maid.

“T, to begin with, why is it that you’re embracing a girl when you’re having a talk alone with another person!?”

With face completely red, Olivie protested.

“It is because, I am something like Master’s tool..... Do not mind me, and please continue. If I don’t do this, magical power will overflow from inside of Master’s body after all.....”

Dahlia wrapped both of her arms around my neck, and glued herself to me as if to say that she were my clothing. Since the skirt of her maid uniform was fairly long, it’s not like the spot where my penis was sticking into Dahlia could be directly seen. Well,

since I had shown such foolishness before, this might be pointless to worry about now though. Even so, since it seemed that she was extraordinarily bothered by how Dahlia's hips would sometimes move unable to endure it and leak out a small voice, Olivia was pretty much unable to look directly this way..... If it's true that she is a virgin, well, that's understandable.

"Man, it's an embarrassing story, but I can't think properly if I don't have this done..... Or rather, if I lose focus, I feel like I'd end up attacking you, Olivie."

In terms of positions, we were in opposition, and furthermore, the other party is currently in a situation where she is my prisoner, but it didn't really feel like that.

In front of Olivie, I probably behaved like a Human automatically. And it seemed that Olivie behaved as my old friend, and not as a Temple Knight.

"Eh, ah, erm, um....."

I could probably imagine the scene if I were to attack her at that moment. Olivie would become red like a boiled octopus and be flustered. Although I thought that would be cute, my nerves were headed towards Dahlia who I was currently embracing.

"Dahlia, I'm about to let it out....."

".....Yes, Master. Please let it out inside me."

Dahlia quietly whispered that into my ear. Creampieing another woman (Dahlia) while being watched in front of Olivie, it had a quite immoral feeling overflowing from it, or rather, there was an unneeded nervousness in it. This might be obvious, but it was quite different from doing it in front of Sara and Shiro who were my women. Unable to endure it, my waist jumped. My veins pulsed, and a *dokun dokun* sound was made at the same time as my ejaculation. The bed made a remarkably loud creaking sound.

"So..... warm....."

Receiving the creampie, Dahlia was worn out and entrusted herself to my body. Stabilizing her body with my right hand as if I were hugging her waist, I once again turned around to Olivie while still connected to Dahlia. Finally, my thinking faculty had returned.

“.....A, are you..... done?”

Covering her face with both hands, Olivie asked that while peeking at me through the gaps of her fingers..... It feels like it's pointless if it doesn't cover your face though.

“Nn, yeah. Thanks to that, I'm feeling much better. Once again, how about we have a talk..... About how we will be from now on as friends, yet as mutual enemies.”

When Olivie looked at Dahlia, who had placed her head on my shoulder and was sleeping, with a slightly jealous look, maybe because she resigned, she finally met eyes with me.

“That's..... right. Although various things happened, like you saving me. You, are the master of this Man Eating Dungeon, after all.”



“First, as the commanding officer of the expeditionary force..... as the commander of the defeated army, I have a request for you as the enemy general.”

After the negotiations began, Olivie's first thing was this.

“Is it, the rescue of the remaining living soldiers?”

“That's right. Although they were injured by my errored command, I heard that many of them are still alive, by your instruction. I want to save as many of them as possible.”

That's right. Since I didn't feel the need to unreasonably defeat them, there was no need to kill them. But, I wanted to snatch away their fighting strength as much as possible. In that meaning, the Officer of Arms' planted trap could be said to have been extraordinarily favorable.

“.....Speaking on whether or not I can do that, that is possible. It probably isn't time for any of them to die from hunger. Although it isn't enough to treat their wounds, only water has been supplemented in the dangerous looking places that are within my grasp.”

“.....Phew, thank you. That helps.”

Olivie's facial expression became cheerful. She probably really values her subordinates.

"Nevertheless, I was watching the whole time, you see. Olivie, when you're the enemy, you really are an unpleasant opponent. You wouldn't be lured, you wouldn't be caught, and you wouldn't push through. Your progress in capturing the dungeon was slow, but since your numbers wouldn't decrease, I was wondering what I should do."

"S, something like that..... That is, just my cowardice. As a commanding officer, there will occasionally be times where things must commence without fearing the dissipation of soldiers, that is what I've studied many times over but..... as expected, it was scary. However, to be able to receive praise by the Master of the famous Man Eating Dungeon, I will obediently accept it."

"At the time my treasured Stone Golem was completely broken, I felt like I was going to cry, you know! How about I teach just how much time and money went into make that?"

"Aah, that one was really formidable..... But, is that something that can be made normally? If used in things such as castle defense as support, I was thinking that it could somewhat reduce the number needed for night lookouts."

Ah, this girl hasn't changed from when we were kids. Because she played with me who was a business child, she probably grew up while not being able to have the cost-ignoring thoughts that were usual amongst nobles.

".....That's, well. It's because Golems do commands in response according to the opponent. Now then, I remember this from saying command but..... That Baron Lanvelt, what kind of guy is he?"

Olivie's face clouded over from those words.

".....They are one of the town nobles of Abram, and are on the side of being relatives to Count Abram. They are water transportation operators and moneylending nobles with strong influence. The real status is held by Lord Ruvelio who is currently the eldest son..... He is, one of my fiance candidates."

Uwah, so it's a two-layer strategy. It's dirty but, since it's hard to suspect him of participating whether this succeeded or failed, it's unexpectedly a good method.

"Eliott, what you're thinking is leaking out from your mouth."

"Ah..... Sorry. So, from what I've heard from the story of the Assassin's Guild, it looks like the assassination of Count Abram's children is also that same wire puller. Olivie, whether it be through killing you or taking you in, just what kind of profit is there to be had?"

As if playing a game of chess, as if reading the flow of business from sales, we exchanged information and deductions.

".....Count Abram was originally nothing but a Viscount, a humble and youthful mountain forest noble. Even this mountain that the village is on, it's still land that Count Abram governs on official documents, you know? Having a talent for riparian works, he created watergates in Abram, and with the usage fees of the watergates and waterways, as well as the town developments that accompanied that, he was appointed Count Abram. There are stories that Abram was originally a large fishing village in the frontier up until 30 years ago after all....."

"Fumu. I knew in my knowledge that that town was a town that the current Count Abram had build in his lifetime. Just a while ago, I had gone to Abram for the first time, but I was a complete country bumpkin..... So, what about the Lanvelt House?"

The Lanvelt House, the nobles that possessed a family crest of a Gryphon and a tower. And then, the employers of the Assassin's Guild.

"The Lanvelt House has a certain extent of manorialism, but is mainly in the money-exchange business..... With the circulation of money as the principal part, they mainly do business with water transportation merchants. No, would "making them do business" with them be a better way of putting it? In terms of consanguinity, it looks like the Lanvelt House had a slightly higher rank, but the Blair House..... Aah, that's my and Count Abram's house..... made a turn-around when he became a Count. But, in terms of consanguinity, they are quite close. Because of that..... If I, Count Abram's last biological child, and my granduncle who is sick and under medical care were to disappear, Count Abram's inheritance rights would be transferred to the Lanvelt House."

I used an abacus inside of my head. Just who would the profit go to, and how would it move.

“.....Wait, if the water transportation business-related rights are with the Lanvelt House, then the commerce rights of Abram, wouldn't Count Abram not have that much of it?”

“In relation to trade, he doesn't have much. The right of use to the watergates just might be their aim, I suppose. From the profits of the user rights of the waterways, half of it goes to public services, and as for the gains from the watergate, more than half of it disappears into the maintenance of the watergate and waterways. Because of that, the Blair House which Count Abram belongs to isn't all that rich. If it's about real monetary wealth, Count Abram's House loses to the Lanvelt House.”

Hearing Olivie's explanation, the questions did nothing but increase. In that case, isn't there no need to kill Olivie, nor a need to even take her as a wife?

“Well now..... Why would they want the inheritance rights to go as far as killing you, Olivie? I don't know the reason why they would desire the position of Margrave, going as far as bearing the risks for it. Is the name of Count Abram something that a great noble would want that much?”

Taking a small pause, she replied with an answer to my honest question.

“The current Baron Lanvelt isn't exactly on very good terms with Count Abram. Although I don't know what the next head of the family, Ruvelio-dono, thinks of him, but in terms of position, he believes that he himself should be the next Count Abram, and feels that the seat of Count Abram was stolen away by their relatives, the Blair House. However, the cause isn't just that..... is, what I would like to think. And then, there is one more large concession.”

Just what in the world could that large concession be.

“Could you tell me about it without putting on airs. That concession, just what is it?”

Olivia was a bit hesitant to respond to those words. I noticed that her gaze wasn't just on me, but also on Dahlia.

“Eliott, you, do you know about the movements of the market price on iron?”

Unfortunately, as long as I am here, I am unable to know about that. Besides, even if I am in the trading business, anything other than magic tools and things concerning this dungeon is still outside of my area of experience. However, the word “iron” bothered me. This dungeon, originally it was.....

“Over the past few months, the price of iron has steadily been increasing in the capital city. Although the war with the east becoming larger in scale is one of the causes, that isn’t the only reason..... I suppose it was one year ago, there seemed to be a large incident that happened in the northern mining zone which had been supplying an abundance of iron to this country up until now, so the mining facilities and technicians decreased, and the circulation of iron itself had become scarce. Of course, this isn’t about the trends of today or tomorrow. But.....”

“It’s about the iron mine that was abandoned in the middle of development that is here, isn’t it.”

Maybe because she had regained consciousness at some point, Dahlia reacted with a flinch within my arms. One year ago, the iron mine..... I’ve got a bad feeling.

“In the results of an investigation, it became clear that Grandol Village’s mine possessed a bountiful vein. But, at the time, the abundant and cheap iron from the northern mining zone was greatly circulated. Moreover, both the route to carry the iron out from here and the water transportation route from Abram to the capital city were underdeveloped. The cost of building up the iron manufacturing industry and the means to do it weren’t counterbalanced with the profits..... Because of that, large scale development wasn’t performed. Nevertheless, by Count Abram’s decision, who had judged that it wouldn’t be good to close down the mine, only a small number of laborers and technicians were placed here, and only a small quantity of iron production was performed..... It was done so that in the event of an emergency, even if the circulation route of arms to the capital city were to be closed, it would be possible to make the minimum preparations.”

Slowly, the missing puzzle pieces filled in.

“.....I see, so what they were aiming for, was the iron mine.”

“With Count Abram himself sometimes becoming forgetful, he probably didn’t think that his own rights as a mountain forest noble would suddenly take center stage here. But, now that it’s come to this, for the sake of benefits for the entire town, as well as for the sake of benefits for the country, Grandol’s mine now needs to undergo development once again.”

“However, that mine has been under the control of a wicked Dungeon Master since a year ago..... huh. Then that would mean that the mercenary group that attacked the mining village a year ago had also come for the sake of usurping the mining rights to the mine..... It really is unfortunate that I wasn’t able to confirm the name of their client.”

CHAPTER 48

THE TEMPLE KNIGHT: BETRAYING THE WORLD

“Master.....”

Having regained consciousness, Dahlia slowly got down from on top of me. My penis which was still standing tall had become uncovered, but this wasn't a situation to pay attention to that. I'll probably just end up covering it with a jacket anyhow..... is something that I didn't have the leeway to think of. Detaining Dahlia who had made a small bow and tried to leave the room, I made her wait at my side..... She might not remember things of the past anymore, but I thought that Dahlia had the right to know about this story. When Olivie slightly cast her eyes downward, she started talking with a somewhat powerless voice.

“Because of that, Count Abram sent the force here, and needed to take it back. Naturally, there exist those that do not possess loyalty towards Count Abram among the town nobles of Abram. A portion of them have tattled this situation to the capital city, and have raised it up as an opportunity to slay Mazoku. If he didn't send out the force, he would be insulted as a coward, and even if he were to send out the force, Count Abram is of old age, so his body would not be able to endure the military service. Pressured by the anticipated gains that would be produced by the iron vein, the Church gave authorization to this expeditionary force by stating that the Mazoku elimination would be an honor. The capital city also got on board with that, and even went as far as saying that they would confer mining rights to some other person as long as they suppressed this place in the event that Count Abram wouldn't move..... Because of that, even if I was Count Abram's illegitimate child, being the only blood relative of his left, I was called on to serve as the commanding officer.”

Her voice was stiff, and she was trying to conceal her emotions..... It seemed as if she were crying.

“.....Why, didn't you run away?”

“With the position of Count Abram’s niece, I would take command of the expeditionary force, and if it were to succeed, the mining rights to this mine would remain with Count Abram..... with father. If it resulted in anything other than that, a power struggle would occur within Abram, and there is no doubt that infighting would occur. After mom died and I became unable to come to this village, I was raised in Abram with the position of being the niece of a lower grade noble. I liked the people of that town, and father was kind to me..... I no longer, had any family other than father. Becoming alone is..... I’ve had enough of it.”

Olivie, felt ashamed of her own decision. She reproached herself for moving with sentiments of not wanting to be alone, and wanting to protect the town that she loved, to protect the person that she loved. Just, what was wrong with that? In that case, I’ll say that she isn’t at fault. I’ll change it into a result where she isn’t at fault. I’ll do anything, no matter what it is, in order to make that happen..... Would you resent me for doing that?

“Olivie, suppose, you were able to able to safely return to Abram along with your subordinates. Let’s assume that I would keep myself hidden, the Mazoku were defeated, the mine was taken back, and the expedition was a success..... After that, what would you do?”

To go into this time’s supposition, there were several measures that I could take. At the present time, Olivie knows much more than me about the situation with the many nobles of Abram, and possesses the intelligence to only construct deductions. In that case, after hypothesizing what I should do, I make her predict what will happen beyond that and..... find which path I’ll guide Olive to from among those, and then corner her so that she picks that.

“.....Eh, um. Most likely, Count Abram would officially designate me as his successor as an adopted child. Although the town nobles would feel disappointed, I think that they would scheme to make either their own sons or themselves my husband. Since I am a woman, even if I possess inheritance rights, there isn’t really a custom for a woman to succeed peerage after all.....”

“It’s not like there isn’t any precedent, right?”

“Although it seldom happens in this country, instances where exceptional women possess peerage and have managed territory isn’t nonexistent..... However, it isn’t easily approved, you know? To begin with, women’s inheritance rights have a low degree of relative priority, and cases where the one that possesses inheritance rights is only a woman seldomly happens.”

It’s not like I was considering assassination, but as expected, massacring the consanguinity of the Lanvelt House isn’t realistic. Making it so that only women are the people that possess the inheritance rights also sounds difficult.

“In Abram’s situation, what will happen to the inheritance rights?”

“My granduncle who is under medical care due to illness possesses first inheritance rights, but I’ve heard that he intends to turn it down due to his health problems. The next one would be the head of the Lanvelt House, and then next would be me, the blood relative. However, although I’ve been treated as his niece, if I were to be officially recognized as his adopted child, I would become first to the inheritance rights..... Or more accurately, the person that would become my husband would end up possessing the inheritance rights.”

.....In that case, there might be a possibility. Let’s finely confirm the conditions.

“What about the event where a woman with first rights to the inheritance were to be unmarried?”

“The peerage would temporarily be succeeded by that woman. However, there is also the possibility that a spouse would arbitrarily sent from the capital city. Once married, since the teaching of the Church are strong..... After the spouse dies, in the time until the young first successor comes of age, the instance of possessing peerage would suit the occasion, I suppose. Nonetheless, I’ve never thought about something like marriage up until now.....”

By processing the information, and immersing herself in work during the time I was confirming things, it seemed that she temporarily forgot about her gloomy self. In this area, Olivie is kind of intelligent, but kind of simple..... But since she would get mad at me if I were to say that out loud, let’s not say it.

“I see. If you get married, then you won’t be targeted then..... Incidentally, what would the inheritance rights be in the event of a divorce?”

Hearing the word “divorce”, Olivie’s facial expression clouded over. Being a follower of the River Goddess, Olivie, well, she probably doesn’t see divorce too favorably.

“A noble’s divorce, it would probably be better to think of it as never happening. There are many cases where the connection as fellow house members is more essential than individual circumstances, and getting a divorce is an act similar to smearing mud upon the family name..... Because of that, nobles do things like keep lovers, regardless of their gender.”

Ah, I stepped on a landmine on a different course. Come to think of it, being the child of Count Abram’s lover, this was probably a difficult topic for Olivie in various ways.

“Sorry..... I apologize if I’ve made you feel bad.”

“Eliott, there’s no need for you to apologize. I love both my father, and my late mother despite all that.”

.....Unexpectedly, Olivie displayed a gentle smile. This was probably a problem that she has already settled in her heart.

“But, you also seem like you would absolutely cause problems in your relations with women..... No, I suppose I should say that it’s already happened, shouldn’t I?”

“Eh, that’s a bit, why are you pointing the aim of the attack at me.”

“That is right, it is unreasonable to condemn Master on that. Master, he equally embraces the women that he has degenerate into demons.”

“.....Um, Dahlia. That’s not the point.....”

“Ah—..... Yeah, sorry, Eliott. We kind of, got off topic.”

Maybe it was my imagination but it felt as if Dahlia, who had made an unexpected follow-up with a nonchalant face, had stuck her tongue out a bit and smiled. Olivie and I once again looked at each other with awkward faces, and after a few second, we

simultaneously burst into laughter. Unable to stop laughing, the meeting was suspended for a short while.



“Haa, that was a terrible experience. My sides hurt.”

“It, it’s your fault since you said something so weird..... Jeez.”

After moistening our throats with the really chilled water that Dahlia brought us, our discussion resumed.

“I’ll be continuing the conversation from before but..... what would happen in the case where you become a widow?”

Olivie’s eyes instantly became stern, and after pondering over it a bit, she came back with an answer.

“If a child hasn’t been born, the inheritance rights would remain with me. As long as an heir isn’t born, in this country, the relationship of being relatives by marriage won’t remain. In the case where a child is born, the inheritance rights would be transferred to that child. Just as I said before, in the case where the successor is small, during the time until that child has grown up, the mother would temporarily inherit the peerage and..... Wait, could it be that that’s what you’re thinking of!?”

She probably understood my idea. Standing up, she glared at me.

That’s right, that anger was correct. And then, it’s because it’s correct that you’re suffering.

“The men of the Lanvelt House, what have they done against you? This is a fight. Actually, if destiny had slanted just a little bit, you would have died inside of that tunnel.”

Olivie stopped moving due to the reality that I had thrust before her.

“Most likely, as a person, you are correct. But, as a noble, I don’t know whether or not you’re correct, and it’s because I am in a position that isn’t Human that I am talking to

you. And then, I would like you to remember that you have currently become my prisoner together with your subordinates..... In addition to that, Olivie”

Standing up, I got one step closer. Olivie gulped, and took one step back. That facial expression of hers, it was something complex that had regret, hope, resignation, and resolution mixed into it. Aah. I want to make that face warp due to love. I want to change that face into a smile and protect it. The lust that was within me wouldn't settle down either. While I still haven't turned into a scoundrel, I can't return to being a virtuous person. In that case, I can only move forward. To the place of no return.

“Join me. Betray the Humans, and become mine. I will protect the things that you want to protect. In order to save your life, and preserve the peace of Abram..... I'm telling you to make a contract with me, a demon.”

There was a few seconds of silence. Olivie, as if baffled, asked a question in return.

“.....Eliott. Are you, going to dominate me? Are you, going to make me a demon..... and make me yours.....?”

For only an instant, what I saw on her facial expression was, the figure that I wanted to see..... yet was the number one thing that I didn't want to see.

“Olivie, don't say any more than that! That..... that is something that I won't allow you to do.”

I shouted. Unable to endure it, I shouted. What rose to Olivie's face for only an instant was, relief. Being dominated, she yearned to be able to abandon her determination, to escape.

Olivie bit her lip, and stood stock still. Maybe because she didn't understand the reason for my rage, Dahlia stood stock still with a puzzled face. Aah, that's right. I was giving Olivie special treatment.

“.....I mean, there's nothing I can..... Why, am I.....”

Like an abandoned child, tears rose to Olivie's eyes. I made her cry. Seeing her crying figure, is something I haven't seen since our farewell when we were children.

“.....It’s because, I don’t want that. For you, Olivie, to throw away your determination, and leave everything to me. For the Olivie that I love, the only friend that I have, to become just a mere doll is..... something I don’t want.”

I am truly hating the degree of my own childishness. Even though I degenerated Dahlia, Shiro, and Sara into demons for my own convenience. With Olivie, even though there was no change in the fact of degenerating her for my own convenience, I didn’t even give her freedom by taking her freedom. Aah, I get it. Even though Olivie tried to depend on me, I went and rejected that. I, was surely depending on her.

“.....You’re so, selfish..... You’ve been like that, since long ago. Even though you’re usually so kind, you’re so stubborn only at times like this.....”

After her weeping continued on for a while, she raised her face, and her eyes were a bit red.

“I get it, I get it!”

Making a small shout, she turned towards me and took a step forward.

“This is, a transaction. I, will become yours. My heart, and my body, I will offer them up to you. But, in exchange, I will demand various things! If you won’t let me depend on you, then I, won’t do something like hold back!”

Suddenly, I remembered something from the past. The small cause of our quarrels that we repeatedly done many times. Neither of us were able to apologize, but since we would be lonely if we didn’t play together, giving each other some kind of condition, was the way we sought for a chance to reconcile.

“Yeah, that’s fine. It wouldn’t be worth doing if it weren’t something like that..... There are various things that I want you to work on. Let’s cooperate on various things for Abram’s stability. Olivie, the dirty work that you shouldn’t do shall be taken up by me, a demon, and the daytime Abram, I will give it all to you. Therefore..... I will take the night of that town. And then, all of you.”

Taking one step forward, I took Olivie’s hand, and pulled her towards me. Without any resistance, Olivie’s body was completely settled within my arms.

“It’s kind of, a weird feeling..... I’m, going to be made into a woman, by you, right, Elliott?”

“.....Since that time, I made my decision. That, I would definitely make you mine. Not as a Mazoku, but for the sake of me who was a Mazoku. Betray the world..... Become mine.”

CHAPTER 49

THE NIGHT OF THE SECRET AGREEMENT: THE FIRST NIGHT

“.....I’m kind of, nervous.”

Sitting down on the bed, Olivie muttered that while not looking at my direction.

Even I myself felt like I didn’t know what I should do, just like the time when I didn’t know about women. Olivie had agreed to become mine, and from hereon, I would take her body..... take her virginity, and carve my mark onto her. My penis that pumped several times into Dahlia earlier and should have settled down, was standing erect in arousal.

“Wah..... So men’s, um..... thing, becomes like that.....”

Peeking over at it, Olivie’s face became red.

“It, it’s normal, you know? I don’t think that I’m that different from a normal person just because I have Mazoku blood flowing in me.”

If it was just about size, I would naturally lose to monsters whose bodies were big like the Orc Leader. Whether my penis was big or small compared to other people’s, seeing as how I didn’t have any male friends of the same generation, I didn’t really know how it actually was.

As we had such a conversation, I noticed that Olivie’s shoulders were trembling a bit. That was only natural. Since she had absolutely no experience, she probably had fear for what she didn’t know anything about.

“.....S, say. Among the female Temple Knights, didn’t that sort of topic come up?”

“St, stupid, such a thing right now..... Um, ugh— Although I heard stories about such things from my roommate who had a lot of superficial knowledge about sex, this is my first time seeing or touching a dick in that condition!”

As if protesting to me who sat down beside her, she lightly hit my shoulder that was next to her. Taking her hand, I pulled her towards me with a jerk. Olivia's upper body swam, and was pulled to my chest. My heart was ringing like an alarm bell. I lightly grabbed the chin of Olivie's surprised face. Despite Olivia's flustered facial expression, as if she had resolve herself, she closed her eyes.

I stole her lips. It was just a light contact where our lightly closed lips met with each other, and ended with a short pause. Olivie's trembling body was drained of strength, and she lean her body onto me. Extending my tongue, I divided her lips and invaded the inside of her mouth. Olivie seemed to have been surprised by the sudden invasion, but she didn't bite down on my tongue, and instead, she timidly opened her mouth and allowed the invasion. Lightly licking her nice set of teeth, when I continued as if tempting Olivie's tongue that was hiding at the back, as if searching for it, her tongue slowly entwined with mine. Strongly sucking in, I pulled Olivie's tongue inside of my mouth. Returning the favor, as if to reach even further into her mouth, I licked around the inside of her mouth. I poured the saliva that accumulated in my mouth into Olivie's mouth. Without separating our mouths, and without hesitation, Olivie swallowed my saliva.

".....This is your first time, wasn't it. Since it's said that the first time hurts, drink this."

Finishing our long kiss, we separated our bodies. Since it seemed that Olivie lost all strength in her body, she collapsed face-up on the bed. Her breathing was disordered, and her smallish yet nicely shaped breasts shook up and down.

Up until now, I have had no experience in embracing virgins other than Sara. And in regards to that Sara, since I raped her after thoroughly teasing her with aphrodisiacs and schemes, I honestly can't say that it was a proper experience..... And so, being on my own, without using anything, would I be able to make Olivie, who was having her first sexual experience, feel good was, to be completely honest, was the big question. Because of that, I ended up borrowing the help of a method that I was used to for a bit.

"That is.....?"

She stared at the small pill that was in my hand.

“An aphrodisiac. It’s a drug in order to make you feel good. However, it’s quite more docile than the one that I used on Diana earlier. Here, they say that the first time hurts after all.....”

Slowly raising her upper half up, Olivie looked at me with upturned eyes.

“Is that, an order? Or is it..... you worrying about me?”

Those were words that had a bit of flirtation included in them.

“Both. No, I mean, from what I’m told, everyone suppresses the feeling as it’s torn so, this will forcibly make it feel good.”

“Nn..... Got it. I, am going to become yours after all. I need to..... obey orders..... don’t I.”

Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth a bit. After I first put the pill into my own mouth and crunched it, I put some wine into my mouth, and made Olivie drink it with mouth-to-mouth feeding. Her throat made *kokun, kokun* sounds, and I could tell that she had swallowed the pill. With this, if I leave her alone for a bit, the effects should start showing.

“Olivie. Seeing as how you’ve become my woman, you will be embraced by me, and you will need to learn how to please me. Do you remember what Dahlia did earlier?”

Olivie’s face once again reddened from those words. Maybe similar to Sara, or maybe even more than her, it looks like her shyness was strong. Well, that might be..... due to her good upbringing.

“U, um..... I put, the gentleman’s..... thing, in my mouth, right.....”

She timidly asked that. I could tell that there wasn’t the sounds of lust on the undersurface of her voice, and was genuine bewilderment.

“That’s right. You hold my penis, in your mouth, lick it, and search for the place that will make me feel good. First, why don’t you try touching it?”

Taking her hand, I made her touch my penis.

“Hot..... So it was, this hot.”

She instantly tried to pull her hand back with a start, but since I was holding her hand down, she couldn't escape.

“Lightly grasp it, and stroke it up and down..... Olivie, have you ever experienced masturbating yourself?”

When I asked her that in a mischievous way, she once again ended up looking like a boiled octopus.

“This is an order, Olivie. Answer me.”

“.....You see, since I have heard stories about it, as knowledge, I've known about it but.....”

Like a child that had their prank exposed, she put the fingertips of both hands together, and bashfully opened and closed them. For the time being, although I was grasping her hand, I gave her enough freedom to do this. Judging from this reaction, it's not like she absolute has no experience with it..... Or that's how it should be.

“You know about it but?”

“.....On my own, I tried touching it only for a bit through my underwear, but, it was somewhat, the stimulus was incredible, and I got scared.....”

It seems that she felt a pleasant feeling and was frightened by it. Although that's a cute story, for my sake, I need her to become more lewd.

“Is that so? Unexpectedly, you're..... Ah, that's right. Before you started your capturing of the dungeon, after picking up this pendant, you probably returned to your campsite, and took a nap, right? “

Olivie turned her face towards me wondering what I was talking about. On her chest, the pendant that I entrusted to her and made her pick up at the inn glittered. Once again gripping both of her hands, I made her take hold of my penis. For the time being, making her get used to it was important.

“.....Eh, why do you know about my movement route!?”

“That pendant, it’s a magic tool that I created, you see. I made it so that I would be able to confirm the location of the pendant. That’s why, even when you were attacked by the Arachne, I was able to tell immediately where you were being attacked.”

Of course, if the distance were to widen, it would become that much more harder to understand the exact location, but I would be able to predict the general direction and distance. If it was as close as somewhere in this dungeon, I would be able to confirm the location with considerable accuracy. And then.....

“.....During your nap, what was with you gripping this pendant and calling out my name several times sounding brokenhearted?”

I made it so that I could also hear her voice a bit.

However, that was only when it was near by. In truth, when it was separated as far as the campsite, I couldn’t hear anything. It looks like I caught her a bit, or maybe I just wanted to tease her.

“Eh, ah, um, that’s, th, that was, that was..... Y, you heard that!?”

Splendidly getting caught, Olivie went red, and squirmed about..... Ah, ouch, ouch. Lightly going into a panic, Olivie gripped my penis with all her might.

“Ouch, that hurts, don’t grip it that strongly, it’s going to break!”

“Ah, s, sorry.....”

Quickly parting her hands, she separated her hands from my penis. She stared at the hands that had been grasping my genitals up until now. Well, the fact that pre-cum juices were sticking on a bit on her fingers is something that she could probably tell even if I don’t point it out.

“.....Olivie, lick the liquid that is on those fingers.”

“!”

Her movements froze for a moment.

“This is, an order, you know?”

“.....It’s, an order?”

“Yeah, it’s an order. That’s why, there no need for you to make a decision on what to do. At least, in regards to this.”

Looking at her fingertips, then looking at my face. She repeated this several times. While fidgeting, Olivie raised her fingers, and held them in her mouth.

“.....It has a kind of, weird taste.....”

With a hard to describe face, she reported that to me. She looked like a puppy, and was adorable. Placing my hand on Olivie’s head, I lightly ruffled her hair and stroked it.

“.....Olivie, you really are a good girl. So cute.”

Seeming like she found it hard to reply, her face reddened and she cast her eyes down.

“But..... this is a punishment for lying to me earlier. Right here, right now..... I will have you show me you masturbating.”



“.....Ah, this, this..... It’s kind of, hot, and scary.....”

On top of the bed, Olivie was lying down with her body in the shape of a “<”. Both of her hands were placed on her crotch from above her skirt as if to cover it, and had the appearance of being tucked into her thighs. Although it seemed as if both of her hands had almost no degree of freedom, she was slowly stimulating her crotch through the cloth. And although it looked like she was pressing down on it rather than playing with herself, this might be a strong stimulus for her innocent body despite that. That being said, I don’t actually know what a woman’s masturbation really looks like. I guess I’ll try asking everyone else about it next time..... No, I feel like that will make them make really displeased faces.

I was beside her, and gazing at her appearance while sitting on the bed. Maybe because it really was embarrassing for her, Olivie had her back turned towards me. Maybe because she didn’t really know how to do it herself, Olivie had her eyes tightly closed. Although I was nothing but impatient as I watched her, when I saw that her back would

sometimes twitchingly move, I could tell that she was faithfully keeping to my order, and was probably attempting to do her pretty much first masturbation..... As being in the position of becoming her master, is this where I should be teaching her various things?

“Hey, Olivie. At that time, why did you call out my name?”

“.....!”

The moment I suddenly, although it can't really be called that, said those words, Olivie buried her face into a pillow.

“.....That reaction, it means that even you know why yourself, doesn't it? You can't lie to me, you know? The one that said that your heart and your body would become mine, Olivie, was you after all.”

Slightly raising her face from the pillow, she looked at my eyes with upturned eyes.

“.....M, meanie.....”

“That's only natural, right? I am the evil Dungeon Master, and you've made a contract with that Dungeon Master, you know? “

“Uu..... jeez.....”

Maybe because she had finally given up, Olivie whisperingly spoke out her words.

“Well, you see..... On the way, you came to meet me at that village, right? At that time, I was happy that we were able to reunite, you saw me crying..... and um, you k, kissed me..... Elliott, although you weren't a combatant, after hearing your story about the pendant, I felt like I was being protected..... And although I didn't think that you would actually protect me at the time, it, made me happy. I ended up, wanting to see you one more time..... And before I knew it I, um.....”

“In the middle of your break, even though the other knights and soldiers were close by, you went and masturbated?”

“D, don't say that..... A, at that time, it didn't turn out like this.”

Olivie, you've dug your own grave.

"Hee, is that so..... With the fact that it was different at that time, how does it feel now?"

When I gently brushed her back, she twitched and an over sensitive response came back at me.

"U, um....."

Making a sidelong glance at the flustered Olivie, I fixed my body's direction, and grabbed her somewhat small butt with both hands. Undoing the string stopper, I took off her skirt. I made Olivie's body, which was turned sideways, go face up, and both of her legs stretched up to the ceiling. When I took off her skirt, maybe because of her minimum personal appearance as a noble, her silk shorts that were moderately decorated with lace had displayed themselves. The crotch portion was, wet and had changed color.

".....You're wet."

".....Idiot."

Covering her face with both hands, Olivie let out a voice that sounded like she was going to cry. The fact that both of those hands were moist and wet from her own love juices, she was probably aware of it herself.

"It's fine, Olivie. This is natural, and there is also the effect of the aphrodisiac from before. It won't become proof that you're remarkably more obscene than other people. Besides..... From here on, I'll be having you become more lecherous for my sake."

"More..... I'm scared, though..... I. What's happening to me.....?"

Right now, it seems that inside of Olivie's head, her shyness and curiosity are mixing with each other. If the shackles of common sense and good sense, which are strongly planted in her mind, are removed, she might obediently entrust herself to the pleasure. If there was any time to do it, it's now.

CHAPTER 50

THE NIGHT OF THE SECRET AGREEMENT: VICTIMS OF PLEASURE

“It doesn’t matter if you turn into this or that. While listening to my order, obediently feel good, and become a woman of my liking. That’s what it means to offer your heart and body to me, right? From now on, whenever you masturbate, you must always call out my name. And when I am around when you do it, you’ll be punished if you don’t say it so that I can hear it, got it?..... Therefore, accept the good feeling things.”

I took off the wet shorts. As if to put together a minimal defense, she slid her thighs together to hide her crotch, but that was probably nothing more than a conditioned reflex. I separated Olivie’s raised up legs, then grabbed both of her hands that were covering her face with my left hand, and pinned them down above her head. Grabbing her chin with my right hand, I raised her face. Olivie closed her eyes, thinly opened her lips, and waited for a kiss.

Together with the kiss, I extended my right hand to her crotch, and massaged it a bit roughly. Although her eyes opened wide in surprise, her mouth was still occupied. She mumbled and tried to say something, but all of those words were gulped down by me. Underneath my body, Olivie’s body was trembling. When I confirmed that strength had left her arms, I released the two hands that were restrained. Both of Olivie’s hands moved, and she clung onto me. It was a bit hard to move. Since this was Olivie’s first time with intercourse to begin with, there was no way for her to know what she should do to skillfully embrace me. And in actual fact, I was the same. To begin with, I’ve only had cases where the partner was either proactive, or I would forcibly restrain them and rape them. I’ve never embraced a woman where the partner pretty much didn’t move. I actually didn’t know what I could do to gently embrace the virgin Olivie.



For a somewhat long time, I kissed her and continued to stimulate Olivie's genital area while intertwined with her. My fingers still haven't gone inside of her, but love juices were abundantly secreted, and the entrance steadily became softer. I guess it's about time to move to the next step.

"Puhah..... Olivie, you've gotten quite wet."

"Un..... It's kind of, itchy, and a bit scary..... In..... there, is where Elliott's..... is, going to, enter, right.....?"

"That's right. The chastity that you've kept safe, I will steal it. But, I've heard that it hurts when it's your first..... Olivie, since you're going to be mine, you'll need to learn how to service me..... I'll have you do it, with your mouth. First, I'll be a bit forceful in making you do it."

Separating my hand from her crotch, I brought my body further up the bed. How should I say this, I felt a real dunce during this small break, but it seemed that Olivie didn't have the composure to mind it. Standing at the side of the bed, I thrust my raging penis in front of Olivie's face. Of course, the bed's height was adjusted so that it would turn out like this in general.

"Get onto all fours, and turn your head towards me..... Like that."

"Like this..... Hii? Eh, erm..... Looking at it closely, it's kind of, a bit scary..... It feels like it had a much cuter form when we were small....."

Obediently getting onto all fours, Olivie was bewildered from being in a situation where my penis was thrust right before her eyes.

"Of course it's different from when we were small. If you're going to say that, then the same could be said for you, Olivie. In the past, your boobs were flat, and you weren't growing hair down there, right?"

"Th, that's true but..... Elliott, I was just thinking that the women you have around, a lot of them have big boobs."

Olivie's breasts, the nipples pointed up a bit and were bowl shaped, and in terms of size, they were probably average in the world or maybe a bit on the moderate side.

Probably, it felt they weren't all that different from Dahlia's..... For Astarte and Shiro, went put up against their heights, their breasts were big, and Sara was the opposite, having a tall height, and had moderate breasts. Sara is also the same but I guess the size of their boobs is something that women worry about.

"No matter what shape they have, it isn't something that has really bothered me..... What I am interested in is just how much those breasts can make me feel good, and if you're able to make me feel good. Now then..... Well, Olivie. Lick my penis with that mouth of yours, and in addition to that, could you make it feel good? For starters, since you probably don't know how to do it..... I'll take the initiative, and go a bit forcefully."

When I caressed Olivie's soft hair, I grabbed her head with both hands.

"Open your mouth. Don't let your teeth touch it."

As if having resigned herself to me, she closed her eyes, and opened her mouth up a bit. I pushed the tip of my penis inside of Olivie's small mouth. Still bewildered, and even while darting her eyes about, not knowing the method or anything, Olivie moved her tongue trying to make me feel good. Slowly, I took my penis in and out. My penis was going in and out of Olivie's well-featured face, in and out of her small mouth, and sometimes, her expression warped into a pained one. It looked as if she couldn't breath properly, and I could tell that her nasal breathing was becoming rough. For a short while, it would get caught deep in her throat and she looked like she would choke, and when it looked like it would go out of her mouth, she would hurriedly put it back in her mouth, and she repeatedly went through trial and error, but it finally seemed like she understood my penis.

Separating both of my hands that held her head in place, I caressed her ears and cheeks. Maybe because she was finally able to get some composure, Olivie became able to inquire about my reaction with upturned eyes. *Jyupu jyupu* Saliva was secreted from Olivie's small mouth, and wet my penis plenty.

Aah. Olivie was on her knees in front of me, and servicing my penis. In order to make me feel good, she thought, she tested, and she sent flirtatious gazes at me. That's right. I wanted to love you. I wanted to wreck you senseless, and dominate you. That isn't contradictory or anything. That is what I suddenly understood.

"Olivie, that's it, you're doing good."

When I patted her, her facial expression melted a bit, and she smiled while holding my penis in her mouth. *Pecha pecha* Making a sound like a kitten licking up milk, Olivie licked my penis. Already graduating from the state of only holding it in her mouth, she would poke the glans with the tip of her tongue, she would lightly hold it in the side of her mouth, and she would extend her tongue to my sack. When she held the tip in her mouth, I pushed my hips forward, and deeply inserted it.

“I’m letting it out, inside of your mouth, I’m ejaculating.”

My waist jumped with a start. *Dopudopu* I released a large amount of cum inside of Olivie’s mouth. Trying to swallow my cum, her throat moved several times. However, maybe because the ejaculated amount was too much, a portion of it leaked out from the crack of her mouth and my penis.

“Ehoh, keho, nn.....”

Spitting my penis out from being unable to endure it, Olivie choked, and repeatedly took deep breaths. Bringing her head near as if to lean it on my abdomen and look at my penis that still hadn’t lost its vigor, she muttered sounding reproachful.

“.....I didn’t hear, that this much would be let out..... Even though, I wanted to swallow all of it..... Moreover, it has a strange taste, and it’s sticky and hard to swallow.....”

While playing with my penis with her fingertips, she utter such complaints.

“It’s one of those things that you’ll be fine with eventually. I wouldn’t know though since I myself haven’t swallowed my own stuff..... Olivie. Would it be alright to do it now?”

As for what, she probably understood without me saying it. Olivie froze up for a moment, but instead of answering me, she started to lick up the cum that remained on my penis.

“From here on, I will ravish you. I will steal your virginity, and will completely make you my woman. This is something that has already been decided. However, I want to hear it properly from your mouth. I want you to say that you want to be made a woman by me, to be ravished by me, and that you want me to take your virginity.”

When she finished cleaning up my penis, Olivie separated her body a bit, and turned towards me while sitting on the bed. Since I was also in a state of standing on my knees, I lowered my waist, and accepted her gaze from the front.

“Eliott..... I, the only child of the Blair House and Temple Knight of the River Goddess, Olivia, will live the rest of my life for your sake..... Um, although my skills as a woman are still immature, I will study a lot so..... if you tell me to become indecent, I will become more indecent. Ravish me, snatch me away. I want you to carve into this body that I am your woman..... I like you. I love you. I have always loved you. So ravish me reckless..... Please make me yours.”

Pushing Olivie’s shoulders, I made her lie face up.

“Open up both of your legs, and on your own, open up your butt cheeks and show me. With you becoming so wet, I will confirm whether you’re prepared to receive me or not.”

“Wha..... O, on my own..... Uu, Eliott, you meanie.....”

Even while saying that, Olivie obeyed my words. Opening both of her legs into an “M” shape, she pull her buttcheeks with her own hands, and opened her crotch. When I brought my face close and observed, it was already wet with love juices, and a faint amount of steam was rising up..... Just like that, I made a kiss to her small sprout that was covered by her prepuce.

“Hiaah!?”

Her response was sensitive. I dove my head in before Olivie could close her legs, and relentlessly poured down a storm of kisses. Accordingly, my hands went around her butt, and held her with a shape of holding her buttocks in my arms. Both of Olivie’s hands which should have been holding her own butt had already left their initial posts, and moved around trying to pull my head away, while at other times, would push my face even further. Of course, there was no way I would be removed. Using my tongue, my lips, and sometimes the tip of my nose, I attacked Olivie’s genital area and her clitoris that was covered in prepuce. In real time, it was probably about five minutes. As my endless attack continued, the way her hips jumped changed, and a voice that couldn’t be considered flirtatious or moaning was heard from Olivie’s mouth.

“U, UBAA Yes, AA, AAA, I’mb gumming, I’mb gumminnnnggg! Stob id, stob it..... I’mb going grazy.....!”

Raising my face, and looking over the curve of her slightly bulging stomach from her crotch, I gazed at Olivie’s face that I could see on the other side between her two bulging breasts. Olivie was shedding tears, and met her gaze with mine. When she made a small nod, I raised my body and moved my waist, and then I put my penis against Olivie’s private lips which I had been thoroughly licking up until now. When I pressed the tip part of my penis against it, her pleats opened up a bit and informed me that the preparations to receive it were ready.

“This pain, is something I have given you. Your virginity, is something I have taken. You should never forget this, Olivie. The one that you offered your body and heart, your soul and your virginity to, was me.”

At the same time I announced that, I thrust my penis in all at once. There was a sensation of it getting caught in something..... and it penetrated without much resistance. She has received training as a knight, so it was probably worn out to a certain extent. Nonetheless, pain is pain, and there was no mistake that there was an intense pain.

“.....!”

Tightly closing her eyes, Olivia swung her head and endured the pain. Although an aphrodisiac was being used, just looking at her looked like it hurt.

“Should I, pull out once?”

“No, I don’t want you to pull out!”

While tears were coming to her eyes, Olivie resisted against me taking my penis out.

“It hurts but..... It hurts but, I’ll endure it. Elliott, I’m going to be your woman after all. At the very least, I’ll go to the end on my first time.....”

My penis responded even more to those innocent words.

“AH..... Why, did it get bigger.....”

Bringing my body down, I glued myself to Olivie's body. Rolling over and going to my side, I made Olivie ride on top of me. Making my waist jump up, I thrust up from below. It was unfortunate that I couldn't see Olivie's smallish butt, but there will be many chances to embrace her from now on. Right now, I first had to divert Olivie's pain.

"Open up your legs, with the image of wrapping them around my waist."

Olivie obediently obeyed. After that, I raised the upper half of my body, and transitioned to a position where I was sitting on the bed. It was the face-to-face sitting position. By doing this, Olivie would be able to glue herself onto me even more. Not long ago, she saw Dahlia being embraced by me in this position, I saw that Olivie was somewhat gloomy. That was why I decided to embrace her in the same position.

"Look, it's the same pose as Dahlia from earlier."

"Ah..... Like this, the pain, is still..... Ah?"

With her own body weight, my penis ended up going in even deeper. But even so, when I stopped my assertive movements for a moment, the aphrodisiac displayed its effectiveness. And then, I could tell that inside of Olivie, the pain had been overtaken by pleasant feelings from the sense of security of being glued to me with the shape of us embracing each other.

"Concentrate on your pussy. Right now, how does it feel? How do I feel inside of you?"

I whispered close to her ear with a voice that wasn't low. Of course, it was because I needed to say it so that she could hear it.

"Um..... Elliott, your dick, has become really big and is buried in my stomach..... Occasionally, it twitchingly moves, and my stomach..... my pussy is trembling....."

As if in concert with those words, the inside of Olivie's vagina vermiculated a bit. A new arousal switch might have been turned on from the slang that she used herself.

"That's good, become more obscene. Swing your hips like you did just now, and search for the spot that feels good. Say more dirty things. Inform everyone that you are my obscene bitch."

“Un, got it..... Your dick, Elliott’s dick..... It’s rampaging. Inside of my pussy, inside of my pussy that was a virgin just a little while ago until everything was stolen by Elliott, I, even though it’s my first, even though it still hurts, I feel somewhat fluffy, and it feels good, so gooddd, it feels so gooddd, dick, Elliott’s dick is so goodddddd!”

Going slowly at first, Olivie’s hips gradually started to dance intensely. So as to guide that, in order to make it even more intense, I matched her and thrust my waist up. Only the creaking of the bed, the heavy moaning that Olivie made without saying any words, and the breathing that I was doing resounded in the room.

“Olivie”

“Elliott..... love you, I love you.....”

Entwining our tongues, Olivie wrapped both of her arms around my back, and desperately clung on to me.

“You, are mine. But, I won’t make you a demon.”

Our tongues entwined, in a break from kissing her lips, I warned her, and added words as if to give her detailed instructions.

“.....Why.....? You won’t, make me a demon..... and dominate me, like the others.....?”

“You, will return to Abram as a Human. And then, we will also go to Abram. You will provide accommodations for my sake in Abram, and walk around. I will lend you strength from the shadows in order to protect Abram, and take up any dirty work. That is what we’ll do. This is..... my order.”

“.....Un, that’s right. The one that wished for that, was me after all.”

“Even when you return to Abram, you are my woman. I will embrace you when I want to, and rape you when I want to. Got it?”

“Un. Whenever you want, rape me as much as you want. If it’s by you, Elliott, any time is fine.....”

Even in the middle of embracing each other and having sex, we planned our schemes from hereon. For Olivie and I, such a relationship might suit us.

“Surely, you will eventually be made to go into a political marriage of convenience. At that time, choose a partner that has a similar hair and eye color as me..... Olivie, I don’t want you to give birth to a child of another man.”

“.....Un, I understand. I, will conceive your child. In order to give birth to your child, I will betray the partner that will become my husband.....”

“That’s right. Although your body will stay Human, your heart and soul belong to me, a Mazoku..... That’s why, your sins are all mine. You, are mine after all.”

“No..... Let me take a little of the responsibility for it as well..... For your sake, I will also, take the sin.....”

Olivie’s body trembled grandly. It’s not like I was really about to orgasm, but it felt as if my body was impatiently waiting to ejaculate.

“I’m going to cum, Olivie. From hereon, I’m going to pour my cum, inside of you. Hereafter, I’m going to pour it into you, over and over. Just like the other women, you are going to live in order to be embraced by me. Got it?”

I was about to reach the limit of my endurance. Putting my strength onto her butt cheeks, I held back my desire to ejaculate.

“Un..... Let it out! Fill me up! Put your mark, on me..... Mu!?”

Grabbing hold of the back of Olivie’s head, I forcibly stole her lips, and closed up her mouth.

My waist sprang up. My field of vision blurred into a rainbow color. The surrounding sounds became distant..... Olivie.

Embracing each other in a face-to-face sitting position, our lips still locked together, as if to strongly seize each other..... I, vigorously ejaculated inside of Olivie’s vagina. Both of our waists springing up, our abdomens repeatedly touched as if to smack together. Every time my cum flew out from my penis, Olivie’s lips would tremble, and her tongue would stop moving. My cum that was ejaculated many times finally started overflowing from inside of her vagina. When the last drop was squeezed out inside of her vagina, Olivie went limp and crumbled down.

I slowly laid Olivie down on the bed as she lost consciousness. When I pulled my penis out, there was froth, and the white cum and red virgin blood that was overflowing from her vaginal opening formed a marble pattern on the sheets. While making rough breaths, I stared slightly above the entrance to the room. It was there that an “eye” that I myself had installed. And then, even a single voice pipe was left open.

“Everyone, you can all come in. The truth is, I had planned to introduce her in front of everyone but..... Since she’s fallen asleep, we’ll do it again afterwards..... For now, I guess we’ll do self-introductions.”



The time that Olivie opened her eyes, was about five minutes after that.

“.....Ah, I.....”

“Olivia-sama, here is a drink.”

Without a moment’s delay, Dahlia handed her some chilled fruit water.

“Ah, thank you.....”

Maybe because her consciousness wasn’t clear yet, Olivie answered absentmindedly.

“Aah, deep, it’s in so deepppp! Today, I was put on hold the whole time soooo..... I’m so happyyyy!”

Most likely, with the remarkably loud voice just now as the trigger, it seemed that the surrounding sounds returned to her.

“Eh..... That voice just now..... Eh? EH!?”

Inside of the same room, right now, there were five women that were either naked or half-naked other than Olivie. Every one of them had their eyes shining with sexual desire.

“Olivie, I’ll introduce them to you. You already know Dahlia, and you were watching as Diana was turned into a demon earlier, right?”

“Y, yes. B, but why is everyone undressed.....?”

Although she probably understood inside of her head, her sense of reasoning was probably rejecting her understanding. It will turn into drastic measures, but everyone here is my woman. Let's have her understand at least that.

“Isn't it obvious? It's, your welcoming party. Everyone, is my woman. Olivie, since we'll be having a long association with you from now on..... I thought it would be better for you to know everything. Aah, just as I was embracing you earlier, Olivie. Everyone was watching.”

Other than Shiro who was being ravished by me, the other members surrounded Olivie while exchanging greetings with her.

“Erm, this is..... Elliott, in other words, this situation is.....”

Understanding the circumstances, Olivie once again dyed her cheeks completely red.

“.....Olivie, at last, my hand has reached you. At last, you have become mine. That's why, from today on, you are a sister of these women, their comrade, as well as lover.”

.....Even though she understands. Even though in the depths of her heart, together with her anxiety, her chest was beating with a bit of anticipation. Matching with Shiro's climax, I vigorously ejaculated inside of her vagina. As expected, it was impossible to consecutively do it many times, but this is where I need to show her a bit of my good side.

Leaving Shiro who had collapsed onto the floor just like that, I walked up before Olivie. Holding the waists of Astarte and Dahlia who were on my left and right, I made a declaration.

“Once again, Olivie, I will welcome you..... Welcome, to the Man-Eating Dungeon!”

CHAPTER 51

EPILOGUE:

FAREWELL, MAN EATING DUNGEON

The sky was cloudless. Warm enough to tell that spring was approaching, it was a quiet morning that would make one feel sleepy. On the large wagon that was divided into two sections, there was food, and a moderate amount of household goods and tools of the trade. And then, several lurking demons that kept hidden. This was everything that I currently possessed.

“Eliott! We’re all prepared over here, you know—?”

“Goshujin-samaa, it’s true that we’re changing residence to Abram, right?”

The voices of Sara and Shiro who had originally lived in Abram were lacking in prudence and were cheerful. In order to slightly change the outer appearance of Shiro the Weredog, there was a need to hide a portion of her body with a hood and outfit whenever we passed through places with a lot of public gazes, but they weren’t enough to restrict her actions. On top of Shiro having a personal history where she was a fairly well-known Adventurer in the past, her team has already be annihilated. There will probably times where she will meet with acquaintances she once had, but there was no other choice but to pardon them as necessary risks. It’s impossible for her to return to being an Adventurer, but since her dependence on me is strong like Dahlia, it would probably be for the best to keep her by my side. As my personal guard, having Shiro, who was excellent with her perception ability and trap handling, around was reassuring. Though, I’ll definitely need her to properly learn how to read and write letters once we’ve settled down in Abram, together with Dahlia.

For Sara the Succubus, similar to Astarte, because she had an outward appearance that pretty much wasn’t any different from Humans other than her wings and tail, it was easy for her to move around. The criminal record of the Red Crow probably still remained, but I had that covered up with the help of Olivie. To begin with, it wasn’t like Sara herself actively participated in that incident. With the perpetrator already dead, she became a captive of the Man Eating Dungeon, and just as she had escaped

from there and was about to live a life on the run, she helped the expeditionary force out of their pinch. If she kept to that outline, it would probably become an achievement that would compensate for her sin and even have a bit left over.

Having this achievement evaluated, I intended for Sara to sneak into the Abram imperial court as Olivie's personal Magician. Of course, it goes without saying that there was the double objective of implying that she would be Olivie's guard and that she would be place close to Olivie for communication purposes as she was well-versed in the usage of magic tools. Though it may be an imperial court in the frontier, she would be the Count House's personal imperial court Magician. Sara went in the direction of being surprised and flustered before feeling delight from her sudden success in life..... Afterwards, I'll need to buy garments for Sara that wouldn't be strange even if she were to wear them at the imperial court. I absentmindedly thought about such things.



The outline that Olivie and I, as well as my women, discussed and decided upon went like this.

The expeditionary force got caught in a cowardly trap of the demons of the Man Eating Dungeon. Commanding officer Olivia was captured by the Dungeon Master, but succeeded in escaping at the last moment and succeeded in buying time. At that time, a peddler (me) who was originally from Grandol who was coincidentally passing nearby met with the wandering Adventurer (Sara) who had escaped from the dungeon with the expeditionary force's capturing of the dungeon as the impetus for her escape, and he told her about a tunnel shortcut that he had accidentally discovered when he was a child. The Adventurer (Sara) invaded the dungeon, met with the fugitive commanding officer Olivia, cooperated in rescuing her comrades, and defeated a spider Majin (Arachne) who was the master of the Man Eating Dungeon..... Well, it was something like that.

Arachne's head was pickling in salt so that it wouldn't rot. Its face that bluntly had an atypical appearance of a spider, even if we were to tell people it was the Officer of Arms, there probably wouldn't be anyone that would believe it. I had her become useful as the substitute for the Dungeon Master.

The time until the expeditionary force arrives at Watergate City Abram, considering their marching speed, is about nine days. Since it seems that a messenger was sent to Abram from the rear guard unit that remained outside of the tunnel when Arachne's trap was activated and the expeditionary force had collapsed, most likely, the news of "So the expeditionary force was annihilated?" would reach Abram three to four days faster than the expeditionary force. We already knew that that would be an incorrect report if the expeditionary force were to return, but there were also things that can't be done if we don't have the timing for it. It was in order to do that job that we were making preparations to depart first without accompanying the expeditionary force.

.....By making this expedition a success, Olivia would obtain the mining rights to the mine. The mine blueprints and the survey documents that should have been lost in the impact, I had custody of all of them for the sake of the dungeon's reconstruction. Since I had done maintenance for more than half a year using things like the Stone Golem, even management of it was possible. If I were to reconstruct even the part that Arachne exploded, the preliminary arrangements to use it as a mine would be perfect. If this were to be used and the development were to resume, in the near future, Grandol would probably revive once again as a mining village. Faster than what society had assumed, there was the possibility that the mine would circulate iron into the market, and would no doubt bear profit. And then, that profit would become Count Abram's..... And then, Olivie's footing for influence.

It was also possible to pretty much reopen the inn that was my familial home but..... I decided to pass on that. That inn would be sold to the Blair House..... to Olivie and Count Abram, and would be used as a base for the engineers that would develop the mine. In exchange for that, I would come to possess a single store in Abram's new urban area. It's a shop that deals in magic tools. Rather than dealing with only mercenaries that occasionally came to the frontier, I could probably expect even bigger business. I also considered employing people, but I probably need to have Dahlia learn about the management and operation of the store first.

With this, the mining village's Man Eating Dungeon will disappear.

With this, my career as a Dungeon Master ended.



“.....Eliott-sama, is this alright? Although it was poor magical power, it was a land that at least possessed magical power. Losing that, what will you do next?”

It seemed that Astarte wanted to make me an influential person of the Demon World no matter what. That being said, even she understood that the efficiency was bad even if I were to confine myself in that dungeon. In fact, the foremost supporter of going out to Abram was Astarte.

“There are various methods to obtain magical power..... the one that taught me that was you, you know? Although this dungeon is suitable for defense, it’s impossible to make money from it no matter what we do. Besides, Abram is more suitable for the things I want to do..... Do you feel like becoming a high-class prostitute as a temporary position?”

Pondering for a moment, Astarte looked my way and made a small nod.

“We’ve obtained a chance to get close to the nobles of Abram. In Abram, Olivie is there, and she will provide a facility for us. Suppose we were to run a small brothel, and there was a high-class prostitute that offered miraculous pleasures staying there, what do you think would happen.....?”

“.....I see, you were thinking of that sort of magic power replenishment. Certainly, it would surely be possible in theory.”

With the women I turned into demons as prostitutes, we would take in various customers at the shop. The demon women would absorb a small amount of magical power from the customers, and the customer’s magical power would be collected to where I am via the women. At first, it might be something insignificant. Nevertheless, if the business were to expand and if the number of demon women were to increase, it would be much more efficient than snatching magical power all at once through sacrifice, and wouldn’t it be possible to gain magical power in the long term? Besides..... Slowly, while no one was aware of it, my women would probably turn the guests into demons. That itself was like a spider web soundlessly being laid out.

“Eliott-sama. There was no craziness in my eyes for choosing you. I, Astarte, will continue to belong to your great self.”

Very deeply, Astarte lowered her head..... Being the excellent person in charge of my education, right now, Astarte the Succubus was my late mother's friend as well as the one who led me to the world of demons. If this woman weren't here, I would have died long ago. However, this woman was turned into a demon by my father, so she was my father's woman so to speak. Eventually, despite being branded as belonging to me, a day will probably come where I will have to overwrite just who her true master is. Although now is not yet the time for that.....

"Someday, I will make you submit to me completely, and your heart and body, I will make you a demon for my exclusive use."

I muttered that inside of my heart. With information still hidden, the unknown would become the best weapon.

".....Master, the preparations have been arranged."

Turning around, I saw that Dahlia was carrying the last of the luggage. Dahlia didn't say even a single word of complaint, but there was no mistake that she was one that opposed leaving this dungeon the most. After all, whether it be as a Human or as a demon, she knew nothing of the world other than this mining village.

"Dahlia. Come along to where I am going. You belong to me, you haven't forgotten that, have you?"

To my words, Dahlia muttered looking only a slightly bit happy.

"Yes, Master. I, belong to you. No matter where it is..... as long as you are there."

"We will be living in a large city from now on. Since we are country bumpkins, there are a lot of things that will make you bewildered at first. Also..... There's reading and writing and calculations, and the ins and outs of business. For you, Dahlia, the things I have for you do in order to manage the shop in my place will increase. As long as you belong to me, I will make you do that stuff as well, got it?"

Dahlia made a puzzled face.

".....I, will be employed?"

“That’s right. You are the one that attended to me the most, and the one that was closest to me on a regular basis. Because of that, I will have you learn about my surface business. If there are other things that you want to do, you can do it in your free time. In regards to the business, I’ll discreetly pay you a salary..... I’ll be relying on you, you know?”

When she was a child, she was her parents’ property. After her parents died, she was the village men’s property. After she died as a human, she was my property. Up until now, Dahlia continued to always belong to someone, and she had never belonged to herself. Although there would be no change in the fact that she belonged to me, I wanted to give Dahlia a small bit of freedom. By learning about the world that she didn’t know about up until now, would Dahlia be able to change somehow?

“.....Erm, first we will start from reading and writing..... won’t we. I will be in your care, Master.”

With a face that looked a bit distressed, yet a bit shy. Dahlia’s face looked a bit different from how it was up until today.



Boarding the carriage, I showed my face out to the driver’s seat.

“Diana, I’ll leave being the driver to you for a while. Once we reach Abram, I’ll have you get to work immediately, you know?”

The former spy, who attached a choker on herself in order to demonstrate her loyalty, gently turned her head around and answered with a voice that had a bit of flirtation held within it.

“Yes, Goshujin-sama. Bringing information to the Assassin’s Guild as fast as possible was my duty after all. The information that they will probably hear of first, will only be of the expeditionary force’s failure. The time before the expeditionary force returns..... Probably, for about two days, a period of not grasping information will occur in Abram. Originally, the Assassin’s Guild had a policy of acting with select few..... There is only one more Chief left. Since there are some people that want to

change sides and want to join us, just like me..... Please let me do it. I, will prove useful to you, Goshujin-sama. So..... Um, once I've succeeded....."

Having been released from her chains of fear, Diana, who had turned into a spider woman, naturally came under my control, but before I could coerce her, she swore loyalty to me of her own will, and desired to be bound and dominated by me. It meant that operating underneath someone suited her nature. She appeared to be ambitious, composed, and confident, but in actual fact, her masochistic sexual disposition was strong.

"Aah, if it goes well, I will embrace you once again..... The Assassin's Guild, will become yours. I'll leave the carriage to you for awhile. Although I've set it up so that the second carriage will work together with this one, be sure to report if there is anything strange. I will have you change with Dahlia later so..... Afterwards, after making it so that you won't let your voice out, I'll violate you inside of the carriage."

"Yes, Goshujin-sama. Aah..... How, wonderful."

The sexual desire that was included in her voice, maybe it was ambition, or maybe it was the ways of women. I am still unable to differentiate between the two.



The carriage started to move. Progressing along the mountain roads, we passed through the hilled areas that overlooked the mining village. Looking down on the expeditionary force that had gathered on the campsite and were preparing to withdraw, I looked back and gazed at the village of my birthplace. Olivie took command of the surviving members of the expeditionary force, and after finishing up medical treatment on soldiers and replenishing supplies at a village on route, they would return to Abram. It seemed that the knight that I met a few days ago was safe, and he was greatly surprised when he saw me. He might suspect something, but that person probably won't say anything. For some reason, I had confidence in that.

Having nothing but a deep forest, a mine, a river, and small fields, and not having even a single resident living in it nowadays, an uninhabited village. Having spent most of my close to 20 year old life here, although it didn't have many good things about it, it was my hometown that was packed with memories. Only the grave that mother sleeps

in is the final link remaining for the current me. I thought that I would become sentimental, but unexpectedly, I didn't even feel lonely.

I finished with only making a report in front of mother's grave. Being a big drinker and a maudlin drinker, this was about my mother who laughed a lot and got angry a lot. Unexpectedly, she might be exasperated from seeing me as I am now. At the very least, the only thing she wouldn't say is a denial to my departure, she was that sort of person. Offering the highest grade alcohol and the goblet that was always used when Gustave and the others came to drink, my salutations ended with that. Here, there was no longer, any things that were left undone. Surely, I would never come back here.

When I closed the awning of the carriage, the scenery of my birthplace vanished before my eyes. Turning around, I gazed at the women that were watching me intently.

".....Now then, with this, the Man Eating Dungeon is gone, and we will move on to a new nest. I will once again have everyone work on various things."

Embracing Shiro and Sara who were in waiting on my left and right, I dropped my waist onto the carriage's luggage carrier.

"First of all, we will take over Abram's Assassin's Guild before the expeditionary force returns..... That place will become our new nest."

Before I knew it, the women started to take off their clothes. Dahlia took off my clothes, and started to fold them. Shiro and Sara buried their faces in my crotch and started servicing me. Astarte hugged me from behind crawled her tongue along my ear. A carriage that was leaking out faint coquettish voices entered a forest that was devoid of people..... And then, continued onwards towards the distant Abram.



Like this, the demons that nested for one year at the mining village vanished, and the tale of the Man Eating Dungeon marked its end. That was how it was recorded in Abram's records, and that is what many people believed. The people that knew the truth of it all, were few.

And then..... the stage of the tale, moved to the Watergate City.

That tale might be told somewhere, someday.

.....Welcome, to the town of spiderwebs, to a new dungeon.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

With this, the story of the mining village's Man Eating Dungeon is closed. To all of the readers that have gone along with me, I once again give a large thanks to you.

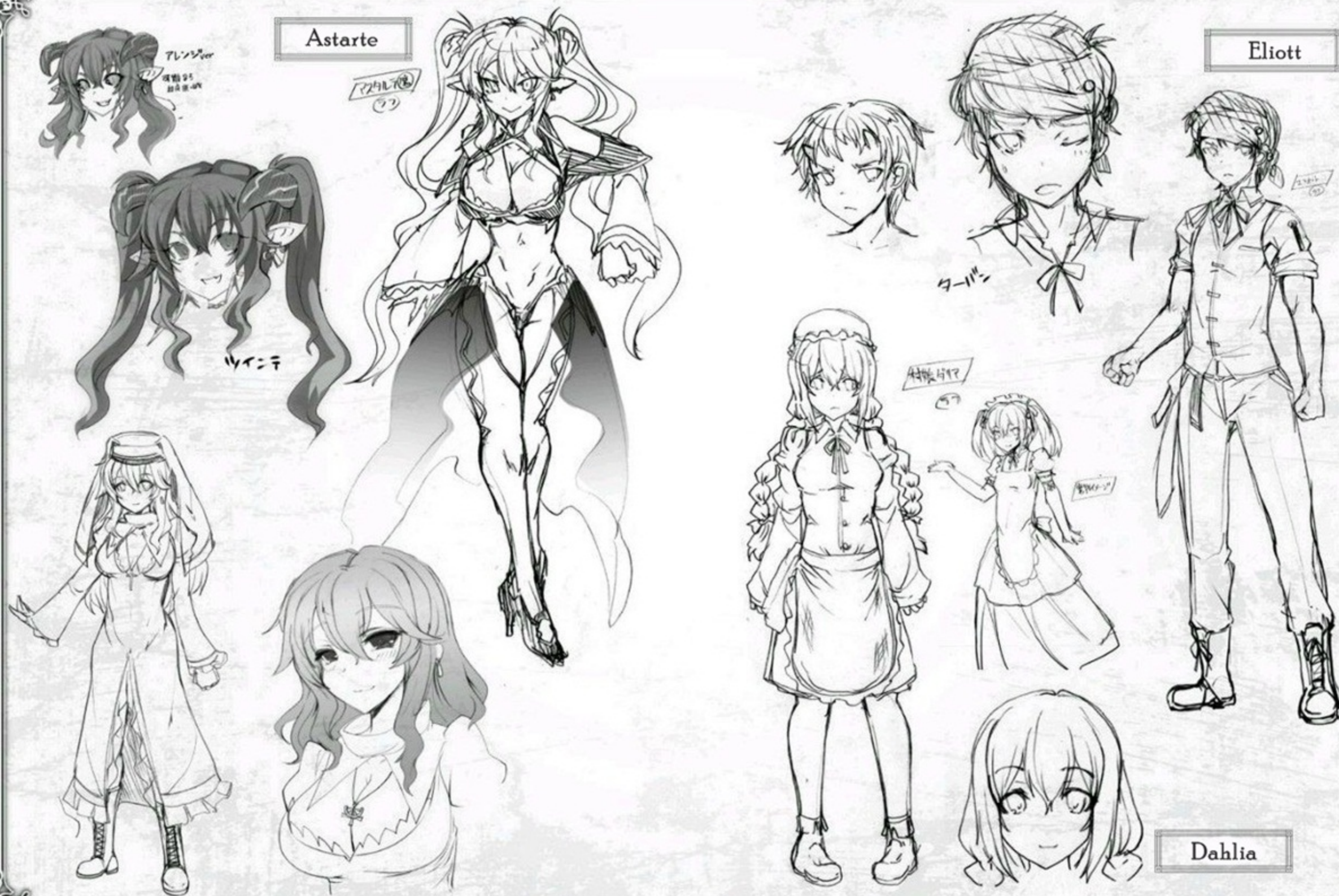
As for plans, I do have an idea for the tale in the Watergate City Abram, but after thinking that I would like to do some plot revisions and do a certain amount of accumulating some writings, I am considering resuming around September.

Even incidents of times where I didn't have it pictured in my mind in the original story, if I had the leeway then..... Various dreams with such thoughts happened throughout, but, well, things don't always go that well. If you have any requests, or if you could make a brief comment on your impressions, I would happy.

Astarte

Eliott

Dahlia



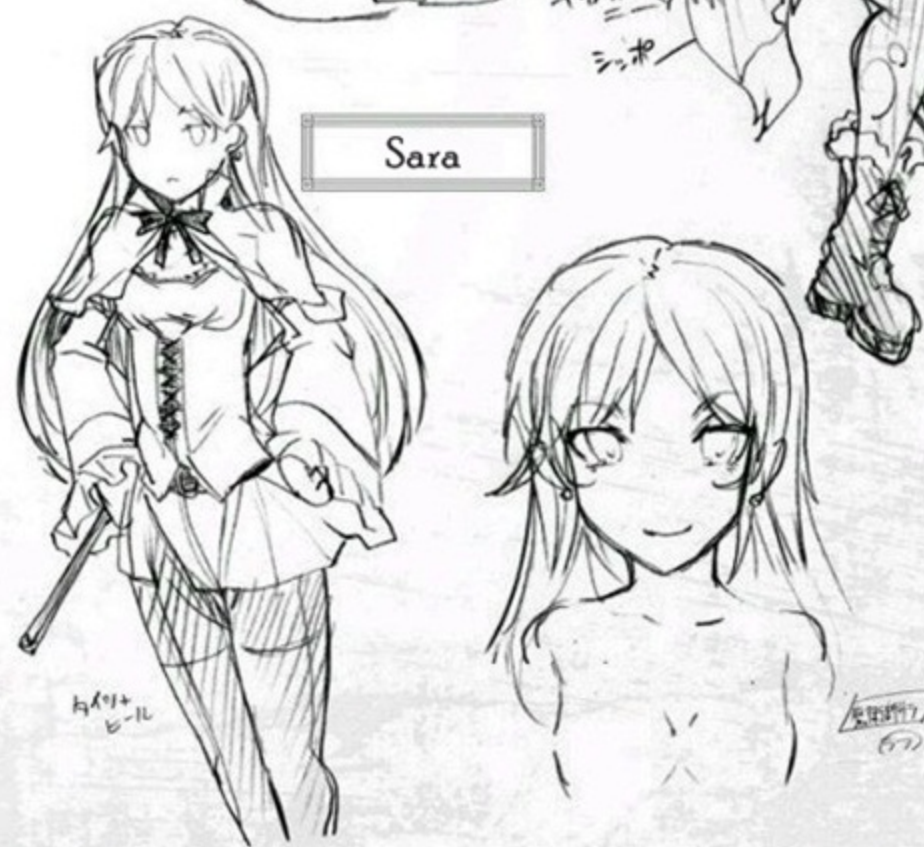
Olivia



Charlotte



Sara



Diana



Arachne



Male Characters



Gustave



Red Crow Leader Legda



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